McCLURE'S

LONG MAY IT WAVE—
"THE FLAG OF HIS COUNTRY"
By Arthur Train

Bon Ami

—*makes mirrors cloudless*—

Clouds and smears on a mirror are hard to remove by washing and rubbing and polishing.

But a wet cloth with some Bon Ami on it disposes of them easily. Then the Bon Ami dries on the glass and the dried Bon Ami wipes off with one sweep of a dry, soft cloth.

Use a thin watery lather! It cleans just as well and wipes off most easily.

Made in both Cake and Powder form

"I Am Against the Postal 'Zone' Law"

Ambassador Gerard Denounces It Because It Would Help German Propaganda

THE newspapers and magazines of this country are the chief educational agencies of our nation, and as such of supreme importance in our principles of Government. The widest possible circulation of publications ought to be facilitated as a wise public policy.

The postal "zone" system was abolished by Abraham Lincoln in 1863 and has since been condemned by United States Postal Commissions and postal experts. Such a law was denounced by President Wilson when he was governor of New Jersey.

This postal "zone" system is dangerous to our national progress and citizenship; because it would sectionalize the country; because it would penalize readers by their accidental remoteness from the city of publication; and because it would make difficult the knowledge and achievements of American thought and patriotism.

There is a direct relationship between wide reading, accessibility of information — and effective patriotism. Reading should be encouraged — and the history of our postal development from George Washington to the present proves this. This is what George Washington said:

"But here I cannot forbear to recommend *a repeal of the tax on the transportation of public prints*. There is no resource so firm for the Government of the United States as the affections of the people, guided by an enlightened policy, and to this primary good nothing can conduce more than a faithful representation of public proceedings, diffused without restraint throughout the United States." (George Washington's Fifth Annual Message to Congress, December 3, 1793.)

Our postage on magazines is FOUR times the Canada rate. Our Congress has increased magazine postage by 50 to 900 per cent more through a "zone" system — and during the greatest crisis this nation has ever faced.

Canada has raised postal rates during the war on every class except newspapers and magazines. Canada recognized the vital need of widespread reading to help win the war.

Our Congress has passed a law to throttle reading during the war and after it by this postal "zone" system with a 50 to 900 per cent postage increase! Demand its repeal — at once.

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AMBASSADOR JAMES W. GERARD

Ambassador Gerard Said:

"Now we have to meet this German Propaganda. The war is not going to last forever — and you have seen what German Propaganda has done in Russia. These are grave dangers, and they only go to show what can happen in a country like Russia.

"Fortunately, they cannot propaganda this country as they can Russia, because we have great publications that go all over the country and have unified the whole country and the whole continent. **That is why I am against the postal zone law passed in the last Congress** putting an extra tax on papers sent from the cities where published.

"They forget that, whether these publications go from Philadelphia, from San Francisco, or from Chicago, it is the exchange of these papers from and to all parts of the country that makes one, universal, united America.

"They unify the sentiment, and that is worth far more in this war than the small amount of extra postage which the Government will obtain."

WIDESPREAD opportunity of reading means efficient patriotism — it is proved by facts. Could any fact be of greater significance than the following:

When the recruiting of American soldiers for this great and righteous war was begun one year ago, each State was allotted a certain quota of enlistments. One year after eight States *failed* to complete their quotas — and six of these are from States showing the *highest percentage of illiteracy in our entire country:*

	Per cent of illiteracy by last census
Arkansas	12%
Louisiana	19%
Mississippi	22%
North Carolina	18%
South Carolina	25%
Virginia	15%

In those States there is no magazine circulation to speak of.

Magazine circulations are but small in those States — every publisher's circulation list proves this. How could the ringing appeals to patriotism and sacrifice published widespread by the magazines reach the minds of those who do not read!

Read Ambassador Gerard's statement *that magazines unify sentiment and make one, universal, united America.*

And this postal "zone" law would kill magazines and restrict their circulation in the greatest crisis that has ever confronted this nation since the American Revolution.

Repeal this law.

Restrict periodical reading and you aid German propaganda — read Ambassador Gerard's condemnation of this same postal "zone" law.

Oppose this law. Write to your Senators and Congressmen against this disastrous postal "zone" law — and demand its repeal.

Get your friends and family to write. Circulate a petition demanding its repeal.

Read Ambassador Gerard's word once again. Enroll to fight this disastrous postal "zone" law and if you will help, you have helped — by discussion, by letters to Congress, by petition — send your name at once, on this coupon, to CHARLES JOHNSON POST, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

12 VALUABLE UTENSILS IN 1

Pudding Pan
The two-quart pudding pan will be found useful not only for all kinds of puddings and pastries, but also for making stews, round loaves of bread, jellies, etc.

Pudding Boiler
By putting the colander inside the kettle and using the cover, you have an ideal utensil for making delicious French fried potatoes, for steaming chicken or for the Thanksgiving plum pudding.

Combination Cooker
By placing the pudding pan in the large kettle and inverting the colander, you can obtain an excellent combination cooker. Meat can be cooked in the large kettle while vegetables are steaming in the inset.

Colander
The perforated pudding pan will be found very handy as a colander for draining vegetables, macaroni, washing lettuce, etc.

Stew Pan or Steamer
By inverting the colander and placing it on the top of the pudding pan you obtain an ideal stew pan, because the perforation of the colander allows the steam to pass off properly.

Double Roaster
A splendid self-basting double roaster can be had by inverting the pudding pan and placing it on top of the large Berlin kettle. Roasts cooked in this double roaster are tender and have a most delicious flavor.

Bake Dish or Casserole
The pudding pan with cover makes an excellent bake dish, which can be used for the preparation of many different kinds of foods, such as baking beans, macaroni, potatoes, apples, etc.

Cereal or Coffee Roaster
By inverting the colander and placing it on the Berlin kettle you can easily roast coffee, toast corn flakes or make delicious popcorn, prepared with melted butter.

Preserving Kettle
The large kettle without the cover will serve nicely as a preserving kettle. Preserves can be cooked in this kettle with no stirring, thus saving a great amount of labor and time.

Steam Cooker
By placing the colander inside the large kettle and inverting the pudding pan you have a steam cooker, which will cook two articles at the same time, saving space and fuel.

Double Boiler
The two-quart pudding pan placed inside of the large kettle and used with the cover can be put to all of the uses of a double boiler, such as steaming rice, making oatmeal and other cereals.

Berlin Kettle
The five-quart kettle, used with the cover, is splendid for boiling vegetables or foods in large quantities.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY

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Please send me, on approval, carrying charges paid by you,

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Name _____

Address _____

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ACTUAL PIECES and DIMENSIONS:—5-quart Berlin Kettle, 9⅛ inches diameter, 5½ inches deep; 2-quart Pudding Pan, 9¼ inches diameter, 2¾ inches deep; 2-quart Colander, 9⅛ inches diameter, 2½ inches deep; and a Cover with non-heating knob.

No RISK to YOU— SENT ON APPROVAL

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"12-in-1" Solid Aluminum COOKER

THIS "12-in-1" Cooker Set is without doubt the greatest invention in the field of modern cooking utensils. It is the master design of practical cooking experts, and has received the enthusiastic endorsement of many practical housewives.

You are asked to give it a free examination in your own home. You are asked to test the set from the standpoints of usefulness, economy and labor-saving.

You are asked to try the twelve combinations it forms:—**DOUBLE BOILER, BERLIN KETTLE, BAKE DISH or CASSEROLE, COLANDER, PUDDING BOILER, PUDDING PAN, DOUBLE ROASTER, COMBINATION COOKER STEAM COOKER, PRESERVING KETTLE, CEREAL or COFFEE ROASTER, STEW PAN.**

Note how with these combinations you can stew, preserve, cook vegetables, make cakes and puddings, steam cereals, and in fact cook every kind of dish used.

Take for example the 5-quart Roaster—just one of the 12 combinations. At dinner time, should you wish to cook anything in the popular casserole style, such as chicken, or a pot roast with vegetables, you reverse the pudding pan and obtain this roaster, which, with the flame turned low, will roast the meat nicely, retaining all the flavor and rendering it remarkably tender.

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If you decide to keep the set, pay us just $4.49, which is less than the cost of three separate dishes. Please look into the price as closely as you examine the utensils. Price similar articles in the shops. If you can buy such a set for less than $5.00, return our set at once. We are certain you will find that $6.00 comes closer to the price elsewhere.

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You Will Secure the Biggest Aluminum Bargain Ever Offered by Mailing Coupon Today!

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Volume 50 Number 10

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THIS IS OUR PLEDGE:
to devote the pages of
McCLURE'S WIN-THE-WAR MAGAZINE
to the national service by doing everything we can, in every way we can, to help
WIN THE WAR

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THE History OF THE World War

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

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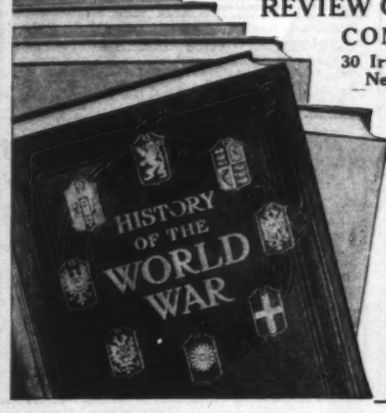

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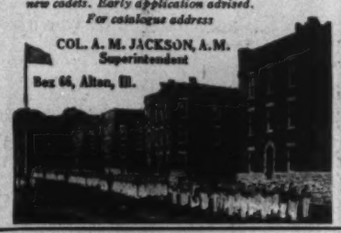

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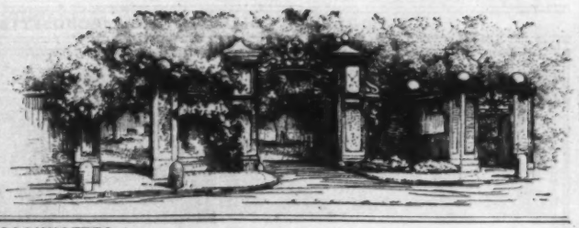

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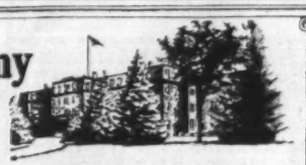

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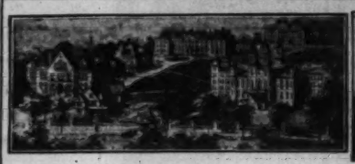

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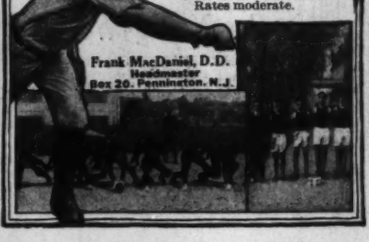

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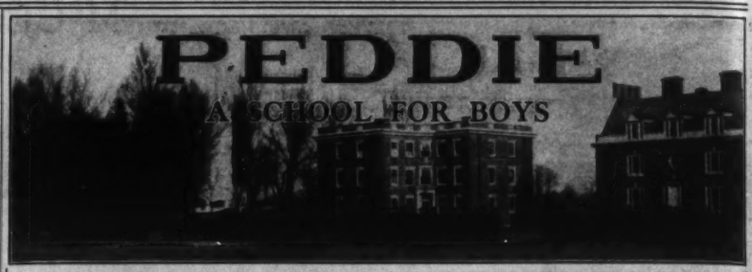

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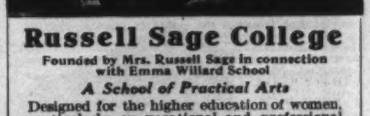

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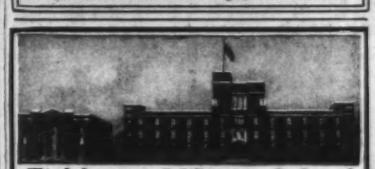

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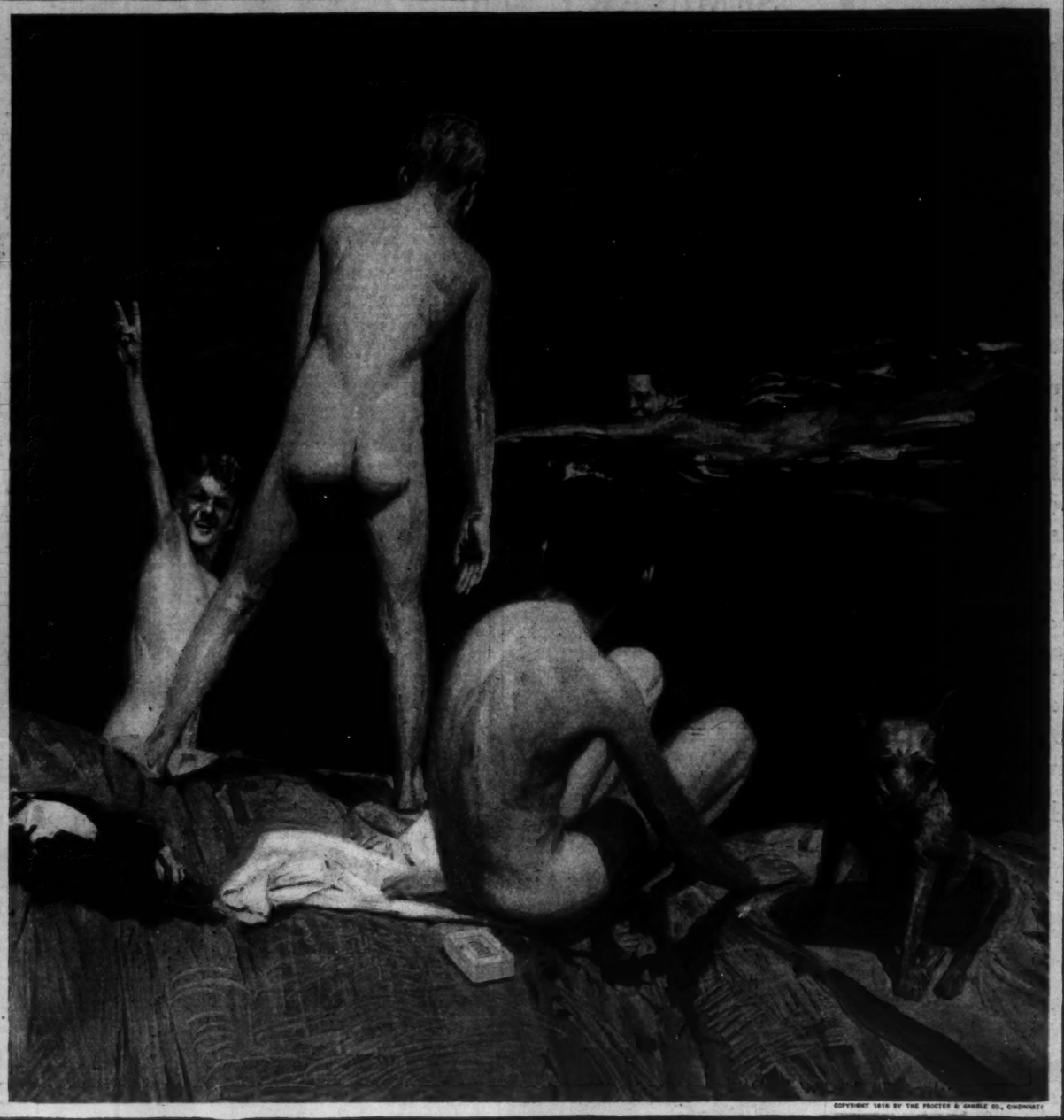

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Volume 50
Number 10

McCLURE'S

AUGUST
1918

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

"You may kiss it," said Papago, holding the little flag in front of the terror-stricken and obedient Mr. Green's mouth

The Flag of His Country

by Arthur Train

Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller

A BLACK and white lizard, of the variety known on railroad circulars and picture post-cards as a "Gila Monster," lay on a flat stone in the incandescent Arizona noon and watched with an unblinking eye the figure of a gaunt old man. Besides the lizard and the man there was only one other animate object in the shimmering glare — a contemplative burro which wandered untethered amid the sahuaro and yucca, and occasionally attacked a tumbleweed.

"Papago Jo" Carter had known only three genuine passions in his seventy-four years of earthly existence — the love of country which had led him as a boy of seventeen to run away from his stepfather's Kentucky farm to join the Union forces in '61; later, the love of the half-Spanish daughter of a Welsh miner in Sonora; and the love of the search for hidden treasure. The first love had left him a friendless outcast in his own country and with a Minnie-ball in his thigh; the second had resulted in his falling afoul of the law and becoming for a time a fugitive from justice; but the other love had brought with it no misfortune except poverty.

The author

At first his dreams had been of gold — and he had joined the frenzied rushes to northern California and Nevada; then silver had possessed his fancy; and at last, since he had never had the luck to strike either, he had turned to copper. From time to time he had located a good prospect, only to sell out for a song to someone who possessed the funds to start its development.

If he had made money he would have had no idea what to do with it. He had no desire for riches. On the contrary, it was the mere physical search that he loved, the dead silence of the desert places, the wide arc of the sky and the saturating sunlight, the bite of the night air as he lay beside his fire under the stars, and the blistering heat of midday when the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land" felt almost cold.

He belonged to the old type of prospector — for whom the Red Gods are ever calling — taciturn, restless, contemptuous of the trading folk of the town, intolerant of authority.

Once or twice a year he would drift into Oxide, the big mining camp at the foot of Buffalo Gulch, where the "White Blackbird" and the "Suwanee Extension" were located, celebrate quietly for a few days, and then, having replenished his exhausted stock of flour, lard, bacon, tea and sugar, would mount his pony, and driving his heavily laden burro before him, would disappear across the mesa in the direction of the Puricas. Of late years his visits "to town" had become rarer, and when they did occur his picturesque appearance — even in a locality where miners and cowboys, Slavs and Mexicans, gamblers and Indians elbowed one another in front of the "Star Theatre," "The New York Store" and "The No Trust," — never failed to attract comment. For undeniably "Papago" was getting old. There were even those who openly declared — in his absence — that he ought to be put away in the "Miner's Home over to Jerowe," and "Big Bess" Clayton, who had white kid uppers on her shoes and lived just across the creek with the Misses

The artist

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Rosie Cassazas, "Gold Dollar" Carrie Jones and Ima Lovejoy, allowed that he made her think of John the Baptist.

Indeed, "Papago" with his towering frame, his hawk-like nose, and long white beard, might well have posed for one of John Sargents' prophets or for a wandering seer from some Oriental country. But the old man saw no visions. His faded blue eyes were turned towards memory, and he dreamed, when he dreamed at all, only of the days when he fought under the folds of Old Glory at Chancellorsville, Antietam and Appomattox — he had been "color guard" of the 13th West Virginia — or of his later period of amorous dangling after Juanita Maria Llewellyn when he had been obliged — strictly in self-defense — to cause the exit from this vale of tears to a happier and better world, of two Sonora rancheros, one Mexican, and the sheriff of Ajo.

On the wall of his tumble-down shack, beyond Superstition Mountain, was nailed a colored print of the martyred Lincoln and in a canvas pouch, carefully sewn inside his flannel shirt, lay a faded daguerrotype of Juanita Llewellyn wrapped in a small silk flag — the flag for which he had fought and sacrificed his birthright—and which stood for everything of the spiritual in his life.

Down the cañon a stone rattled with the reverberation of a musket shot and the burro stiffened into sculpture. The lizard slightly moved its neck and "Papago" lifted his lean form and shaded his eyes. Over the distant rise on the other side of the arroya, now cut off by the sahuaros and now partially visible, bobbed a tall Mexican sombrero. A faint squeeking was audible. The burro stretched an inquiring snout and then capered away in search of feminine society. The lizard vanished from the stone and "Papago" wiped his forehead with his hand and sat down upon the spot which it had vacated.

"Must be José Ramirez!" he hazarded.

From the gestureless rider rose a shrill yell.

"Ye-o-o-o-w! Y-o-u-h!"

"Papago" did not deign to make reply.

The Mexican slowly approached, slid from his burro and grinned. He was dressed in blue overalls, a brown shirt garlanded with a red necktie, and his corrugated skin gave no hint as to his age.

"Papago" did not get up.

"Que tal, José, como vamos?" he drawled in a vernacular, the rough equivalent of our slang interrogation of "How you was?"

"Bastante bien," (good enough) answered José, sitting down cross-legged in the columnar shadow of the nearest sahuaro. "Mi burro se murio" (my burro died). And, "My daughter got married," he added casually. Then, rolling a cigarette, he amplified the details of the burro's demise at great length with parenthetical descriptions of its various good and bad qualities and inherited characteristics.

"Maldito burro!" (damn the burro) growled "Papago" in the middle of it. "What's goin' on down to the camp? I ain't seen a soul for five months."

José shrugged his shoulders. It appeared that the death of his burro and the nuptials of his daughter had so usurped his attention that he had no time for less important matters. However, after searching his recollection, he remembered that the United States had declared war against Germany.

"Los Estados Unidos han declarado la guerra." He made the statement, as it were, in passing.

"Papago" at first failed to grasp the significance of the announcement. Then it suddenly dawned on him that José had said something.

"*What!*" he shouted, clambering to his feet and grasping the Mexican by the shoulder. "La guerra!"

"Sure!" answered José. "I have brought a paper that tells all about it." With much deliberation he arose and took from his saddle-bag a bundle from which he carefully removed the outside covering—a tattered copy of "El Imparcial de Juarez" over five months old.

"Dejame verlo!" (Let me see it!) cried "Papago" snatching it from him in great excitement, without noticing the date. José made a gesture to indicate extreme patience.

"There! It is all there — in print," he said soothingly. "You cannot doubt the word of the paper from Juarez," he added reverently.

The paper was printed in Spanish, but "Papago" had been slightly in love at various times with ladies who could converse only in that language and he now with some difficulty spelled out the headlines. War — yes, there was war! In the tremulous heat which arose from the cañon as from a blast furnace "Papago" felt a chill creep up his back. War! He licked his dry lips and swallowed, for there was a contraction in his throat. His breath came faster and with it a slight shaking of the limbs. The walls of the cañon seemed to dance first this way and then that. War! He slapped Ramirez on the shoulder.

"You're a good hombre, José!" he exclaimed, his blood tingling. "I might have stayed up here for a year and never known it."

José waved his hands in mild deprecation.

"Big row down Oxide!" he grinned dexterously rolling a fresh cigarette and lighting it with the same hand.

"I bet there is!" nodded the prospector, mindful of the excitement attending the firing upon Fort Sumter in 1861. "Lots of speech-making, eh?"

"Nothing but speeches — all day — all night! They talk of all that we have suffered and how we must arise and smite!"

"Well," agreed "Papago," "I guess the people have stood enough from that gang! I wish we'd called their bluff more'n a year ago. A few shots would have let 'em know we meant business."

José's eyes gleamed with understanding.

"Si! Si!" he cried. "A little shooting would have been good medicine!" Then he tossed away his cigarette. "I must be off," he said. "I go a long way. S'long, Jo! Get on, Bonito!" And digging his heels into his burro's belly he bobbed off down the arroya.

Mary Roberts Rinehart

will open the September McClure's with a delightful and human story — "His Letters" — a story fraught with meaning for all of us. At this time of great national stress, Mrs. Rinehart's tale comes like a bugle call and rings with fine, clean patriotism

"Papago" did little work the rest of the day. All that afternoon he wandered up and down the cañon in a daze and made his way back to camp much earlier than was his custom. Something was stirring in him—he could not have told what. He was "coming back."

That evening as he sat drawing softly on his pipe and letting the delicious coolness of the night air soak through his tired old frame, he read and re-read by the light of his tiny fire the front page of "El Imparcial de Juarez," and tried to imagine the scenes being enacted throughout the country. He recalled, as if it were that afternoon, the day when he had deserted his step-father's house and had shaken from his feet the dust of his home town. He could see the throngs around the telegraph and newspaper offices at Wheeling, the procession headed by fife and drum marching to the rally at the city hall, could hear the crowd singing patriotic songs and cheering the men as they went up to the platform and enrolled. Over half a century ago! Yet more real than the events of the past year.

TO-NIGHT against the frosted canopy of the sky he saw hosts of armed men contending amid the white smoke of battle, his fire of mesquite twigs became a bivouac, he could hear the bugles calling the reveille. He fumbled in his shirt and drew forth the daguerreotype, then with trembling fingers he unwrapped the flag and laid it tenderly on his knees. A strange emotion was taking possession of this dessicated old man. Beneath his withered epidermis feelings dormant for half a century quivered in the silence of the desert night. His first love returned to him with outstretched arms. He lifted a corner of the little flag to his lips, then reverently wrapped it about the daguerreotype and replaced it in his bosom. Then, just as the sliver of the new moon swam up beyond the jagged outline of the mountains, he arose, saddled Chiquito, his burro, filled his canteen at the spring, and started in answer to the call.

The town of Oxide lies in a cup between two ranges of hills and spreads over the lower slopes of one of them, while across the valley rises the big concentrating plant of the "Suwanee Ex." and the "Blackbird" smelter. It was the last camp in Arizona to cease to be "wide open," and it is to-day the camp most like what it used to be. Three miles below it the Papago reservation furnishes daily its quota of decorated squaws who attend the "Star Theatre," "knock the fillum" and make purchases at the ribbon counter of Mr. Abie Rosen's "New York Store." Beyond the ridges lies on each side a cattle country whence the cowboys ride to town to foregather at the "No Trust" — a relic of the days when every saloon had its galaxy of "entertainers" — young ladies of doubtful age who tried to cheer the spirits of the tired traveler and lure him to the bar. Of these "Big Bess," "Gold Dollar Carrie" and Miss Lovejoy were the only survivals except the saloon itself, a structure with a rectangular face painted a pale blue.

Oxide boasts a massive granite courthouse, two stores dealing exclusively in phonographs, six jewelry shops, fourteen lunch-rooms, three elegant "lodges" belonging to secret organizations, and a newspaper. The population at this period in addition to the native inhabitants comprised four hundred odd Poles, Finns, Lithuanians, Austrians and Slavs — wandering workmen who lived in cheap lodging-houses, and spent their leisure time loafing around the bars and poolrooms or gambling and quarreling among themselves. With the Mexicans, of whom there were already over a thousand in the town, they constituted a majority of the mine workers, and while their labor was of an inferior sort the war made work for all. They herded together, had little contact with the native element, organized a "union" of their own, the meetings of which were held in a deserted hall across the creek usually under the leadership of some fluent stranger who from time to time appeared, spent a few days at Oxide and then vanished as unaccountably as he had come.

The bona fide Miners' Union — the "Suwanee" had always had the open shop — had settled what differences it had with the owners a year or more before and had come to a harmonious agreement with them. Wages were unprecedentedly high; living was cheap; everybody seemed happy. Yet suddenly and without warning while the munitions factories in the east were dependent on the full output of the mines, a committee composed of a Mexican, a Finn, two Austrians and a Bulgarian, called upon the officers of the local Miners' Union and demanded that it join in a strike for higher wages. The officials of the Union promptly declined upon the ground that they had no cause for complaint, and that to tie up the mines at such a time would be an unpatriotic act. And then it was discovered that many of the "wobblies," as they were called, had joined the Miners' Union as well as their own and were carrying on a secret propaganda inside the Union itself. The Mexicans were informed by their "white brothers" — the "wobblies" — that it would be for the benefit of the working class if Germany should win the war, and that, by assisting in the production of copper, they were working against their own interest. Things took on an ugly aspect. The unnaturalized foreign element outnumbered the American citizens two to one, and native-born Arizona miners were warned by Mexicans that if they did not vote to strike they would not come out of the shafts alive. Several workmen were badly beaten up. No one could tell what was going to happen. Yet nothing was done and the mercantile citizens of Oxide who made as good a profit in their dealings with one faction as with another kept on with their businesses with downcast faces and took their "thirty pieces of silver."

On the afternoon when "Papago" learned that the United States had entered the war a group of men was gathered in a lawyer's office overlooking the main street of Oxide, which at the moment swarmed with outlanders. Among these were a scattering of native Americans, who were attempting to give a semblance of order to the mob and to lead it in the singing of a vulgar parody on "Onward Christian Soldiers." The words were plainly audible through the closed windows of the office:

"Onward, Christian Soldiers! Blighting all you meet,
Trampling human freedom under pious feet.
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion band of grace.
Trust in mock salvation, serve as pirates' tools;
History will say of you: 'That pack of fools!' "

The men around the table looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders.

"This thing has got clear away from me," declared Tom Matthews, a frank-faced fellow in heavy boots and flannel shirt, the president of the regular organization. "Most of this bunch are only 'ten-day men'; or floaters — been comin' in here by the dozen ever since last January,—but they've called a strike and just because they're wage earners some of the boys feel we ought to go out too. I'm afraid there'll be trouble, Mr. Thompson. A lot of these 'wobblies' have got union cards and they'll try to force a vote."

Thompson, the president of the "Suwanee Extension," who sat with an unlighted cigar between his teeth at the other end of the table, caressed hischin with his gnarled fingers. He was a big man of slow speech and few words.

"You can't afford to let your union get

mixed up with this crowd," he answered deliberately, "They're anarchists. Most of 'em ought to be tried for treason."

"The smelter superintendent tells me," said Roswell, the lawyer in whose office the meeting was being held, "that these fellows wait just outside the gates, waylay the Mexicans, tell 'em the draft is unconstitutional, and that it is to the interest of labor that Germany should win the war, because our government would be weakened. It's a clever dodge, but who do you suppose is behind it? Who's paying these agitators to come way down here from Chicago? Who bought that old I. O. O. F. hall over on the creek? You bet your life *these* guys didn't put up the money! No, sir! There's been thousands and thousands of dollars spent in this town, and I guess Mr. von Bernstorff could tell you where some of it came from!"

He pounded the table with his fist, at the same time fixing with his eye a tall man in a high sombrero, gray flannel shirt and ornamental suspenders.

"Mr. Sheriff!" he continued, "the government has called on this district for its maximum production of copper. It needs every ounce that can be mined for bronze for its munitions, for wire, for bolts, and for fuses. Now, everything may be tied up. These men haven't any grievance—they don't pretend to have any. It's all part of a German plot to create an industrial crisis in this country. I tell you we've got to do something! We've got a duty as American citizens to stand by our government! Don't you agree with me, Mr. Ferguson?"

Mr. Andy Ferguson, the sheriff, the only representative of the law within forty miles, tipped back his chair with his thumbs thrust through the rings of his galluses.

"What the hell kin *I* do?" he asked plaintively. "*I* don't hear 'em say nuthin'. An' they don't *do* nuthin'."

"Ain't it nuthin' tellin' people not to enlist and that the draft is illegal and urgin' of 'em not to buy Liberty Bonds?" demanded Mr. Ebenezer Adams, who ran the "Star Theatre" and "The Blackbird Hotel," a short, square-shouldered New Englander with a red beard. "Ain't it nuthin'?" he repeated, spitting accurately into the brown stone cuspidor nine feet away at the other end of the table. "Ain't it nuthin' to hev our government denounced under our very nose—noses, I mean?" He wagged his beard militantly and bit off an end of "Mule's Ear."

"I ain't heered 'em," insisted the sheriff. "I ain't heered no treasonable utterances."

"Ain't tried to, hev ye?" retorted Mr. Adams. "You don't suppose they are going to sing 'em in chorus for your benefit, do ye?"

The sheriff vouchsafed no reply. The next election was only sixty days off and he was a candidate for the socialist nomination. "I dunno what to think!" he answered weakly.

"I tell you," continued Ebenezer, "the United States is up against it out here, if folks in the East only knew it. This town has sent a hundred and forty-seven of its finest young fellers to the front and yet you can hear sedition preached right out there on the sidewalk. They won't even git up when thet female pianist of mine plays 'The Star-Spangled Banner' at the beginning of the show — that's a fine thing for our boys and girls to see, ain't it? But I've got to live — I can't close up."

"It's fierce!" interjected Mr. Carson, by far the most elegant person in Oxide, who ran the "No Trust" and dealt a quiet game in the rear room for the upper classes. "You-all know I'm a man of peace. There ain't been no corpse carried out of my place in three years. But believe me, gentlemen, these agitators and their sidekicks are preachin' violence right at my very ear. I kin hear 'em. They boast they'll close up the 'Suwanee' inside of a week. They threaten to beat hell out of any miner that dares to down the 'Liberty Shaft'."

"*Liberty* Shaft! — God!" ejaculated Tom Matthews. "They nearly killed three working men last night. Knocked 'em down and jumped on their faces. Listen to that!" he added, as the song in the street changed to the tune of "Steamboat Bill."

"Right about face!" he ordered. His prisoners pirouetted and, preceded by the four ladies, started back toward the creek.

"Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,
Scissor Bill, he says, 'Not me, by Heck'!
Scissor Bill gets his reward in heaven,
Oh! sure! He'll get it, but *he'll get in the neck!*"

"They voted not to hang out the American flag down at their union hall," he added wrathfully. "What d'you think of that? I ask you, if that ain't treason what is? And now those same fellers hev sneaked into the Miners Union — I don't know but what they come pretty close to a majority."

The crowd outside was increasing in size every moment. Down the street came the crash of a store window. They were singing "Casey Jones — the Union Scab" now.

"The Workers said to Casey: 'Won't you help us win this strike'?
But Casey said: 'Let me alone, you'd better take a hike'.
Then someone put a bunch of railroad ties across the track,
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.
Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,
Casey Jones was an 'Angeleno,'
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line."

"We have a right to insist that you keep order, sheriff," declared Thompson. "I ain't seekin' to be an 'Angeleno,' but if the 'Suwanee' has to close down, the water will flood the mine in six hours and the property will be permanently ruined. Labor's got no grievance in this camp. We are payin' the highest wages on record both above and below ground — and livin' is cheaper than it is in San Antonio. I tell you the Red Flag is going to put honest labor in the wrong. These foreigners are being used by German plotters to put industry on the blink. They're aimin' to tie up the country. Are you goin' to let 'em stand on the curb right in front of the post-office and tell people not to subscribe to the Liberty Loan? I'm an American — and I don't purpose to ——"

"Vaid a minid! Vaid a minid!" exclaimed in great agitation Mr. Abie Rosen of the "New York Store," who had been sitting against the wall with his hands folded across his small, globular stomach.

"If the sheriff aindt able to act it aindt our pizness to act for him. We got first to opey the law and get a varrant. Aindt dat so, sheriff?"

"Sure," replied the sheriff, palpably relieved at this re-enforcement of his position. "I tell you I can't *anticipate* trouble. I don't know what these fellers do down in their darned old hall. And they have a right to sing, if they want to."

He arose and glanced out of the window.

"They're going away now," he remarked soothingly. "I'll go down street and see what I kin find out. So long, boys." And he lumbered out, banging the door behind him.

"It looks to me, gents," remarked Mr. Carson reflectively, producing a flat bottle from his inside pocket, "as if this here community would have to maintain the dignity of the United States Government without relyin' upon much assistance from the local authorities. In the early days we had a highly efficacious Vigilance Committee. Now we might organize somethin' of the sort, and if we heard of any of these white-livered sons of dogs utterin' treason ——"

"No violence — no!" wailed Mr. Rosen. "Ve gentlemen who have invested our money oudt here don't vant no violence. It would ruin pizness —absolutely!"

"Oh, damn!" sneered Mr. Carson in withering sarcasm. "If you let the 'wobblies' run this camp you won't sell another boiled shirt in the place. Do you hear what they are singin' out there? Do you think you are goin' to get treated any different from other folks? No, sir, you are a bloomin' capitalist like the rest of us and you will share our horrible fate."

He leaned quickly over, seized the unsuspecting Mr. Rosen by the lobe of his left ear, and marched him to the window.

"You pot-bellied little Judas—*damn* you!—listen to that!" he said politely.

From in front of the "No Trust" arose a thundering chorus:

[*Continued on page 45*]

Drawing by R. M. Crosby

Co-operation Will Win the War!

"Already many of our American soldiers are marrying French girls."— News Item.

The Loneliness

Each One of Us Makes His Own Heaven or His Own Hell Which Has the Kaiser Made?

by

Booth Tarkington

Illustrations by

James Montgomery Flagg

THE Kaiser knew he was very, very ill, but he did not know he was dead. However, he was; he had died several days before he began to regain a kind of cognizance of himself. The first word he said, or thought he said, was "*Ich.*" He seemed to be speaking: "*Ich muss — Ich——*"

Someone else wandered — or seemed to wander — into his field of consciousness. She was a small blond-haired youngish woman in a black dress, with a white apron, white cuffs and white collar, all very neat; her hair a little too elaborate, as if she were proud of it and wanted to display it. She looked at the Kaiser with a mild interest, somewhat dreamily.

He did not like her way of looking at him, and struggled. After a moment or two she became aware that he was struggling and spoke to him. That is, she seemed to speak to him; but her manner of speaking was the manner of speaking that people use when addressing one another in dreams. There seem to be words usually, though not always; but there seldom seems to be a voice. Nevertheless, conversations are carried on well enough, and so was this one.

"Your friends ought to help you," she said, and she distinctly conveyed to the Kaiser the sense that she was speaking in English. "People's friends ought to be helping when things are like this — though, of course, really, there aren't any 'things' to be like anything."

"I am delirious," thought the Kaiser. "I must get rid of the vision of this English girl."

She smiled. "Indeed you're not delirious," she said. "And I'm not English, I'm American. I used to be a Graduate Nurse in St. Louis, Missouri."

"What are you doing in my fever-vision?" the Kaiser asked.

"Don't make any mistake about 'fever-vision,'" she said. "I'm the realest thing you know!"

"If this is not fever-vision," he said angrily — or thought angrily — "what is it?"

She seemed to shrink away, a little troubled. "Well—" She hesitated. "I don't like to tell you."

"Why not?"

"You ought to have some friends to look after you," she said nervously. "It's only an accident — my talking to you now. I just happened to be thinking intently of you, and no one else did, I suppose, just when you began to come to yourself. I mean, no one else in — in our condition. I oughtn't to be the one to tell you."

"To tell me what?"

Her manner became more authoritative and at the same time more indulgent. "Well, you mustn't take it hard," she said. "It happens to everybody. You must pull yourself together and keep cool; it's so much easier that way. Now, don't get nervous.

"Go on," said the Kaiser.

"Well, I don't like to use the expression," she said, "but you're what you used to call 'dead.' You're out of the body and going to stay out."

"What?"

"You'll get used to it — you will, gradually — if you're able to look at it in the right way," she said soothingly. "You mustn't struggle or get upset. You must——"

"Is it true?" he demanded, and as she nodded in answer, he somehow knew that it was indeed true. A strange agitation seized him, and she perceived it.

"It's more important than you can understand now," she told him gravely, "that you control yourself. Your friends ought to be here to reassure you and explain; but perhaps they can't come. You must believe me: it's really necessary for you to be calm. You might do yourself a great deal of injury."

The Kaiser made a powerful effort and somewhat mastered himself. "Where are my ancestors?" he said. "Call them."

She was still indulgent. "I couldn't manage that very well," she said. "I——"

He interrupted: "My ancestors shoul be summoned so that the procession can be formed."

"What procession?"

"To appear before *Gott*."

"Who?"

"I suppose," he thought, "it will be something in the nature of a Presentation. Of course on a different scale — more spiritual. I wonder who is acting as chamberlain or——"

"You'll get yourself upset," she warned him. "People do so much harm to themselves — they get their minds to wandering and——"

"Enough!" he said. "This is heaven, of course——"

"No."

"You don't mean to——"

"No," she said. "You must try to understand. Of course you can't understand much at first. You must begin, though. There isn't any *thing* any more; there isn't any *where*, either. You haven't any eyes or ears, you know. Yet you see me, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you see me as I think of myself, in a black dress with white collar and cuffs and apron. I could think of myself another way if I tried, and you might see it, though as I've got used to thinking of myself this way, the other one might look foggy to you. I've always thought too much about my hair, by the way; and my vanity certainly doesn't do me any good. I'm trying to forget it. Perhaps if you'd ever known me 'in the body,' so to speak, you'd see me as you knew me, probably in my nurse's uniform. But just there is where things might be terribly confusing to you. You see, if I had known you

[*Continued on page 50*]

"How much more time do you need on your notes?" he inquired. "We might help you out if you don't put us off too long"

The Doormat *and* the Bulldog

Another Bigelow & Judkins story in which we witness the incredible occurrence of little old Grout becoming a swashbuckler

by **Frank Goewey Jones**

Illustrations by T. K. Hanna

MARTIN GROUT wheeled from the lavatory mirror to face the bedroom door. The left side of his countenance was denuded of soaped bristles, but lather foamed over the opposite flat cheek and under the blunt nose and on his jutting chin. A dressing-gown of dingy brown, girt at the waist-line by a blue cord with tassels, bagged his short, thin body like a burlap sack tied about a shrub. Deformed slippers knit of red yarn blazed on his bare feet. He looked ridiculous, but Martin was not cognizant of his actual appearance.

"Ellen," he addressed his plump little wife half severely, half beseechingly, "it's useless to coax. You wouldn't like living in the country a bit better than I would, after the novelty wore off. Please drop the subject."

Purring Mrs. Grout seemed to change her nature in a second.

"You're the pig-headedest, most selfish man in Chicago!"

She spat the sibilants with the ferocity of an aroused wildcat. Her faded blue eyes turned opalescent. Her work-calloused fingers hooked into stumpy claws. Then, as suddenly as she had reverted to savagery, Mrs. Grout changed back to her domestic species. Like a frightened tabby she ran from the bedroom.

Her husband stared at the hall doorway with a dazed expression in which resentment and disbelief were mixed. He was unable yet to give credence to what he had seen and heard. Sweet-tempered Ellen, with whom he had lived placidly for twenty-six years, could not have been transformed all at once into that ranting vixen who looked as if she had half a mind to scratch his eyes out. He blinked, and cocked his expectant ears. But the familiar gentle little woman did not bounce back from the hall, repentant. Starched skirts rustled harshly down the passage. A skillet banged on the kitchen stove.

Grout comprehended now that his wife actually had glowered malevolence and had called him "the pig-headedest, most selfish man in Chicago." The utter injustice of her vituperation stung him and inoculated bitterness. He resumed his shaving, but his usually steady hand twitched as spasms of recollection wrenched his thoughts away from the razor.

Martin Grout had been the credit man at Bigelow & Judkins' office downtown nearly eleven years. It had become a habit with him to make a skeptical analysis of any assertion, either favorable or disparaging, that he heard. So while he finished shaving he mentally dissected his wife's denunciation as he would have probed for the truth beneath the probable motives of an unfavorable trade report.

Intermittently for two months Ellen had been importuning him to go with her and look at various cottages and bungalows she discovered while she peregrinated through the outlying suburbs of Chicago on a quest to which a picture had stirred her. Since the first of June she had searched a dozen or more villages for the likeness of "a modest little house set cozily in the midst of its own dooryard," as her favorite magazine described the half-tone of her ideal of a country residence. Yesterday she had found another place which fascinated her. When she came home she told her husband that the owner of the property had been trying

to dispose of it for nearly a year, and after several reductions in price he now offered to sell his "cute" house and half-acre lot for twenty-eight hundred dollars cash. The cottage was a wonderful bargain, she declared to Martin. If they did not buy it right away, somebody else was sure to snap it up.

In the last eight weeks for a similar reason she had urged successively the immediate purchase of six or seven other dwellings. In nearly every town where she searched for an ideal modest home she had hunted out such a bargain. The latest always was the best. Grout therefore regarded her present obsession as only transient.

Grout had a typical married man's half-amused, half-scornful tolerance for a woman's business ideas. Now, while his recollection scanned the morning's dialogue, especially the shocking ending, it occurred to him that his wife might have been piqued to her outburst by some indiscreet remark he had made. It was possible he had not concealed so well as usual his lack of respect for her opinion. Maybe she felt insulted. But — he bristled indignantly — that did not excuse what she said.

Ellen had accused him of extreme selfishness, too. Did she have a scintilla of warrant for saying that?

His wife had upbraided him because he frankly declared he did not want to jolt for an hour each week-day morning and night on a railroad train, going to and returning from his work. She drew from her imagination a picture of compensating rural joys. Martin was not enamored of her description of village life. He retorted that he took no delight in the thought of spending his leisure doing country chores. He abominated the prospect of mowing a lawn. Ellen had bridled at his good-natured sarcasm. She unjustly stigmatized him as selfish because he opposed common sense to her caprice.

Martin had completed his sputtering ablutions while he acquitted himself of his wife's charges; thus simultaneously cleansing his face and his escutcheon. Next he patted witch-hazel on his raw skin, as he applied the emollient of conscious rectitude to his wounded feelings.

He could hear the transmogrified Mrs. Grout clattering in the kitchen like a cyclone raging among the cooking utensils. Soon after he finished stropping his razor an ominous silence succeeded the tumult down-stairs.

He felt no relish for the immediate prospect of another encounter with the vixen into whom the gentlest of wives suddenly had been transformed. Martin was not a coward, but he shrank from the danger of aggravating her unprecedented bad temper. Perhaps, he thought, if he should avoid a quarrel this morning, Ellen would be her familiar self again to-night. But the principal object of his impulsive decision to slip away from the house unnoticed was to teach her a lesson. Having made up his mind as to his course, Grout dressed hurriedly in his rusty office suit, tiptoed down-stairs to the front door, and let himself out noiselessly.

His wife had been cross so seldom that Martin was still a tyro in the strategy of marital quarrels. It did not occur to him until after he left the Elevated and approached Bigelow & Judkins' office at the corner of Clinton Street and Jackson Boulevard that he had committed a faux pas in dodging a clash. Suppose this inexplicable, strange Ellen should not react as he had anticipated!

A pang of regret for his abandoned bacon and eggs and coffee gnawed in the emptiness under his diaphragm. Grout felt a deep pity for himself. He sniffed the redolent air as the smell of food wafted from the open door of a restaurant and tickled his nostrils. He swerved toward the entrance with the vindictive purpose of gorging himself on sausage and pancakes. If he should go home sick to-night, maybe she would feel sorry she had called him names that morning.

Then another thought twinged Martin. He visioned a frantic woman, Ellen distracted by sudden anxiety lest she had broken his heart with her wicked abuse, running up-stairs to look for him when her repeated summonses to breakfast brought no answer. He pictured her rushing affrightedly from room to room in search of the reproachful, lifeless body she dreaded to find with a gory razor beside it. His empty stomach stimulated his imagination, which in turn reflexively deadened his hunger. Grout conjured up his terror-stricken wife so vividly that for the time being he lost all his appetite. He hurried from before the restaurant and within a minute was fitting his key into the door lock of the office. Ellen no doubt had telephoned frenziedly to Bigelow & Judkins' place of business when she failed to find him anywhere in the house.

Grout fully expected to hear the clamor of the gong that sounded to the watchman telephone calls out of office hours. But the big room he entered at twenty minutes past seven was empty and still. The silence was a shock to him. He became dubious of his conjectures regarding his wife. Maybe she was not worried at all, but just "hopping mad" because he had deprived her of the opportunity to speak her mind at breakfast.

He had intended to telephone his wife that he was safe, and magnanimously to pet her with forgiving words when she should sob her self-reproaches via the wires to his ear. The possibility of her repentance seemed remote now. So he changed his plan and walked slowly up the aisle to his work place at the rear of the office. Martin felt bereaved; he was sure that home never could be its old self again. He sank miserably into the chair behind the desk that fended his corner window from the rest of the room.

It would have been almost a comfort had he been able to feel he was in some slight measure deserving of the spitbets his wife had spat at him. But his conscience lauded instead of censured Martin. His indignant anguish of mind was the more poignant since Ellen had not a shadow of warrant for berating him. He had been faithful to her in act and in thought always. He had no bad habits. He did not squander his salary. Martin had been an indulgent, self-denying husband. His recompense was to be called "the pig-headedest, most selfish man in Chicago," and to be driven from his home breakfastless.

His grievance rankled in his heart while he sat brooding behind his desk in the remotest corner of the office. He felt thoroughly abused. Then more injustice was poured into the undeserved, brimming cup of bitterness forced to his lips. Two of Bigelow & Judkins' road salesmen came into the office to get their sample-cases preparatory to catching early trains. Both were berating Grout when they entered the front door. They did not see him in his distant covert.

"I'd 've made over eighty dollars more commissions my last trip if it hadn't 've been for that damned credit man!" vociferated Codd, Bigelow & Judkins' ambassador of commerce in Michigan and Indiana.

Crandall, who "covered" southern Illinois and Missouri, joined heartily in his confrère's denunciation of Martin.

"The next time Grout crabs a deal for me, I'm going to take a poke at the old stiff," he threatened.

"It's a wonder the firm don't get wise to that gink," marveled Codd. "Why, he's drivin' trade away with both hands. He ain't got any common sense a-tall."

"Did you ever know a credit man who was human?" Crandall switched to generalities; then back to his specific antipathy. "Ours is just a sample of the peanuts that rattle around in such jobs. What can you expect of a mummy who's been wearing his wedding suit to work the last twenty years and plastering his insides with ten-cent bread-and-milk poultices every noon?"

"It must be hell to live that way—never gettin' no joy or nuthin' out of life. On the dead I'm kind of sorry for Grout," Codd commiserated.

"It must be a cussed sight worse living *with* the tightwad," Crandall amended as he stooped for his sample case. "Save your pity for his wife. I'll bet that when old Martin croaks all her friends will send congratulations."

In ordinary circumstances Grout would have been scornfully indifferent to the opinions of these critics. As credit man he expected all the salesmen to consider him their natural enemy. He had grown used to their anathemas. He had clashed frequently with Codd and Crandall, but never before had either ruffled him. Now, however, their joint aspersions transcended the privilege of business antagonism. They had invaded his private affairs. He sprang erect and shook his scrawny fist over his desk just as Crandall and Codd picked up their sample-cases and started for the door.

"Take that back!" he roared a demand for retraction. The leonine voice shook his slight body ludicrously.

The men at the front of the room were startled by the nemesic apparition. They twisted about and stared agape at Martin.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" gasped Codd.

Crandall, whose mock sympathy for Mrs. Grout had caused her husband's ebullition of anger, was embar-

"It was a good risk, and I don't care a tinker's dam who says it wasn't!"

rassed for a moment at having been overheard. He flushed first; then suddenly grinned. He grabbed his companion by the arm and dragged him toward the door in pretended panic.

"Bosco's loose!" he yelled warning. "Beat it! If he catches us we'll be eaten alive and miss our train!"

Codd instantly joined in the joke. He snatched his traveling-bags and scurried down the aisle. The two salesmen bolted from the office.

Grout, baffled by their flight, quivered with unspent rage for half a minute before his fury sputtered out. He never had been a wastrel of profanity, any more than he was a spendthrift of his money; but now he became profligate of sulphurous speech. He squandered on the empty air all the cuss-words he had been saving since boyhood when he mastered the vocabulary of a sailor.

The reservoir of memory soon ran dry. Martin gulped comprehension of what he had been saying, and stood aghast at his depravity. He peered timorously about the big room as if he expected deserved punishment to pounce on him from behind a desk. Cautiously he drew a long breath of relief when he felt he still was safe despite the great risk he had run. Then he began to take a sinner's satisfaction in his own wickedness. Like a victor, Grout strode back to his corner, jerking his head pugnaciously and brandishing his clenched hands. He was so utterly obsessed by the spirit of bravado that he forgot Crandall and Codd had not heard him swear at them.

After Martin banged down into his chair he continued to exult in the unaccustomed sensation of savagery which tingled through him. He did not remember that hunger is apt to make the mildest disposition ferocious. He ascribed to himself roused natural valor. His truculence had abated but little when his fellow-hirelings and their employer came to work. At meek Martin's desk glowered an unfamiliar credit man who growled at the janitor for not emptying his waste-basket, and peremptorily commanded the haughty office boy to fill his ink-well. He even snapped his reply to a question the chief clerk asked about a business matter. The stenographers stared at Martin in timid wonder and kept their distance from his lair. Everybody seemed astounded that the common doormat of the office had come to life a bristling bulldog.

Little Grout reveled in the sensation he caused. He shouldered his way about the office in swashbuckling arrogance. Had he not made Codd and Crandall scurry from him? They all had better look out hereafter! Martin was not posing. He just felt saturated with an assertive self-respect.

He had the chip conspicuously on his shoulder when he was summoned to the senior partner's room about half past ten o'clock. Bigelow alone, of all the people in the office, was unaware then of the transformation which had taken place inside Martin's shabby clothes.

"You've got us in a devil of a mess!" the head of the firm snorted as Grout stalked into his sanctum. "You call yourself a credit man; yet you O. K. a rotten account like that!"

The metamorphosed Martin snatched the letter thrust at him. Instantly, before he knew whom it was from or had read a word, he defended himself.

"If I approved the credit, it was a good risk when I did it. And I don't care a tinker's dam who says it wasn't!"

Bigelow scarcely could have been more dumfounded had a rabbit changed into a mastiff before his eyes. He stiffened, and gripped the arms of his chair. He stared as if he had witnessed an incredible occurrence that bereft him of speech. Meanwhile Grout scanned the letter. When he finished reading he slapped the sheet of paper on his employer's desk.

"Something Hendrie had no reason to expect has happened to him since he began operating," the credit man declared, "or he wouldn't ask for more time on his notes. I'll take a run out to Clear Lake, as he requests, and see what's up."

Bigelow roused from his half stupor of astonishment. He bloated with offended authority.

"What's up!" he bellowed. "Anybody but a fool could tell that by the way the fellow writes! When a debtor coolly says he is 'sure we will consent to make a different arrangement' regarding a note that is just about to become due, it indicates he's a smooth crook and has put one over on us so we can't help ourselves. Hendrie's probably sold out his creamery and left us holding the bag for fifty-six hundred."

"Rot!" snorted Martin. "We're amply secured by our mortgage on both his plant and his home."

"Oh, I'd forgotten we have a mortgage," mumbled the senior partner. He was taken aback and plainly showed exasperation in consequence. "I remember now. Judkins and you made that deal."

There was a brief silence; then the credit man detonated a single peremptory syllable.

"Well?"

"Well, what?" snarled Bigelow.

"I'm waiting for you to apologize for calling me a fool!" Martin barked.

Again the head of the firm was astounded. But this time he recovered quickly from his surprise.

"What's got into you this morning, Grout?" he demanded.

"The notion that it's about time I was treated decently in this office!" Martin shot his fierce retort. "I've been credit man here going on eleven years. The firm's losses from bad debts in that time have averaged less than a sixth of one per cent. I've done my duty by customers, salesmen, and the house; yet I'm damned and kicked around by everybody as if I were a dog. I'm tired of that kind of treatment, and I won't stand it any longer!"

Bigelow scowled disgust, but [*Continued on page 37*]

You Can't Pin Him Down

by Harrison Rhodes

Mr. Rhodes

EVEN the most rabid I. W. W. in or out of jail, if you could pin him down, would probably say he is not pro-German. But you cannot pin him down. He evades the question. He says instead that the price we pay for war makes war an evil. He cannot support the war, nor urge his fellow working-man to support it.

Of course the most rudimentary logic proves to us that if we do not support the war, we shall have a German victory. But agitators don't see this.

They see only the immediate and lesser evils which war brings — and they think no one else sees them. They concentrate upon details and fail to see the war as a whole — they are like Yankee Doodle who could not see the town, there were so many houses.

They shriek about freedom of speech, crying that it is un-American and dangerous to curb it. Well, perhaps it is. Yet it would be better to lose even freedom of speech than to lose freedom itself.

They claim we are being militarized. We may believe that when we see an American officer kick a civilian off the sidewalk. Meanwhile, has any agitator discovered a way to wage war without an army? They tried in Russia. Assume the worst — American militarism would be so much better than German militarism that we'd better win the war.

They talk about autocracy, saying that the President is now the greatest autocrat of the world. If an autocrat, he is surely the greatest, since he uses his power for good. If the worst the agitators predict should happen, a benevolent despot would be better than the beast at Berlin.

War is a terrible price to pay for democracy — the agitators want democracy only if it's cheap enough. If war could be fought without losing lives, raising Liberty Loans, conscripting Labor, and without taking anyone's breakfast bacon, they would all like it. If only our precious radicals could sit comfortably at home while the mobilized painless dentists of the country conquered the Germans without hurting them!

Let us not even mention the vision some patriots have of the spiritual splendor of sacrifice, of the regeneration which comes to a nation, sunk in material ease, as it rallies round a mere rag of bunting, fluttering its stars and stripes beneath a sky still, thank God, American. Let us instead try to grant that all war is evil. Our country's defeat would be a still greater evil, and, though these be dark days, there is still light enough in the heavens to choose the lesser of two evils — the commonest formula for distracting labor from a firm prosecution of the war is that the proletariat has no interest in the war, only in the coming economic revolution which is at least to make the world habitable for everyone. Yes, but will the revolution ever come if Germany is victorious?

Do the agitators think they have a monopoly of the belief in and the hope for a newer, better future? Why, everywhere in America, the tide of the revolution has been rising for a quarter of a century. Call what has happened reform movements, growth of altruism and of civic consciousness, rebirth of religion — whatever you like. The forces for good had become so insurgent that a somewhat academic phrase about making the world safe for democracy had in our ears all the thrilling impetus of a battle-cry of old. Doubtless some unproletarians hoped for a bloodless revolution, without rape or looting; perhaps they hoped to save some comfort, even ease, for their old age. But when Mr. Schwab lately said the future was the working-man's he spoke not for himself alone. The revolution was foreseen, discounted, even hoped for by thousands who would never be recognized by the professional revolutionists.

Yes, the revolution, seen in different ways by different people praying through the nights and days, must come. But how, in God's name, can it come without Germany's defeat?

Germany is suspected of having started the war to kill socialism. Well, she has killed it. From a mountain the War Lord showed the rich democracies of the west open to rapine and plunder, and changed socialism to a brute.

Nowhere are government and "big business" so closely connected as in Germany. The Kaiser has huge holdings in many of the biggest and most voraciously competitive of German corporations. Regard for the right of labor will never be allowed to reduce *their* dividends.

Germany, of course, was partially "socialized" before the war; that is, much was done for the physical well-being of the masses. Soldiers must be in prime condition to be slaughtered efficiently. Is this German brand of state kindliness what the working classes want?

Labor is not so uncomprehending as the agitators would make out. Indeed, the working classes are most slandered by their self-appointed friends.

"Labor," yelled a soap-box orator in Madison Square the other day, "has no interest in this war. All the working-man cares about is what he is going to have for breakfast to-morrow!"

That, begging everybody's pardon, is a lie! The working-man cares about what his neighbor is going to have for breakfast to-morrow. At heart he cares about the unhappy and oppressed of every land. The banner of Internationalism has been hauled down by a degenerate socialist party in Germany, yet on the horrid battle-field which the west of Europe has become, shreds of beauty still flap from its broken standard. The only chance for those fraternal ideals of world-wide justice and human happiness which it symbolizes lies in our victory, ours, the Allies' and America's! To bring this victory it is worth sacrificing, if need be, even present justices and the human happiness of the moment. Lesser victories gained for the proletariat now at the cost of the nation's war efficiency would be lost in the unthinkable catastrophe of the nation's defeat.

The nation's victory means that the gates can at last be flung open upon the world's new future. Already there is a noise in the world like the blowing of a great wind from heaven. Is it not the revolution coming? War is making all things ready for the Great Social Experiment. And it will be tried in fairness, in kindliness, in completeness and in beauty when we are victorious against our foe. If Germany is victorious, it will be postponed for centuries, and perhaps the light will never come again. Do the agitators really think it worth while postponing the Great Experiment so long for their petty strikes and squabbles? Does the American working-man himself think so?

BEING a slacker is almost a trade to some people these days; and it's a trade with the cleverest tricks imaginable. In "Unmasking the Slacker," coming in September, by Waldemar Kaempffert, you will see to what infinite pains some people go to avoid their duty

Licking the Huns!

Edited *by* H. C. Witwer

Foreword

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

AN American officer captured by the Huns at the time of their defeat at Verdun in 1918, was taken to the fortress of Metz by the fleeing Germans. The fortress surrendered to General Pershing, an event which hastened the end of the Great War and made secure the freedom of democracy throughout the world. The American was sent into Berlin by his captors and put to work in a bakery to relieve a man of sixty-five for the trenches. At that time the Kaiser was forcing old men, children, and even cripples to take up arms in a last desperate attempt to stop the victorious drive of the Allies. Germany was torn by internal strife, the people were starving and clamoring for peace. Berlin was the center of rioting, munitions plants were burned and strikes spread throughout the nation. The American met a beautiful young German girl, Frieda Bernhard, in the bakery and fell in love with her. He explained to her then that the purpose of the Allies was to free the German people from the bondage of Kaiserism and Kultur, and that America felt more sympathy than bitterness toward the German people themselves. A mob destroyed the colossal statue of von Hindenburg in *Unter den Linden* and began a march on Potsdam, but was turned back by superior forces of Prussian troops. Berlin was put under martial law and drastic measures taken to stem the rising tide of the revolution. The Krupp works at Essen were destroyed by the rioters and the Kaiser called a special session of the Reichstag which he intended personally to address. He was forestalled by Phillip Scheidemann, the Socialist leader, who, in a sensational speech, disclosed the true military and internal situation of Germany and called upon the Kaiser to abdicate. The revolutionists then nominated Liebknecht for president of Germany. The American and Frieda were married. The revolutionists and Prussian troops clashed, but this was interrupted by a big Allied air raid on Berlin. The people then proceeded to the palace and forced Wilhelm to sign his abdication. While this was going on the Allied armies were pressing forward into Germany, and on September fifteenth the Germans surrendered, and General Pershing led his victorious troops into Berlin.

Part IV

WITHIN three weeks after the triumphant entry of the Allied armies into Berlin, the blood-stained and war-weary world received with pæans of thanksgiving the declaration of a general armistice. The day, October 15, 1918, was made a holiday all over the world, and was devoted to monster religious services, parades of various kinds, both military and civil, and vast celebrations of gratitude to the Almighty and to the arms of the Allies.

In Berlin, now swarming with the soldiers of almost all the victorious nations, the scenes were indescribable. At first the people remained barricaded in their homes in fear and trembling, evidently expecting the conquerors would slay and pillage in revenge for the monstrous acts of the Prussians in France and Belgium. Doctor Karl Liebknecht, president of the newly created German Republic, called upon General Pershing at his headquarters in *Unter den Linden* and begged that his people be spared. He offered himself, together with Phillip Scheidemann and other members of his cabinet, as hostages to guarantee that no overt act would be committed by a citizen or citizens against the soldiers during their occupancy of the city.

To Liebknecht's surprise and unbounded relief, General Pershing curtly informed him that the Allied commanders had no intention of descending to the base acts committed by the Huns in their advance through conquered territory and that if the inhabitants of Berlin conducted themselves in an orderly manner they would not be molested.

The President then deliberately tore the paper into shreds and flung them scattering to the floor. "On behalf of the American people, I cancel your debts to our country!"

On the same day, General Pershing issued a proclamation to the citizens of Berlin and a general order to the Allied troops. The proclamation to the people directed that all arms be surrendered to the Allied soldiers, who would make a house-to-house canvass upon the following day. The penalty for concealing any deadly weapons was court martial, with death as the sentence, if found guilty. Merchants and tradesmen were instructed to open their stores and resume business, with the assurance that they would be protected from violence and there would be no interference with legitimate trade. But it was the final clause of the proclamation that the starving inhabitants of Berlin greeted with wild demonstrations of joy and thanksgiving. This was to the effect that large quantities of food from the United States would be on distribution at stations to be established by the military commanders throughout Berlin. At these stations food would be sold at moderate prices to those who could afford to pay; and to those who could offer sufficient proof that they were destitute, it would be portioned out gratis.

The general order to the Allied troops signed by Generals Pershing, Haig and Foch, commanded the soldiers to refrain from the slightest semblance of looting or violence, upon pain of the severest punishment. Anything procured in the shops of Berlin was to be paid for in full, and the troops were virtually put on their honor to observe the strictest deportment during their occupancy of the city.

This was in striking contrast to the proclamations and orders issued by Prussian commanders during the Hun advance through France and Belgium, where the Huns were given to understand by their superior officers that they were the salt of the earth and as such were entitled to anything they desired. They were but to stretch forth their blood-stained hands and take what they chose, resistance to the Iron Fist of the All Highest being punished by instant death.

The inhabitants of Berlin, at first timid and distrustful, soon became convinced of the Allies' good faith and the first merchants to open their shops did a thriving business. The American "doughboys" were to thank for this in a great measure as they fairly besieged the stores, buying eagerly and in absurdly large quantities anything that bore a Berlin imprint or had the slightest semblance of souvenir value. The long awaited chance to "send something home from Berlin!" had come and the Americans took advantage of it with a vengeance. There were few, if any, clashes between the military and the people. The soldiers flushed with victory and the joy of impending peace were too good-natured to offer insult or violence and the majority of the German people left in Berlin who were not prisoners of either the Allies or the revolutionists, were of the genial corner-store-keeper type, so familiar in America. Beaten and worn, they viewed the situation with placid resignation.

There were, of course, a few isolated instances of disorder as was to be expected in a city overflowing with troops of many nations; troops who had fought long and hard to victory and had seen at first hand evidences of the Hun's depredations in conquered territory. In all cases where the offenders were detected they were punished so severely as to discourage any further breaches of the military laws by their fellows.

After earnest consideration and long conferences between the representatives of all the victorious powers, it was decided to recognize the Liebknecht government and accede to its plea for negotiations to establish a permanent peace — a peace that would make forever impossible a repetition of the monstrous holocaust visited upon the earth by the dethroned Kaiser. The newly born German Republic was, however, through the great crimes of its ex-ruler, in the position of a criminal found guilty and brought before the bar of justice for sentence. Liebknecht and his cabinet sensibly realized that they could make no terms, ask no clemency and look for no favors. Germany must accept the judgment of an outraged world with bowed head, praying to the God whose creatures they had murdered by millions that the mercy they denied ravaged Belgium and devastated France, would be theirs.

DURING the days that preceded the great conference of the Allies and the representatives of the Liebknecht government, which was held in the *Reichstag* building at Berlin, there were many dramatic and sensational happenings in the German capital. The first of these was the suicide of Count von Hertling, the ex-Imperial Chancellor, whom the revolutionists considered jointly responsible with the Kaiser for the continuation of the war. He had been imprisoned with the other puppets of the humbled despot in a great arsenal on the outskirts of Berlin. In some manner he eluded the vigilance of his guards and, using his bed clothing as a rope, hung himself in his cell. This news greatly dispirited Wilhelm, now a morose and brooding prisoner in the Imperial Palace. The revolutionists had decided to leave his fate and that of his family, to the impending conference of the Allied powers in Berlin.

General von Steufel, who when military governor of the city had caused the massacre of thousands of unarmed women and old men, was assassinated by one Karl Shultz, a revolutionist, on October 20, 1918 in *Unter den Linden*. On the same day, two bombs were exploded outside the Imperial Palace, killing four of the Kaiser's attendants. Several members of the royal family were slightly wounded.

General Pershing at once took stern measures to curb these outbreaks and a regiment of picked troops

was thrown around the palace to protect the fallen tyrant from the wrath of his freedom-crazed people.

But by far the most sensational and dramatic event occurred when the Crown Prince was brought into Berlin a prisoner by a regiment of French infantry on October 22, 1918. After the crushing defeat of his army before Berlin he had mysteriously disappeared with part of his staff, and efforts to find him by both the Allied troops and the revolutionists had been unavailing. He was finally located in hiding at his palace near Potsdam, through information obtained by the former Kaiser's great spy system, now heart and soul with the revolutionists. The Allied commanders in Berlin had taken every precaution to keep secret the date when the Crown Prince was to be brought to the city, fearing violence that might get beyond their control, but the news leaked out, and the scenes that took place upon his arrival rivaled the turmoil of the early days of the revolution.

In the late afternoon of October 22, Frieda and I were walking down *Unter den Linden* watching the moving spectacle before our eyes and discussing the probable fate of Germany at the hands of the great Allied conference. The picture that the famous thoroughfare presented at this time was one well worth the watching. As far as the eye could see stretched one great, seething, human kaleidoscope of life and color. The sidewalks overflowed with people, the streets were almost impassable to traffic, everywhere the military note predominating. Overhead, huge airplanes swung and dipped lazily, with an occasional dirigible floating almost motionless, to complete the picture. Huge, raw-boned Scots in their vari-colored tartans, rubbed shoulders with the horizon-blue-coated Frenchmen, chattering gaily of the Jeannes and Maries who would greet them on their triumphant return. American "doughboys" in khaki and olive drab swung along whistling and shouting to each other, stopping now and then to reassure some flaxen-haired Gretchen, who stared at them with a timidity that was tinged with frank admiration. How different an atmosphere from that which poisoned the very air when the Huns occupied French and Belgian towns! Women and children were safe here from insult or violence. They came and went as they pleased in perfect security. In fact, I saw many instances of our soldiers sharing sweets from home with the half-starved German children, and one husky sergeant from the famous 69th New York infantry, patted a frightened girl on the shoulder as I passed, with this reassurance:

"That's all right, kid, don't be scared. We ain't gonna hurt nobody. Us guys does all *our* scrappin' in the trenches — get me?"

Everywhere the women were treated with deference and respect, and that they were conscious of this was shown by their attitude toward the conquerors of the Kaiser. I saw three very pretty German girls selling post-cards on a street corner to a dozen or more "doughboys," all laughing and chattering away gaily. The "hate" seemed to have disappeared magically with Wilhelm's power!

Here and there wounded German soldiers, so badly injured that they had been released by the victors, limped along with their families who guided them protectingly through the vast crowds. These latter seemed utterly bewildered that they were out of the four years' Hell and walked along as if dazed and unbelieving. English "Tommies" swaggering along, Canadians and giant Australians, made up the rest of the throng and the whole atmosphere was one of gaiety and rejoicing.

FRIEDA had promised to come back to America with me to live, at the conclusion of the peace negotiations, but her heart was heavy with grief and forebodings as to the ultimate fate of her country. I did my best to reassure her, but it was indeed a hard task, knowing as I did the monstrous crimes Germany would have to answer for. We sat down at a table outside one of the great beer gardens (then closed) and discussed our future at length, while the huge human panorama swirled about us. A company of French infantry came marching down the street and the crowd parted before them. A little French lieutenant sitting next to us leaned over and with an apology said smilingly.

"Monsieur le Capitaine would like of the sport to see?" Then catching my questioning glance, he nodded to the marching troops and added, "They go to escort to here the Crown Prince, that vegetable of the worst!"

Frieda gasped and paled.

"*Gott!*" she exclaimed. "They will kill him!"

We rose involuntarily, and almost instantly were caught in the milling crowd and swept along like leaves in a mill stream. The news of the Crown Prince's coming seemed to have spread like wildfire and all steps were bent in the one direction, the *Friedrichstrasse* station. Other companies of infantry, American, English and French, came along and while they managed to preserve order after a fashion they were powerless to stop the surge toward the station. Packed in a solid and slow moving mass, the people moved on steadily, mobs eddying in and out of the side streets to join the dense throng in *Unter den Linden* in ever increasing numbers.

At the *Friedrichstrasse* station, several regiments of mixed infantry were drawn up on all sides, leaving a large square clear for the entry of the French with their royal prisoner. A large armored automobile was waiting to whisk him away to the Imperial Palace where with his father he would remain a prisoner until his fate had been fixed by the Allied conference. Soldiers with fixed bayonets kept in check the mob which milled about impatiently, the buzzing drone of conversation sounding like the roar of surf against the rocks. There must have been more than two hundred thousand persons in that throng which awaited His Imperial Highness, the late Crown Prince of Germany.

Of a sudden a shout went up from those in the front lines of the crowd which was taken up and re-echoed in a deep roar from the thousands in the van. We were almost swept off our feet by the surge that pressed forward into the clear space before the station. So thick was the jam that there was literally no room for the soldiers to use their bayonets and they too were swept aside and swallowed up by the crowd. Down the steps of the station came a platoon of French soldiers, the sun flashing off the bright steel of their bayonets. In the center walked, or rather stumbled, the Crown Prince of Germany. Behind him, glittering and resplendent in the comic opera military trappings so dear to the heart of the Kaiser, came the officers of his staff.

Dressed in his brilliant Hussars uniform, a gleaming sword dangling at his side, retained by courtesy of his captors, the Crown Prince presented an almost pitiful picture. His face had paled to a ghastly white, making the long, predatory nose of the Hohenzollerns and the high, sharp cheek bones the more prominent. A heavy stubble of blond beard failed to hide the weak chin and sensual mouth, now quivering with the tumult of emotions that shook his lean frame. He walked with faltering stride and bowed head, and when the vast, howling mob met his gaze he shivered slightly as with a chill and drew closer to his escort.

As the party came within full view of the multitude, the bedlam that arose was indescribable. Men howled themselves hoarse and the shrill shrieks of the women, mingled with that peculiar German guttural hiss, must have reached the very heavens. Again and again the mob surged forward with no concern for the sharp bayonets, sweeping away the soldiers. The armored motor awaiting the royal prisoner was overturned in a twinkling and one could distinguish nothing but a veritable ocean of swirling, yelling humanity, in which it was impossible to identify one person as different from the whole. [*Continued on page 51*]

Thus passed the Crown Prince of Germany—the hapless fool who had declared, "If my father does not make war—I will!"

"I said that God would provide you with a flag, Monsieur," the woman told him

Loring, gazing at it in bewilderment, had the feeling that he was beholding one of earth's symbols

"Red, White and Blue"

by Dana Burnet

Illustration by C. H. Taffs

Mr. Burnet

IT was the evening of July third. Lieutenant James Loring, of the Franco-American Escadrille, was flying peacefully homeward through the golden haze of twilight. Far below him, a brown scar ran unevenly across the earth's surface, broken here and there by curious dark splotches. The brown scar was the German Front Line and the dark splotches were ruined French villages.

Four black clouds, each with a white lightning in its heart, burst suddenly across the young aviator's path. At the same time the plane veered like a shying horse. Loring pushed his "stick" far forward; dropped a thousand feet sheer; flattened out, and continued his peaceful homeward flight.

"Some day," he promised himself, "I'm going down and chastise that particular boche battery. But not till I've had my little Fourth of July celebration!"

He smiled as he thought of the note that he had just dropped behind the German trenches. The note, attached to a steel dart and released at a point where it was certain to be observed, had been addressed to "Captain Heidemann, Imperial Flying Corps, German Army, France." It contained a challenge to Heidemann, a famous enemy Ace, to meet Lieutenant Loring at eight o'clock the next morning in an air duel above the German lines. Loring's machine was to be distinguished by the American colors. The fact that such a duel could end only in the death of one of the contestants did not trouble the youthful challenger.

"It's going to be a real, old-fashioned Fourth," he reflected, grimly, as he climbed high above the line of descending French sausage balloons. "Hope I can dig up a flag somewhere——"

The problem of securing his flag was the one detail of the affair that concerned him. However, there were numerous American flags in the little village that served as headquarters for the escadrille; he had seen them coloring the shop windows for months — ever since the United States had declared war.

The golden tints faded swiftly out of the evening sky. A gray vapor began to shroud the earth beneath him; a thick, obliterating mist that wiped away the last illusion of a world already grown dim. . . . Familiar landmarks melted into the fog. Bald-headed hills, clumps of wood stripped naked by the iron storm, sank into oblivion. Nevertheless, as long as he carried the friendly roar of the motor in his ears, he had no doubt of his ability to get home.

Precisely at that moment the friendly roar changed to a spasmodic outburst of staccato explosions, followed instantly by a deafening silence. The motor had stopped.

Immediately Loring tilted his plane forward; began to soar down in long sweeping circles that brought him rapidly earthward. A dark patch appeared in the gray haze below him; he skimmed like a frightened swallow over the top of a ghastly little wood, made one last swoop, lifted the nose of his machine and ran bumping along the shell-torn ground.

He had landed in a field surrounded on three sides by the bleaching skeleton of a dead forest; the trees towered white and terrible in the gloom, like some infernal planting of bones. At the far end of the field stood the remains of a tiny village whose tragic profile was outlined plainly against the darkening sky.

Loring knew that this section of the front had been recently fought over. Only forty-eight hours earlier he had taken part in the attack that had wrested a few kilometers of it from the Germans. Climbing down from his machine he made his way toward the ruined village, expecting to find it occupied by a French patrol.

As he drew nearer he perceived one house that still possessed its roof. The other houses were mere broken fragments waiting to be swallowed by the mud. It was no new sight to Loring; he had witnessed hundreds of such villages strewing the charnel fields of France. Nevertheless, he shuddered. There was a peculiar silence, a peculiar sombreness upon this village.

Apparently, too, it was quite deserted. He walked up to the door of the single remaining house, which was no more than a hollow shell, and thrust in his head. A woman was sitting on a pile of rubbish, laughing quietly to herself. . . .

She was a young woman with snow-white hair, and she laughed as though at some jest that would never be done. Her face, despite the heavy lines of suffering carved upon it, still had the smooth contours of youth. There was a smoldering madness in her eyes.

When she saw the aviator standing in the doorway she sprang up with a despairing cry. "*Vous êtes venu chercher mes morts! Alors, je vous dis, vous ne les trouverez jamais!*"

The young American, who could stake his life as carelessly as a street gamin flips a penny, who was prepared at any moment to play double or quits with death, felt his blood run cold. Then he realized the woman's plight, and an immediate pity surged over him. In voluble slipshod French he strove to reassure her as to his presence; but she shrank away from him.

"You have an accent!" she said.

Loring nodded.

"I am an American."

At once the woman's expression changed to one of

awed curiosity. She came forward, and touched him timidly with her hand.

"An American!" she repeated. "An American! They said that you would never come."

"They lied," said Loring.

The woman continued to look at him.

"It is well that you have come. There are so many of those boches ——"

Loring made a gesture.

"Tell me," he said; "are there no French soldiers here — no officers?"

"I do not know. I have been hiding ever since the bombardment." She passed her hand across her face. "Two — three days. The boches took all those of us who were young. The rest of us — I am one of the old ones now — they told to go into the houses. Then they went away, and by and by the shells began to fall: *boom! boom!* Many were killed — I can see them now, tumbling over like puppets in the Punch and Judy show! But I was clever. I hid — I will not tell you where! This morning I came out . . . to laugh."

A sudden weakness seized her; she put out one hand and caught his sleeve.

"I am very hungry," she murmured; then, gripping his arm, she said: "If you are truly an American, you must have brought food!"

A grim smile passed over the young aviator's face.

Fumbling through his pockets, he found his emergency rations, consisting of some bread and cheese. With his clasp-knife he cut this modest provender into small portions, which he gave piecemeal to the woman, saving only a few mouthfuls for himself. Finally he produced his wine flask and held it to her lips. She took a long draught; then drew back, wiping her mouth with her hand.

"Ah, but that was good!" she said. "Now I can sit down and laugh for a long time."

"Why do you laugh?" asked Loring gently.

"Because it is such an excellent joke, Monsieur — a joke on the boches. They said to me, long ago — when my hair was brown — that they would leave nothing in the village, not so much as a saucepan! Well, Monsieur, they did their best — and they are very clever at such things, those boches! — but I was cleverer than they. Look, Monsieur!"

She stopped, and turned up the edge of her skirt.

There, thrust into the hem of it, was an ordinary housewife's needle.

"See!" she said. "They did not get my needle. That's what I call a good joke on the boches ——"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Loring.

"More than that, Monsieur, I saved almost a whole candle. It is buried in the rubbish there. But I have no matches ——"

"I have a briquet," said Loring.

"Is it the kind of briquet that makes a flame?"

"Yes."

"Then I will dig up the candle, and we will have a light. It is a long time since I have seen a candle burn, and the night is coming on."

Dropping to her knees, she thrust her fingers into the pile of débris, and drew forth a tallow candle. Loring applied his precious briquet to the wick, and soon a feeble radiance was struggling with the great shadow that filled the world.

"Name of God," said the woman, "but that is very gay!" And she began to laugh.

Loring placed his hand upon her shoulder.

"You must not laugh," he said.

"*Eh bien*, Monsieur, I will weep if you prefer it. I can do either."

"No, no! You must think. You must try to help me ——"

"Who are you, Monsieur? I have forgotten ——"

"I am an aviator," said Loring, speaking slowly and distinctly. "I have met with misfortune. Look, there is my machine in the field there."

"Ah!" said the woman. "You are one of those angels of death, then! I used to see them on clear days, flying over the village with the little circles under their wings."

"To-morrow," said Loring, "I will fly over the German lines to fight a certain boche aviator. I have challenged him. It is necessary to my honor, it is necessary to the honor of my country that I meet him at the appointed time."

"But if you have had an accident ——?"

"That is just it! That is why I must find help. Come, Madame, you must tell me where the French are. Try to remember!"

The woman shook her head.

"I remember nothing but the bombardment, which still goes in my ears. That, and the faces of my dead. . ."

She sank down upon the rubbish heap in a veritable daze. Loring knelt beside her; took her hands in his.

"You must help me," he said. "To-morrow is my *fête* day, the day when all good Americans celebrate the anniversary of their freedom! I am going to fight the boche in honor of the event! I am going to get an American flag, and fasten it to the wires of my machine ——"

The woman smiled delightedly.

"That will be splendid," she said, "to fly your flag in the boche's face!"

"But you see," concluded Loring, "unless I can get into touch with my command, I shall never obtain my flag."

A vague sympathy showed in the woman's eyes.

"I will make you a flag, Monsieur. I have my needle. And what is a flag, when you think of it? A thing to wave in the wind, a thing to hang out of windows, a thing to dream of, to die for, yes! But after all, a thing of cloth; a thing of colored fabrics sewed together. What are the colors of your flag, Monsieur?"

"Red, white and blue," responded Loring, mechanically. He was wondering what the chances would be of finding a French patrol. Would it be worth the risk to go stumbling about in the dark? He might get a bullet through his head; or he might end up in the German trenches. Such things had been known to happen; and the new local offensive had twisted the lines about like old wire. Would it not be better to wait until daybreak?

"I will make a flag, Monsieur."

"What do you say?"

For reply, the woman took a charred stick from the pile of débris and gave it to Loring. She then swept back some of the litter at her feet.

"Draw there for me the plan of your flag," she said, "and I will make it according to the pattern."

"The devil!" said Loring, helplessly. But he accepted the stick nevertheless, and drew upon the naked floor a rough design of the Stars and Stripes, pausing frequently to blacken the point of the stick in the candle's flame. The alternate stripes he marked "rouge," "blanc," "rouge," "blanc," and indicated by little crosses the field of stars.

"That is very plain," said the woman, staring down at the floor, "and I am very clever with my needle. You shall see. As for the thread, I can take a raveling from my skirt."

"But you have no cloth!"

She smiled her vague and tremulous smile.

"God will provide the cloth," she said.

Loring felt absurdly disappointed. He had forgotten for a moment that he was dealing with a mad woman . . . .

He turned and strode to the doorway; looked out into the darkness of the summer night. The air was shaken by the continual rumble of artillery. In the distance he could see the red flashes of the guns, and occasionally the high curving burst of a star-shell, hanging like a long-stemmed flower on the night. From somewhere across the desolate waste of No Man's Land came the brisk chatter of a machine-gun, running on like gossip at a grave. Once he heard the whine of shrapnel in the air, that "sound of the devil spitting through his teeth," and then the machine-guns again. He drew back with a shrug of resignation.

"No use wandering about in that hell's desert," he muttered. Then addressing the woman he said courteously: "Madame, will you permit me to spend the night beneath your roof?"

"Willingly, Monsieur," she replied. "But I warn you, there are holes in it."

"One is lucky to have any kind of roof these days," said Loring. "I will take this corner here, if it is not your own sleeping place?"

"I never sleep, Monsieur. For when one sleeps, one dreams, and that is very terrible."

Loring looked at her in grim silence. Then, realizing that the situation was quite beyond control, and that there was nothing to be done until morning, went promptly to sleep.

The woman waited until she heard him breathing regularly. She then crept to his side, stooped down and with careful fingers drew from his pocket the knife that he had used to cut the bread and cheese. Opening it, she ran her thumb along the blade.

"Ah," she whispered, "that is a good, sharp knife."

Rising, she took up the candle, and guarding the flame with her hand, glided like a shadow toward the rear of the ruined house. There was a little fantastic dance of shadows upon the broken ceiling; boards creaked; then the light disappeared.

Loring awoke to a sense of strangeness, of profound unreality that he could not at first overcome. He lay upon his back and stared up at the gray heavens revealed through a shell-hole in the roof. It was early morning.

He turned his head and saw the young woman with the snow-white hair seated upon the floor sewing by the light of a flickering candle. Her attitude was that of one who performs some solemn religious rite. Her head was bowed. Her needle rose and fell with a sort of unearthly rhythm, as slowly, as inexorably as the weaving shuttles of Fate. Across her knees lay an unmistakable replica of the American flag.

It was clearly an improvisation. The cloths of which it was made were faded and soiled; the stripes were too few; the stars were a random constellation. Yet Loring, gazing at it in bewilderment, had the feeling that he was beholding one of earth's supreme symbols.

He got dazedly to his feet.

"You have worked a miracle, Madame!"

The woman raised her eyes to his. She was deathly pale, and there was a certain tragic frailty in her voice. She spoke with simple directness, too, as though she had passed through suffering to some high sanity of the soul.

"No, Monsieur, it is not [*Continued on page* 33]

The Sergeant's Blessing

by

Theodosia Garrison

KITTY CLARE, who broke me heart
by sayin' you were done with me,
I'm standin' here in khaki now and blessin'
you to-day;
'Tis you that might have closed the door
And locked me in for evermore,
Tamin' down to easy ways the
blood that's havin' fun with me,
That's turnin' me the like o' mad
to hear the bugles play.

Kitty Clare, who broke me heart a matter of three years ago,
It's little I was thinkin' then the gift you gave to me,—
A free foot for the open road,
A sturdy back without a load,
Never hand to hold me home, nor any woman's tears to flow
Between me and the blazin' game that's waitin' over sea.

Kitty Clare, but for your sense it's this I might have been to-day,—
A sober, decent family-man that takes his wages due,
Church-goin', tamed and settled down,—
And all this glory goin' on;
And now it's me that's free as air cavortin' on me one true way,—
Girl dear, a fightin' Irishman could kiss the boots of you!

"Some day," he said quietly, "I'm going to really kiss you"

Through the Haze

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

Chapter X

DON, coming down-stairs that morning, found Blythe-Dorrien before him. Even as he greeted him, Wason came staggering down under the weight of two huge kit-bags.

"I'm glad you've come," said Blythe-Dorrien. "I must be going, you know. Could you order me a car?"

"Going!" exclaimed Don. "Why, I thought you were to stay a couple of weeks at least. I was looking forward at last to a bit of real golf and ——"

Blythe-Dorrien smiled.

"I'm afraid I sha'n't have time for that for a while," he said. "You haven't seen the papers?"

"Yes. But ——"

"My country will go in, of course. And I want to be there. That's all."

"Canada will go in?" cried Don.

"Naturally," answered Blythe-Dorrien. "You didn't expect us to desert the motherland at a time like this, did you?"

Don shook his head.

"To tell you the truth, I didn't expect anything. That is, I didn't know what to expect. . . . Is it as serious as that?"

"I don't think anyone knows just how serious it is," returned Blythe-Dorrien. "Germany has a big army. But so has France. Germany didn't figure on England coming in." He paused. "Is your sister about?" he asked.

"It's a bit early for her," answered Don. "But if you really must go, I'll ——"

"Please," interrupted Blythe-Dorrien. "Don't disturb her. You can make my excuses, and render my thanks, if you will. Or Mr. Ames ——"

Don turned to Wason.

"Tell Mr. Ames, will you?" he requested.

"Mr. Ames has gone to the city," answered Wason.

"Then I'll have to forego the pleasure, I'm afraid," said Blythe-Dorrien. "And now, if I may have a car ——"

Don gave the necessary order. And a few minutes later, he stood alone, on the terrace, watching the big machine carry the fine clean chap off to that mysterious conflict that had broken on distant lands.

The subject of the war came up that afternoon, on the Anstruthers' broad porches where had foregathered casually most of those who had dined at the Ameses' the night before. It was mentioned in connection

with the hurried and somewhat puzzling departure of Blythe-Dorrien.

"Didn't he even say good-bye to you?" queried Mrs. Anstruther, of Constance. "To go off like that. Leaving you with two women guests and only one man——"

"Maybe he had to," suggested Enid Haynes. "Maybe he's an army officer or something."

Anstruther turned from the drinks that he was making — mint juleps in frosted glasses — to Senator Evans.

"By the way, Senator," he queried, "what do you think of the war?"

Senator Evans cleared his throat.

"Most unfortunate," he boomed. "It is unbelievable that in these enlightened days civilized nations can spring at each other's throats like wild beasts.

"I have great hopes," he went on, "that clearer heads and wiser councils will even yet prevail and end this most lamentable situation."

"Anyway, it can't last," declared Craig. "With all the frightfully destructive weapons they've got nowadays, they can kill everybody in Europe in a few weeks."

"Oh, how horrible!" cried Mrs. Drayton.

"Horrible?" broke in Gifford. "Not at all! If the people over there haven't any better sense than to fight, they ought to be killed."

"At any rate," asserted Senator Evans, "we can be justly grateful for the fact that the brawls of Europe are none of our concern."

And he buried his Solonesque nose in the fragrant mint leaves that protruded from the glass which Anstruther that moment handed him.

Don, meanwhile, was getting a reaction somewhat different. Deprived of a golf partner, he had sought other means of entertainment. There had come to him simultaneously the obligation of entertaining Uncle Victor. Uncle Victor obviously did not golf. With equal obviousness he could not play tennis. But he had been, in his time, a cowboy. The answer came clear as winter's moon. They would ride.

Uncle Victor did not object. Wearied of fifty years of the saddle, he would have preferred to walk. But when one is being entertained one is, after all, in the position of the beggars who cannot be choosers. So Uncle Victor rode.

But he did object to the English saddle that was provided. And until an old stock saddle was found for him, bought to gratify the Wild Western dreams of his nephew's adolescence, he was ill at ease. Afterward, slumped laxly into the roomy opening between pommel and cantle, with legs extended to the full, and back slack and curved, he became himself again. But he made his pony either walk, or lope, or single-foot.

Don's mind during all that day had dwelt upon the black headlines that had been brought home to him by the departure of Blythe-Dorrien.

"What does it really mean?" he asked. "All this news in the paper this morning? Is there really going to be a war?"

Uncle Victor nodded. "Looks so," he said.

"But how can there be?" demanded Don, unconsciously voicing Craig's argument. "With the terrible weapons they've got to-day! Machine-guns! Sixteen-inch cannon! Human beings couldn't stand against them!"

UNCLE VICTOR shook his head.

"I do know," he said, "it's always been the hist'ry of such things that no sooner does some feller invent a weapon, than some other feller invents somethin' to stand it off with. Some feller invents a bow an' arrer, an' some other feller invents a shield. Some feller invents a cannon an' some other feller invents a fort."

"But how can they *have* a war!" cried Don. "People going around killing each other! These aren't the Dark Ages!"

Uncle Victor's horse shied, suddenly. With superb ease, he reined him in, and down. From behind a great mass of wild shrubbery that concealed a bar-way, came forth a girl — a girl of seventeen, dark-eyed, slender. She carried a milk pail in one hand; in the other a stool. . . .

Don pushed his sniffing pony forward.

"Good afternoon!" he cried. His eyes held eagerly; until, hers turning toward Uncle Victor, he recovered himself.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "This is my uncle — Mr. Warren, Miss ——"

Suddenly he remembered that he did not know her name. But his amazement at the realization almost instantly gave way to boyish mirth. Not to know her name, when he felt as though he had known her for years!

He turned to her, smiling.

"Miss —" he began; and then: "I'm afraid you'll have to tell me."

"My name is Hartmann," she said. "Mary Hartmann."

She turned again to Uncle Victor.

"I am glad to meet you," she said.

"Your servant, ma'am," said Uncle Victor, bowing, from the vantage of horseback, with an almost surprising grace.

Don had caught a troubled look in her dark eyes, an unwonted droop to the corners of her sensitive mouth.

"Is — is there anything the matter?" he asked, quickly.

She looked up at him, frankly.

"It is my brother," she said.

"Your brother!" exclaimed Don. "Has anything happened to him?"

"He is in Germany," she answered.

"That's so!" said Don. "I had forgotten."

"My father says," she continued, "that they will take him for the army."

"Not really!" exclaimed Don.

She nodded.

"Father doesn't seem to care. He seems to be rather happy. He says he is glad to have his son fight for the Fatherland. But mother and I——"

She turned away so that he could not see her face.

"I wouldn't worry," Don said. "It probably won't last long anyway."

"You think that Germany will win, too?" she asked.

He started. It had not yet occurred to him to try to forecast a victor.

"That," she continued, "is what father thinks. He says that Germany will have the other countries on their knees in sixty days. . . . Do you think that, too?"

There came to Don a swift, clear memory of Blythe-Dorrien, going away through the soft haze of an August morning to the colony that three thousand miles away was even then hearing the mother's call. . . . Would Germany win against men like these?

He shook his head.

"Of course it's too soon yet to tell just what will happen," he said. "But I wouldn't worry, if I were you."

Then came, stronger than all, the inherent disbelief of those who do not believe because they do not know.

"It simply cannot last long," he assured her. "The world wouldn't permit it."

"I'm so glad you think that!" she cried, softly. Then: "I — I must go now. I——"

She turned, smiling up at them.

"Good-bye," she said. "And thank you."

Don and Uncle Victor watched her go back through the wild shrubbery again. At length Don turned.

"I was right, wasn't I," he asked, "in what I said?"

Uncle Victor cleared his throat.

"Don't she never come to none o' the parties over to your house?" he asked.

Don looked up, puzzled.

"Why, no," he answered.

"H'm," said Uncle Victor.

Ames came back from the city that evening both disturbed and perturbed. He drank two cocktails in quick succession. He sipped a third.

"Quite a bit of excitement in town," he said. "Crowds watching the bulletin boards — especially foreigners. People buying extras as fast as they're printed. It's almost like one of the world series. . . ."

"Do they really think it's going to be war?" queried Don.

"It *is* war," returned Ames. "Why, they're fighting now!"

"I know," said Don. "But don't you suppose they'll settle it somehow before it becomes really serious?"

"God knows," returned Ames. "I hope so. Business will suffer if they don't. . . ."

"This war seems to be spoiling everything," sighed Constance. She was leaning against a porch pillar. "Mr. Blythe-Dorrien has gone."

"Really?" said Ames.

"And now, I suppose, we'll have to find someone else to make our party even!"

Chapter XI

TO America the first few months of European war brought but little. Hectic headlines; a proclamation of neutrality; interesting, but unreal pictures in the Sunday newspapers.

Business stood worried, amazed, puzzled. Society paused momentarily to watch with well-bred aloofness. Mainly, people went about their work; their pleasures; their daily routine. . . . It was, as Ames had said, precisely like a game of the world series; or, better, like the international polo tournament.

Americans who had been caught in the lapping backwash of the great gray flood came home with others fleeing before the oncoming waves. They told strange tales, much as one relates at breakfast an odd and exciting dream. And having told, they seemed promptly to forget. For it is to be remembered that, to America, Europe had always been a foreign country, a week away over tumbling waters, where people did not understand us and we did not understand them.

To make America understand Europe's troubles was precisely as though Constance had tried to tell Uncle Victor why it was that Craig's kiss had worried her, and how. He understood neither her life nor her psychology, her circumstances nor her ethics, her geography nor her ideas. Different people they were, living in different worlds, which neither had ever taken the trouble nor the time to investigate or explore.

But that night, late, in the moonlight, Craig kissed Constance again. And Uncle Victor, who had hidden away for a nap in a chaise-longue behind a flowering mass of potted hydrangeas, awoke in time to see.

Chapter XII

DON read the papers feverishly. For Don had imagination.

He had been abroad. Only the summer before he had motored, with "Slippery" Raymond (so called because of a certain almost uncanny evanescence in end runs) and Slippery's father, through all that country where now the fighting was going on. They had even visited, in an old, mossy-walled château on the Meuse, a college mate of theirs, René de Cartier. It was the quaintest, most beautiful place he had ever seen. And the nightingales . . . he had stayed awake all one night, listening to the full-throated glories of their songs.

René's father and mother he remembered. He a man of poise, and quiet, gentle dignity, with manners that Don had often found himself trying to imitate; a way of placing the heels together and inclining the head slightly when he shook hands, and of making one feel as though one were really welcome. And she, as quaintly, delicately beautiful as an old miniature. . . .

The lush green countryside, with roads lined by stately poplars, the winding, gentle river. . . . God's Great Peace everywhere. . . .

HIS first flight was over. They were testing him out at the aviation school in France, and they had put the young American through a grilling experience. The pilot had made the biplane stand on its nose, turn upside down, take dizzying dips toward earth — all to see whether Jack Stanton was the right stuff to make an aviator of. Once more on terra firma, the pilot said: "How do you like it?"

"I love it," came the answer. "I tell you there's nothing like it. I could eat it up!"

In "To-morrow I Fly," W. B. Trites has written the real experiences of an American airman. Everyone who knows an aviator, glories in bravery, or wants to fly himself, will read with avidity these articles which will appear in the September and October numbers of McClure's.

And now men were fighting there, killing and being killed!

René had gone, of course — to kill, or to be killed.

And gone to kill, or to be killed by the brother of the girl of the dark eyes and the milk pail. Her brother gone forth to kill his, Don's, own best friend!

His brain became confused. What did it all mean?

It was Another of Those Things To Be Thought Out. But there was no time to put this one off. He must know! He must know now!

He reined himself in, as one would a blooded horse. For he meant to think calmly and clearly. . . .

If René were fighting, there must be a reason for it. René was not one to fight dishonorably or without cause.

Oh, Europe had gone mad! . . . That was what everybody was saying.

But René had not gone mad. He knew René too well for that, Dear old Renny, mad! It was ridiculous!

Chapter XIII

THE Ameses decided to go back to the city early that year. Business had suffered and was suffering, and commuting to Ames quickly became irksome. So, early in the fall he asked Constance to open up their city house; to move into town where he could be nearer the scene of action.

She consented reluctantly. The country was still at its best, while the city dwelt hot and dusty and lonesome under its summer slip-covers.

"But what," she queried, placing together the tips of tiny silk slippers, and viewing them with tilted head, "shall we do with Don and Uncle Victor?"

"Don can come with us, if he wants to. His college will begin soon, anyway," said Ames. "As for Uncle Victor, you can poison him or shoot him. It makes no difference to me."

He drained his cocktail glass swiftly. It was his fourth.

Constance looked up at him.

"Dick!" she cried. "You're so cross to-night! Positively brutal!"

"I'm worried," he muttered. "Worried and nervous. . . . I don't know what to do with him. But we can't have him hanging around in the city. That's certain. He'd be in the way all the time."

Constance didn't attempt to argue. She knew that he spoke the truth.

"Perhaps he has other plans himself," she ventured.

They broached the matter at dinner. And it so turned out; Uncle Victor had. As a matter of fact, he seemed rather relieved to find that his visit was to come to an end. Uncle Victor had come to find himself in a good deal the same position as the gentleman who caught the mountain lion by the tail. He didn't want anyone to help him hang on. He wanted somebody to help him let go. Living all his life in a land where visits sometimes endured for a year, an easy entrance was one thing, but a graceful exit was something entirely different.

On being told of the intention of his niece and nephew-in-law to close Miramar and return to their town house in New York, Uncle Victor heaved a distinct sigh of relief behind his damask napkin.

"Then," he said, slowly, "I reckon I can be a-goin'."

"Not back to Mexico!" exclaimed Don.

Uncle Victor shook his head.

"Not until they find some way to make a feller bullet-proof," he said, gently.

"No," he went on, "I reckon I'll stay around here some. I've rented a little place, you know. It's over beyond where that nice gal lives that we met that day," this to Don. "Six-room cottage. Four acres. Chicken-houses. A nice well. Twelve dollars a month. . . . I was always hopin' that some day, when I got ready to retire, I could come back to this part of the country. I reckon I'm about ready now. I got to be. Villa made me ready."

He shook his head, slowly.

"Victor!" he said, musingly. "My parents had a subtile sense o' humor. Me that ain't never licked nuthin'! An' they name me Victor!"

"Do you really think you'll be comfortable there?" queried Constance.

"Me?" queried Uncle Victor. "Oh, my, yes! O' course it ain't exactly what I was figgerin' on. I was sort of alottin' on a bigger place, with swings an' ponies, an' things, an' maybe some grandnieces an' nephews playin' around, an' apple-trees fur 'em to fall out of. . . . I know I set a heap o' store by them things when I was a little shaver. . . .

"But since none o' them things seem to be on the programme, I reckon I can git along all right. I got a little wampum left an' not many years to live. So I sort o' figures it out that I'm better off campin' peaceable here than I would be a-harassin' around Mexico like a blood-sweatin' behemoth of Holy Writ. . . . I've fought life for sixty year. I reckon now it's about my time to quit an' try to be sociable with it fur a change — if it'll let me. . . .

"I'd be glad, though," he added, picking embarrassedly at a corner of his napkin, "if some o' you'd drop in on me once in a while. That is, o' course, if you cared to."

"Oh, we will, of course!" exclaimed Constance. "And besides, we'll all be back next summer."

"Thanks," said Uncle Victor.

Chapter XIV

CONSTANCE and Don helped Uncle Victor to get settled.

It was indeed a little place that he had so secretly chosen — a tiny white cottage, on the winding silence of a side road.

Uncle Victor, with a proud air, produced a key and opened the front door for them. The house had long been shut; the air inside was chill. . . . Constance winced a little. It all struck her as being so primitive, so mean, so poverty-stricken, so — hopeless! . . . Silently she followed Uncle Victor and Don through the narrow little hall with the staircase of a doll's house, into the one little front room, and the one little back room; back into the shrunken hall; up the doll's staircase; into the two little rooms up-stairs, the half of whose usefulness was killed by the sloping roof walls.

She found herself trying to imagine what it must be to live in such a place. It gave her a sudden shock, a swift sensation of physical emptiness. No room that was even as large as her own closets; no servants' quarters; no garage; no cars; no stables; no conservatories; no guest accommodations; no lawns; not even decent wall-paper, nor yet a bathroom!

Uncle Victor saw; but did not understand.

"Well," he said, with the air of a new-made father, "what do you think of it?"

Constance was helpless. Her instinct was to sympathize — to condole. It was in her heart to tell him how sorry she was; that he must not despair; that everything would come out all right in the end. . . . Vaguely she even thought that after all it was her duty not to desert her own flesh and blood at such a time; not to abandon one of her own family to so terrible a fate; that, in spite of all the inconvenience she should, after all, invite him to come with them to their city home.

His pleased old eyes were on her.

"It's very," she gulped, "nice." She hoped that it was the answer he wanted.

So it seemed. And now Don came to save her.

"It's bully, Uncle," he cried. "And there's trout up back, and quail. I know this country well. And no end of fruit. It's the best little old camp I've seen in a long time."

His uncle suffused.

"I knowed you'd like it, son," he said. "I mean, I knew. . . ." He was rubbing at a patch of sunlight with the blunt toe of an unpolished shoe. . . .

"Would you care," he began, at length, slowly, "to come an' visit me, maybe, sometime? I was kind o' figgerin' on that, when I rented. . . . On the fishin' an' the huntin'. . . . Me an' you could go huntin' an'

[*Continued on page 40*]

"Father seems to be rather happy. He says he is glad to have his son fight for the Fatherland"

A Star in The Window

It Is a Symbol of Right After Wrong, of Love After Hate, of Life After Death!

by Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

PETER UNRUH said that of course she would sell them. "These Yankees are sentimental," he explained, "but they'll sell anything they've got — if they get enough for it."

Peter Unruh was one of the prominent millionaires of Harwich. Back in Revolutionary days Harwich had been celebrated for its patriots; later, for its traditions and apple orchards; and now, principally, for its millionaires. They moved in and founded great estates upon the sites of its old traditions and proceeded to enjoy them in much the same manner they enjoyed their outlook on Sound or hills.

When Peter Unruh said, "Of course she'll sell them," he was talking of Miss Hale's box trees. Those box trees were famous. They were the most wonderful box trees in all New England. They stood on either side of the entrance to the Hale place, fully eight feet tall. And box, as you know, grows but a matter of half-an-inch a year. They had been seedlings long before the Revolution. All Harwich was proud of those trees, as it was proud of the Hales and of the many Hale traditions. Many of the incoming millionaires had tried to buy the Hale place — including the traditions — and, failing that, had narrowed down to the box trees. They must have the box trees. But the box trees stayed where they belonged.

Peter Unruh, however, when he decided the historic trees would add lustre to his show-place, had felt no doubts as to his success. "These Yankees are sentimental, but they'll sell anything they've got — if they get enough for it."

That was the reason, one lovely May morning, Miss Hale might have been seen, down at her gate, in a state of bewildered agitation. A short while before there had drawn up to the entrance a truck, freighted with a strange-looking steel monster, and some men who went up to the house to see Miss Hale. The spokesman explained that this was an elaborately constructed piece of machinery specially built to remove her box trees, parent earth and all, to Mr. Unruh's estate.

"You must have made some mistake," Miss Hale told him in her gentle voice.

"No, ma'am," returned the spokesman. "It was them trees Mr. Unruh had the machinery built special for."

"But I haven't sold him the trees," insisted Miss Hale, perplexed. "He's never even spoken to me of buying them."

"No, ma'am, I know," said the spokesman acquiescently. "But he told me to tell you he wanted to buy 'em. The check's in that there letter you're holding."

"The check?" Miss Hale, more puzzled than ever, glanced down at the unopened envelope the man had handed her.

"Open it and see," he urged.

So Miss Hale took a pair of spectacles from her pocket, put them on, opened the envelope, and drew out a slip of paper — true enough, a blank check, signed by Peter Unruh.

As she stared at it, the man went on:

"There, you see! Mr. Unruh said for you to make it out at your own figure."

"But what if I don't want to make it out?"

He said, "At your own figure, ma'am," reminded the spokesman, confidently.

"But he's made a mistake. I don't care to sell my trees at *any* figure."

Rich men's proper servitors believe in their employer's infallibility in all matters. And Peter Unruh's burly emissary, Jim Simpson, thought there was nothing the "old man" could not put over if he desired.

"But it was just about then," he said in recounting the adventure to his friends afterward, "that I began to be afraid maybe the old lady wouldn't come through, after all. Not that she got excited or mad or anything. She wasn't the kind of woman anybody need be scared to talk to. You could see straight off she was the timid sort. And friendly and polite — *too* gosh-darned polite! If she'd just got mad or hollered or anything — but, though I could see she was trembly, she just smiled a funny smile and handed that blank check back to me like it was a quarter tip — say!

"'I don't want to sell 'em at *any* price,' she says.

"Well, I had a hunch I might as well throw up the job then and there. And I would've, only the old man had told me special to stick. He said if I'd stick long enough she'd come through all right.

"So I says to her, sort of sly: 'Well, anyway, won't you just walk down and have a look at the machinery, ma'am?' I thought maybe if I could get it home to her how much the old man'd spent getting it all built special, maybe then she'd come through.

"I could see she didn't want to come, but finally she come down the walk bareheaded, more to be polite than anything else, I guess. For she kept saying she didn't want to sell the trees. And when we got to the gate, she looked up at the machinery setting up there on the truck, and she gives a sort of shiver, and says:

"'Oh, what a horrible-looking monster! Won't you please take it away before it scares my poor trees to death?'

"I know that sounds kind of silly, and like she was making fun of me maybe; but she said it with that polite little smile that said she couldn't make fun of nobody. I began to point out how up-to-date and expensive it was.

"She listened all right, but when I was through, she says:

"'I think I understand your point of view. But you know there are some things we don't value in terms of dollars and cents. These here trees,' she says, 'are very dear to me. They've been in my family more'n two hundred years,' she says.

"Well, I kept on talking," recounted Simpson, "but all the time I was saying to myself: 'You'll never put this here deal across on the old lady, blank check or no blank check. There ain't no use sticking no longer — but what in hell am I going to tell the old man?'"

IT was just about the time Simpson read his defeat in the fluttering timidity of a lady, that Miss Hale noticed signs of some unusual agitation down the street. Hale Avenue usually lies as quiet and peaceful as unshaken salt. Out from the heart of Harwich it passes between vast "landscaped" estates before beginning its smooth, macadamized journey clear to Boston; here, on the village outskirts, it is bordered by widely separated old houses, set well back in capacious lawns and looking tranquilly out on the ancient highway. The sight of them makes for peace. You are impelled not to hurry, not to worry, in this shaded stretch of Hale Avenue.

But, now, something unwonted was afoot. In two or three places people had stopped in little groups; others ran bareheaded out from houses to join them. They gestured excitedly. Miss Hale observed a passing German neighbor meet an unknown man, pause, and shake hands with an odd, emphatic, hurried movement, and then walk on; and the people in the nearest group turned to stare queerly, too.

Miss Hale was watching she did not know what nor why, when a motor-cycle came chugging into view, and young Seth Braddock, aged twenty-two, bore down noisily upon her.

"Oh, Miss Lydia!" he cried. "They've sunk the *Lusitania!* It's just been 'phoned out from the city!"

"The *Lusitania?*" gasped Miss Hale.

"Yes! the Germans have sunk her — more than a thousand killed — lots of Americans, and women and children!"

Miss Hale went all white and shaken. And she, whose language was usually as gentle and delicate as her own soul, kept repeating:

"The monsters — devils — the filthy monsters!"

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said Simpson, finally succeeding in reminding her of his existence, "but about this here matter of the trees — so long as the machinery is all here, ready and waiting, don't you think —— "

"Oh, go away! — for God's sake, go away!"

Simpson went. "When a timid little old lady like her," he commented later, "begins swearing at you like blazes, I figure it's about time to clear out."

But Miss Hale, oblivious of Simpson and of the truck's motor starting up its whirr, turned again to young Seth.

"How'd it happen? — tell me more!"

But young Seth's information, gathered only from the telephoned report, the forerunner of "extras" which, with periodic screaming headlines of increasing horror, were to mark that unforgettable day, did not reach beyond his first brief announcement.

"But this proves they're Huns, all right!" he exclaimed. He was terribly excited, too. "After this, I guess America can't hold off any longer — we'll *have* to go in!"

"Of course we'll go in," breathed Miss Hale.

There was a second's silence between them; then she went on:

"And I've no one to send! Oh, if only I were a man! — if there were *any* Hale to go! My last nephew died in Cuba — there's no Hale for this war — the first war — "

Her voice broke off; tears were shining in her eyes. Seth took an eager step forward.

"I'll go!"

She smiled at him with her dimmed eyes. but shook her head.

"Of course you'll go — but you're a Braddock."

"I can go for the Braddocks and Hales both — I think I've got enough man inside me for that!"

"You're a fine boy, Seth," said Miss Hale tremulously. "The Hales would be proud to own you."

"And anyway," he hurried on, "till just now I hadn't thought definitely of *going* — I was just torn up. But you — it's really you who've made me see in a minute that the thing to do is to *go!* And not lose any time about it!"

And that is why, in trying days to come, Miss Hale was sustained by the feeling that she had sent a man to the war. The fact that young Seth Braddock was the man, had a special significance for Miss Hale. For he was Seth Braddock's son, and, years before, Seth Braddock had been her girlhood's sweetheart.

The Braddock family, like the Hales, had been interwoven with the history of Harwich since before the Revolution; since before the Revolution the two farms had touched boundaries along a stone wall as crooked in its winding as the trail of an adder. The fence was long since gone; but Miss Hale, with eyes closed, could still see clearly the high, white snow-drifts which curved over it in winter, and a little red-cheeked, pig-tailed girl coasting gleefully over the top on a red-painted sled. The little girl was herself, the red-painted sled Seth Braddock's. And she could see the artificial lake, which Seth's father had made by flooding the field just beyond; and herself and Seth, hand in hand, describing circles on the ice. When they got cold, the children would make a rush up the slope to her own home, where her lenient mother always allowed them to pop corn in the great fireplace of the "best room." What a scramble and chatter, and Seth Braddock always the liveliest of them all! But he

He touched the decoration on his breast. "I wear this," he said, "but you're the one who deserves it"

always contrived to get the first popping to bring to her, and would sit down beside her — to tease her by trying to steal it while she ate!

As the hobbledehoy grew older, he used to hang around, helping her brothers with their chores, carrying in the grand, seven-foot logs, so that, later, he might sit beside her to toast face and toes before the tremendous blaze. She remembered one winter night when her brothers started to rally them, and she ran blushing from the room. She was bashful with Seth a long time after that; but Seth was a bold, dashing lad, and didn't mind.

And she, herself, grew not to mind so much as the years went by; besides, the teasing grew less and less as the young people became accustomed to seeing Seth Braddock and Lydia Hale always together. Always together: in skating-time, sleighing-time, nutting-time, and — best of all — glorious summer-time, when they picnicked on the rocky ledges of beautiful Deep Hole.

Then came the time when she wore Seth's ring and they were definitely engaged — the halcyon days of young love when God seems to send a special sweetness into the air. Not that they were days of unalloyed sweetness; for Seth was a high-spirited lad — "a little wild," as Harwich expressed it. Small tempests had punctuated his college career, but Lydia had always stood loyally by him. However, there was one trait she found it hard to be loyal to. There was something about Seth that all women seemed to find lovable, a dashing bravado, almost swaggering at times, which made them find fault with him for the joy of forgiving him.

That was the rub. Gentle Lydia could forgive him for himself more easily than she could forgive other women's forgiving him. There had been between them many little temporary coolnesses, mute and suffering on her part, incomprehensible and resented on his; then had come the climactic misunderstanding.

How useless, how monstrously, cruelly trivial, it looked from the vantage of saner after-years! Ah, if the silly-young could, at the time, have the perspective of the wise-old, there would be fewer needless separations in the world.

It was too silly, too made-of-nothing, to recount; but the girl expected the man to explain, and the man thought explanations were for enemies, not lovers, and that a kiss would make all clear; and Lydia wouldn't have his kiss, and then he felt flouted, and she was waiting to be coaxed, and it was just like a thousand-thousand blind conflicts between lovers — conflicts that come because the lovers belong to different sexes; and that are made up for the same reason.

Only this one was never made up, because the lovers did not, would not, in their blind foolishness, help Fate to give them a few minutes alone together after the time of temper was past.

Yet Lydia was planning how sweet she would be to Seth when she saw him next, when she received a brief note from him saying he had left Harwich. He was on his way to China. A splendid business chance had offered itself to him. He was glad to seize it — to get away — to get away from her.

She was too proud to answer that; and he, not hearing, interpreted her silence as proof that she did not really care for him. On two sides of the earth two hearts eaten with pride, made one more little human comedy. Months passed into years. Years followed years. . . .

Lydia Hale was nearer fifty than forty when young Seth Braddock, a mischievous orphan of ten, came from across the world to live in Harwich. His grandfather was now left alone on the old Braddock homestead; and Miss Hale, yearning over the small boy in that womanless house, felt her life brighten as she adopted him into her own empty heart.

The years had not treated the gentle little spinster too joyously: father, mother, brothers, nephew — all had gone in turn; she was the last one of her family. But she was not the sort to brood over her lot. Though not rich, she could still live in the old home, and like a lady, if she "managed" well and preferred an inexperienced maid.

It was not till the coming of young Seth that Miss Hale realized how drab and empty her previous existence had been. Young Seth was not long in learning to appreciate the varied abundance of "Miss Lydia's" cooky-jar, though he didn't suspect how much fuller it was kept after his home-coming.

Then came a sad time when Seth was fourteen and went away to boarding-school. Miss Lydia at first didn't know just how she could bear it. But children inevitably become fourteen; and they must be educated, and Seth must have the best.

IT was seven years later, when Seth was a Junior in college, that the Great War broke.

The general currents of Harwich life were, at first, not appreciably ruffled by the war. What disturbance there was, was chiefly created by the actions of the stock market; some of the millionaires were made richer, others poorer; there was plenty of agitation over that phase. Then some of the rich folks' fledglings joined college ambulance-units. (Miss Lydia, fluctuating between hope and dread, waited to hear whether Seth would want to join these young crusaders, but the word did not come.) War-charity organizations were formed, but they seemed mostly an excuse for countless bazaars, bridge fêtes and costume balls — resplendent festivities but, to Miss Lydia, scarcely fitting in with the times.

Her own sense of justice and humanity was deeply stirred by the recurrent reports of outrages in Belgium and northern France — a region she remembered for its sunny slopes and sunny people. If only she could do something to help, something really worth while! It seemed so little just to knit socks and sweaters, to collect comforts for the homeless, and to cut bandages for the wounded. If only she were a man!

Or, if she had a son, a brother's son, any inheritor of the long line of Hales who always had hurried forward in times like these. But she was the last one, and just an old, feeble, useless woman. . . .

That was the way Miss Lydia had felt before the *Lusitania* was sunk and, by chance, she had seen young Seth at the right moment (thanks to the arrogance of Peter Unruh, German-American millionaire), and sent him away to fight for all that lifts man above devil-brutes. Seth went up to Canada and enlisted with the Canadians, as that promised the quickest way of getting into action. He wrote Miss Lydia an account of his enlistment.

"Everything went fine," he wrote, "till the recruiting officer suddenly popped a poser.

"'What province?' he asked in a sing-song voice.

"'Hell!' I thought to myself. (Excuse me, but that's what I *did* think.) For I hadn't studied up on 'provinces' — didn't even know Canada had 'em. But I didn't blink an eyelash, and made a try.

"'Connecticut,' says I.

"The sergeant was a good scout. He never said a word — just dipped his pen in the ink and added old Connecticut to the Dominion."

Miss Lydia smiled over the incident, but she felt her eyes grow moist. Connecticut might well be proud of Seth Braddock. And he was *her* man at the War!

Miss Lydia was almost as rich now in pride and sacrifice and joy and pain as any mother, and that was indeed new wealth for a solitary old maid. Seth's letters were rarer and briefer than she'd have had them, could she have dictated the rules of soldiering and censorship; but she bore her anxieties gallantly, and not till he had been in France nearly a year did she hear the news she was always dreading. A letter from a kindly Red Cross nurse informed her that Seth was wounded. But not dangerously; a little postscript in Seth's own handwriting — wobbly and strange, but yet Seth's handwriting — assured her of that. It was merely a fragment of boche shell in his leg, which would perform him the kind office of obtaining him a holiday in the Tommies' "Blighty."

A week afterward Miss Lydia learned of the Braddock mortgage.

She chanced, at the Red Cross workroom, to be seated next a lady who was the wife of the lawyer who had handled old Mr. Braddock's affairs. The lady had asked about Seth, and, when told of the boche shell, had exclaimed:

"Poor boy! And old Peter Unruh threatening to foreclose the mortgage on the Braddock place — it's a shame!"

Next morning Miss Lydia, trembling a little, for she had a genteel lady's timidities, called at the lawyer's office. There she found out all the sorry business. Old Mr. Braddock, pressed to find [*Continued on page 36*]

A Level Head *and a* High Heart

by Cleveland Moffett

Illustration by Alden Weeks

WE read so many newspapers these days filled with reports about the war, we hear so many war discussions and war criticisms, and are so swamped and surfeited by a mass of badly interpreted war details, that it is hard to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials; or to recognize happenings that history will consider important, among numberless other happenings that have no permanent importance whatever.

The wise American will try not to fritter away his emotional reserves, his patriotic ardor on things that will be entirely forgotten in a few months by himself and by everyone else.

What, then, are the really important war-things, the big things that loyal Americans *must* worry about as distinguished from other things that are not worth worrying about?

Shall we worry about mistakes, delays, incompetencies and various shortcomings of the Administration in its conduct of the war?

If we can remedy these, yes; if we see our way clear to improve conditions by constructive criticism (being sure of our facts) by all means let us speak out what we know for the good of the country; otherwise — and this applies to most of us — let us remember that wars, like other human efforts, have always been carried on with many blunders, jealousies, inefficiencies, stupidities and delays. Also with waste and a certain amount of profiteering. History proves this; it seems to be inevitable, so we may as well keep our indignation within bounds. Germany has made blunder after blunder in this present war, and has suffered from graft and profiteering; so have England, France, Italy and Russia. America also has made blunders and will continue to make them, just as we did in the Civil War.

We must recognize that adverse criticism, another phenomenon inseparably connected with war-making (as England knows) even if exaggerated and intemperate, usually does good. It steadies the rumbling chariot. It checks the evils just mentioned. It forces forward the best organizers of the nation (Schwab, Ryan, Ford, Goethals, Davison, Stettinius) into places of war-responsibility and eliminates unsuitable men like Bryan. If a certain man is not competent for his war-job, we may be sure that adverse criticism will either force him to become competent or will lead to his replacement by another man who is competent. It was adverse criticism that put the French Prime Minister, Caillaux, in jail.

Consequently, we must guard the right of free speech even in war-times, so long as it does not promote treason and sedition; but we need not accept every writer or orator who thunders forth his pet denunciation as an inspired prophet. He may be entirely mistaken. He may be a chronic pessimist. He may be only an industrious bore or scold. Let us not be easily stampeded. Let us keep a sense of proportion amid the clamor and confusion of events. Above all let us hold to our faith in the soundness and solidarity of the American people and face all war-eventualities with a level head and a high heart.

In the face of croakers, cynics, prophets of evil, we must show ourselves resolute optimists, never wavering as to the ultimate fact that Germany will be beaten.

Let us stamp out slander. Let us not forget the insidious rôle that jealousy and love of notoriety play in attacks upon this or that feature of our American war programme. Our guns are a failure, our ships are a failure, our airplanes are a failure; Baker is incom-

petent, Creel is incompetent, everybody is incompetent; the dollar-a-year men are crooks and profiteers; the whole Administration is going to the dogs. And so on.

It is the duty of every patriotic American to resent such destructive criticism!

Why? Because it is not true. Because it heartens Germany and discourages American soldiers. Because it is disloyal to the flag.

When I was in Washington recently, I was an unhappy listener while three men, who claimed to have "inside information" (oh, that bluff about "inside information!") denounced the Liberty Motor as a failure, with many distressing details. But a month later I had the report of an air expert, who is a source of inside information, an American flyer in the Lafayette Escadrille, who has spent hundreds of hours in actual flight and knows what he is talking about, and his report, after official tests of the new machine for the government, was that "the Liberty Motor is an immense success. I was able to climb in it almost vertically, as I had never climbed with any other motor, 23,000 feet in thirty-five minutes. And in spite of its immense power, this motor can be depended upon in the most delicate manœuverings."

Once start an evil report concerning some member of the Administration or some war activity and it spreads through the country with incredible speed, its mischievous power growing as it travels. Nor is it necessary to assume that these exaggerations and misrepresentations are the result of German propaganda. The fact is that a great part of what is judged to be German propaganda in America is entirely due to our own unfortunate national habit of repeating every bit of foolish gossip that we hear. The consequence is that we, loyal Americans, are every day doing the Kaiser's devilish work for him, doing it far more efficiently than his paid agents could do it.

Who but Americans, for example, spread from coast to coast the preposterous lie that Joseph Tumulty, private secretary to the President of the United States, had been arrested as a German spy? This weird tale may have been started by a cunning enemy, but it was circulated by a million gullible Americans, as the enemy knew it would be.

And who but Americans spread that infernal Red Cross slander about the sweater and the ten-dollar bill which has been told for months from Maine to California by gabbing patriots and has done incalculable harm?

I may mention another and more insidious form of German propaganda carried on by unsuspecting Americans. I refer to those who repeat an indiscreet utterance of some distinguished American officer (I did this once myself and regret it) who in a moment of discouragement or impatience or jealousy, makes a sinister prophecy as to the outcome of the war, or a damaging statement regarding our military weaknesses or inefficiencies. He may confide this only to his wife, who may tell an intimate friend, charging her not to repeat it to a soul, but, of course, she does; and so within twenty-four hours the story is in general circulation, to the joy of the Prussians; for the effect of such bad news, coming from a high military authority, is, of course, exceedingly bad. Even if the officer speaks from the best motives, he is apt to be mistaken in his conclusions; for military authorities, like other experts, are in constant disagreement. I know, for instance, of a case where a military authority of wide reputation prophesied dire disasters to the Allied armies that were to take place on a definite date in June, at which date (now long since past) nothing of the sort happened.

He got permission to sell War Savings Stamps on Fifth Avenue buses. "My friends," he would say, "this war is costing Uncle Sam $33,000,000 a day. Now then, who'll take five shots at the Kaiser for twenty-five cents? Thank you, lady. Thank you, sir"

During recent months I have talked with various military authorities and other highly placed persons in Washington, New York and elsewhere and I have scarcely met one who doubts that this war will ultimately end in the defeat of Germany. Even if disasters should come on the Continent, even if British armies should be forced to withdraw to England, still the final result, these authorities say, will be the downfall of the Prussian autocracy.

"Remember," said one of our most distinguished naval officers to me recently, "that, no matter what happens on the Continent, so long as the British fleet retains its present mastery of the seas, Germany cannot be regarded as victorious. Germany is now a bankrupt nation and must depend upon her ocean trade for a restoration of prosperity. If England, with the help of America, can continue to prevent that trade, then all Germany's land successes will have been in vain."

"But if the British armies in France and Belgium should be overwhelmed, would not England be forced to accept from Germany a conqueror's peace?"

"Not necessarily. England and America, even if they should suffer defeat in France, could still fight on and bring Germany to her knees, if they would concentrate on one thing — the destruction of the German fleet."

"How is that possible, with the German fleet bottled up behind impregnable shore defenses?"

"*By attack through the air. In our countless American factories, with our limitless American resources, we can and must build airplanes without number - - a hundred thousand, if need be, equipped to drop bombs and to launch torpedo-planes.* These could be quickly assembled in England, whence they could fly against Germany in resistless battalions. Within three months Germany would sue for peace, for her costly fleet would be wiped out, also her dry docks, her arsenals, her mine fields, her coast defenses, some of her cities. That is the way to conquer Germany — through the air. There are no trenches in the air, nor any conditions favorable to Hindenburg strategy in the air."

An enormous number of men are required for the maintenance and operation of such a fleet. Every military airplane, I am told, calls for thirty-five men, so that a thousand airplanes call for 35,000 and a hundred thousand airplanes call for 3,500,000. These are staggering figures; but if an overpowering air fleet can really end this war, and all possible future wars, by conquering Germany (experts declare this to be the case) and if America can surpass all nations in building such an air fleet, as she certainly can, then the cost will be small indeed compared with the result.

A French general recently expressed this same opinion: "If the Allies cannot break the German lines, they can achieve victory by flying over them."

I may reply here to occasional insinuations that France might be induced to weaken in her will to victory. Never! I have lived in France for years and have talked to French authorities and, not even if the worst should come and Paris should be threatened, need we fear such a moral disaster. The great-souled French people would see their beautiful capital burned and ravaged, the Louvre destroyed, Notre Dame destroyed, the Champs Élysées — everything destroyed until not one stone remained upon another, before they would accept from German tyrants a peace involving territorial dismemberment and economic slavery. Never since man came to dwell upon this earth has there been such a glorious example of courage and self-sacrifice as France offers the world to-day and will continue to offer until the Prussian tyrant has been humbled.

Thank God, the United States has been inspired by this example. In spite of all obstacles, the solidarity of the American people is establishing itself more and more throughout the land. As weeks pass we behold the American nation arousing itself mightily for war, consecrating itself supremely to war; we hear our soldiers marching with their bands, marching — from every state and county; from mountains, forests, plains — marching; in every city and town we see them gathering, rallying for victory. We, too, are offering to the world an example of unselfish devotion.

Unselfishness!

I know a western lady whose previously rather frivolous life has been sanctified, I may say glorified, by war influences. Finding herself with only a small income from her husband's pay as an army officer, an income that sufficed only for her needs, she resolved to earn money so that she might prove her patriotism; and she had the courage to take a department-store position which involved unaccustomed hard work and early rising, and for months now she has put every dollar she has earned (fifteen dollars a week) into Liberty Bonds. There is certainly an inspiring example of selfishness and worldliness changed by war into unselfishness and devotion.

I know a New York man who has found a novel way of proving his patriotism. He got permission to sell War Savings Stamps on Fifth Avenue buses and volunteered several hours of his spare time every day for

this effort. With an array of folded bills spread between his fingers, he steps upon a bus and begins:

"My friends, this war is costing Uncle Sam $33,000,000 a day. He must have money to buy food and guns for our soldiers. Now then, who'll take five shots at the Kaiser for twenty-five cents? Thank you, lady. Thank you, sir."

"How much money do you collect on these buses?" a passenger asked him.

"About a hundred dollars an hour, sir, from, say, twelve buses, and I have to hustle for it. Yes, it's war service; every penny goes to Uncle Sam. Thank you, sir."

I know of a man who having been rejected from the army on account of an easily cured defect, went to a surgeon and paid for an operation that kept him three weeks in the hospital; then he applied again to the army authorities, and being this time accepted, he is now in France fighting for the Allies.

Such cases by hundreds of thousands, make clear the national will to conquer *at any cost!*

Socialists, too, unable to resist the power of public opinion, are ceasing their clamor against war, against liberty loans, and in great numbers are repudiating unpatriotic leaders whom they once acclaimed, unpatriotic platforms that they once swore by. They are buying Liberty Bonds, they are buying War Savings Stamps, they are supporting the war. Why? Because they are beginning to see things differently, to feel things differently. They realize that their future, too, depends upon our conquering Germany; that, if we allow Germany to conquer us, their Bolsheviki dreams will avail as little here against Prussian enslavement as they availed in Russia.

Finally, Jewish socialists, the large majority, bless the war, because, thanks to the British victories, it has brought them close to the realization of their centuries-old hopes for a Jewish nation in Palestine. They see Jewish flags floating once again above the Tower of David, Jewish soldiers once more guarding the sacred walls of the Temple. They see their ancient military glory reviving, they watch beloved sons and brothers, a splendid body of American fighting Jews, marching away to offer their lives for democracy.

I believe that after this war there will be a new socialism in America, an American Socialism, not based on any borrowed German creed, but based on American ideas of justice between all men with reasonable demands and reasonable concessions. This war is going to make the world a better, a happier, a fairer place for people to dwell in—all kinds of people.

The solidarity of the American people!

This war has created painful embarrassments between friends. For years I have had cordial relations with an artist who is German by birth, strongly pro-German in his sentiments. What shall I do now when I meet this man on the street? Shall I bow to him or not? If he offers me his hand shall I take it or refuse to take it?

THE only possible answer is that a patriotic American must refuse to have any dealings or to continue any friendship with a man or woman, known by him to be at heart an enemy of the United States. If he has evidence that such a man or woman has deliberately done or said anything calculated to harm the cause of the Allies, then it is his duty, however unpleasant this may be, to bring such a fact to the attention of the Department of Justice. In these days Americans can have no friends who are not friends of the American flag.

And what if there are war disagreements between members of the same family? Suppose one brother favors Germany while the other is fighting against Germany? Suppose a husband wears the uniform of the United States, while his wife (I know of such a case) is a professed pacifist? What is such a loyal husband to do? Suppose the wife whom he loves is sent to jail for sedition, shall he try to get her out, or shall he leave her in jail?

Again there is only one rule to follow, in any situation where antagonism arises between loyalty to America and loyalty to an individual, however near or dear; the former loyalty takes precedence over the latter. This is sound patriotism and sound common sense.

I like the procedure of those West Virginia mountaineers who forced some alien enemies, kneeling in the mud, to kiss the American flag they had tried to dishonor. Or that of an angry crowd in Allentown, Pennsylvania, who made a turbulent pro-German run up the Stars and Stripes over his saloon, after he had repeated the American oath of allegiance.

Let us be careful, however, in asserting our patriotism, not to be led into any serious breach of law and order. Let there be no lynchings, no tar-and-featherings. Let us make the pro-German ridiculous, ashamed of their disloyalty, but let us not harm our own cause by making martyrs of them.

Every loyal American will applaud the patriotism of those Brooklyn high school boys, who the other day refused to write a verse of the German national anthem (an outrageous examination requirement) and wrote instead a verse of "The Star Spangled Banner."

A friend of mine was in a Brooklyn restaurant the other day and sat near a man who was reading a German newspaper. On the other side of this man was a well-dressed American who kept eyeing the alien print with increasing disfavor. Finally he said to the stranger:

"Do you know what country you are living in?"

"The same country you're living in."

"Are you an American citizen?"

"Yes, sir, I am proud to be one."

"Then why are you reading that German paper? Can't you get the same news in an American paper?"

"That's my business," the man answered defiantly; whereupon the American struck him, and the restaurant became the scene of a near-riot.

Incidents like this are reported every day from all parts of the country and they will grow in seriousness unless the situation is faced and the right thing done. What is the right thing? What is our duty in regard to German language newspapers and their readers?

The obvious solution of this difficulty is to stop the sale and publication of all newspapers printed in the German language throughout the United States for the duration of the war.

I call attention to the following card, printed in red, white and blue and distributed to newsstands by the Vigilance Corps of the American Defense Society:

We will not sell German Language Publications During the War

THIS NEWSSTAND INTENDS TO SELL ONLY MATTER LOYAL TO AMERICA AT WAR AND TO OUR ALLIES

We therefore solicit your Especial Patronage

This suggests another question of immediate importance. What about millions of Germans, who go about this country speaking in loud tones the language of those who are killing our boys in France? It seems reasonable that such persons be required to respect the land of their adoption, at least to the extent of speaking its language, even badly; and those who are unwilling or unable to give up the use of German in their private lives should be required, by force of public opinion, to avoid this offense in the presence of loyal Americans. Unless this rule is adopted we shall soon witness German language riots, just as we have already witnessed German newspaper riots. Has anyone any doubt as to what would happen to Americans in Berlin if they went about the city speaking English in the resounding and arrogant way that is affected by many Germans in America?

All this is hard on loyal citizens of German descent, but war is hard on all of us, and will be harder. The line must be drawn sharply between what is German and what is American. There is no such thing as half-and-half patriotism. It is impossible for a man to be a good American so long as he is speaking and thinking in the language of the enemies of America. As to the teaching of German in our public schools, that is a monstrous crime against the loyalty of the next generation, and should be forbidden by law.

What an inspiring opportunity this war has brought to American women to help in raising the physical and patriotic standards of American men! Let them set a new fashion, as they can, of bodily and spiritual superiority; and harden their hearts against men who, through laziness and selfishness, are physically or patriotically unfit. Suppose half a million American young women should say to their suitors, smilingly, but firmly: "We shall never marry you unless you are striving for the best ideals of American manhood. We [*Continued on page 43*]

The Man of the Marne

by **Bliss Carman**

THE gray battalions were driving down
Like snow from the North on Paris Town.
Dread and panic were in the air,
The fate of empires hung by a hair.
With the world in the balance, what shall decide?
How stem the sweep of the conquering tide?
God of Justice, be not far
In this our hour of holy war!
In one man's valor, where all were men,
The strength of a people was gathered then.
"My right is weakened, my left is thin,
My center is almost driven in,"
The Soul of a patriot hero spoke,
"I shall advance!" said General Foch.

Forth from Paris to meet the storm
They rushed like bees in an angry swarm.
By motor and lorry and truck they came
Swift as the wind and fierce as flame.
Papa Joffre knew the trick
Of stinging hot and hard and quick.
Not for ambition and not for pride,
For France they fought, for France they died,
Striking the blow of the Marne that hurled
The barbarians back and saved the world.
The German against that hope forlorn
Broke his drive like a crumpled horn.
Their right was weakened, their left was thin,
Their center was almost driven in;
But France was there, immortality woke;
"I shall advance!" said Ferdinand Foch.

Not since Garibaldi's stroke
Freed his land from the Austrian yoke,
And Italy after a thousand years
Walked in beauty among her peers;
Not since Nelson followed the star
Of Freedom to triumph at Trafalgar
On the tossing floor of the Western seas;
No, not since Miltiades
Fronted the Persian hosts and won
Against the tyrant at Marathon,
Has a greater defender of liberty
Stood and struck for the cause than he,
Whose right was weakened, whose left was thin,
Whose center was almost driven in,
But whose iron courage neither broke
Nor faltered. "I shall advance!" said Foch.

We who are left to carry the fray
For civilization on to-day,
The war of the angels for goodly right
Against the devil of brutish might,—
The war for manhood, mercy, and love,
And peace with honor all price above,—
What shall we answer, how prepare,
For Destiny's challenge, *Who goes there?*
And pass with the willing and worthy to give
Life, that freedom and faith may live?
When promise and patience are wearing thin,
When endurance is almost driven in,
When the last delusion has vanished in smoke,
Remember the Marne, and Ferdinand Foch!

Home Defense

Badinage and Camouflage

A Strategic Manoeuver by the Navy

Out of Sound of the Guns

A Rapid-fire Sketch Page

by

Seddie Aspell

Over the Top!

An Ace and a Couple of Queens

His Wheatless Day

The war has called our young men from their desk jobs. Many of them are in the navy

Others are flying in France, or fighting in the trenches. Who are taking their places at home?

The Old Boys Come Back

by Edward Mott Woolley

Decorations by Louis Fancher

WHEN the boss of a certain manufacturing business was drafted, and found that his exemption claims were denied, he made a frantic hunt for a man big enough to carry on the establishment. Of course he wanted a young man like himself, well under thirty, yet possessing broad experience along with the intellectual agility and commercial verve commonly ascribed to the ultra-modern young business man.

But young men these days are either going to war or expecting to go, and dates made with them are uncertain, so the boss of this factory, finding time pressing, finally said to his office boy:

"Go ask Old Man Cash to step in here."

The old man obeyed instantly, being well disciplined. He wasn't a bad-looking old chap, despite his fifty-six years, but he carried with him a painful humility that was emphasized by the consequential air of his boss. As I got the story, his attire lacked as much punctilio of style as the garb of the young boss exhibited. Fashions didn't count much in a cashier's cage, where he had worked almost as long as the boss himself had lived.

"Cash," said the latter, with desperate finality, "I can't get anybody else to run this shebang, so you'll have to do the best you can at it until my attorney finds a *young* man capable of handling it."

Cash was stupefied, but managed to protest deferentially:

"When it comes to running the cash department, I don't take a back seat for anybody, sir; but it's a long time since I've had any real management of affairs, and at my age it is too late to attempt it."

The boss got up, took Cash by the arm, and shoved him into the executive chair in front of a mahogany desk. Then he stepped back and surveyed the spectacle — and a sorry one it was, for Old Man Cash looked like a lump of dough among the biscuits.

But war is inexorable, and the boss, with a groan, marched away and left him there as Lord High Executioner of two hundred people.

Now comes Chapter Two. For three days the promoted cashier was neck-deep in the Slough of Despond, overcome by heartache, half drowned in the cold sweat of the funks. Then he began to emerge, for even at fifty-six some men, if put to it, can still feel the red blood stir in their veins. Problems and dilemmas were piling up on that massive desk, and the call of responsibility was on him.

Within the month he was fighting, and it thrilled him to the quick to find himself actually in war service — for a government order had come unexpectedly. But he was fighting still another war within the factory, where discipline was threatened with chaos because the organization had not been able to take Old Man Cash seriously. Up there in the front office the cashier was a joke!

But in a month he had fired half a dozen subordinates — one of whom literally went out on the end of the executive shoe. The staff discovered unsuspected physical prowess in Cash. Cash himself had discovered unbelievable powers within himself. For one thing, he had learned that his age was the balance between guesswork and knowledge. He even came to suspect that like some kinds of ripe apples he might keep indefinitely without withering up.

IN the course of the weeks he discovered other remarkable things. He found that in many respects he had been running the business for years. As cashier, he had also been ex-officio credit man and the oracle who made it possible for the boss to go to the ball game twice a week. As statistician and keeper of the bills he had been the untitled luminary of the buying department, enabling the boss to go to the Country Club for golf. As all-round factotum of figures and facts and cold-blooded actualities, he had been the supercargo of the ship.

Indeed, he finally convinced himself that in matters of detail he had been carrying the weighty load of an inexperienced and over-young employer, and that in some matters of policy this same young autocrat had gone wrong — having failed to consult the Statistical and Fact Department which Cash had so shrewdly and laboriously built.

The business, in fact, was already drifting down one of the streams that feed the River of Oblivion in the commercial Hades into which the great majority of establishments float. But Cash has the engine reversed, and those who know are betting that he will soon get his boat headed up stream.

Incidentally, they tell me some further incredible stories about Cash — how he wears a collar two inches high instead of his one-inch neck-band of yore, has cuffs on his trousers, nose glasses instead of spectacles, and has quit wearing detachable cuffs.

At any rate, he has begun at last to capitalize his maturity.

Old Bob Graylock, as we may call him, had a meteoric career in his youth, and for three years was president of a machine-tool concern; but when he passed the decrepit age of thirty-five, the directors — made up mostly of legatees not long out of college — voted him out on the ground that the company needed young blood in its veins.

It was a shock to Bob to find himself Oslerized a week before the day set for his wedding, and it was twenty years before he fully recovered. Meanwhile his struggles against imaginary senility availed little, and each succeeding job found him a step lower down. At forty he was pattern clerk in a foundry; at fifty, assistant cost clerk at a rod-mill; at fifty-five, a sort of galley-slave to the president of a small metal-work concern.

I happen to know this concern. I know Bob Graylock, too — well enough to dine with him often, and to smoke at his fireside of an evening and discuss with him the philosophy and mystery of life. It was always a mystery to me that Bob hadn't risen again above the rungs of industrial mediocrity, for his brain was a maze of commercial formulæ, factory efficiency, and theories on the ambitious art of getting somewhere personally.

But Bob was obsessed by his age. "I've had my fling at youth!" he often said.

Yet when the war broke he suddenly came back. The head of the plant was a captain in the state militia, and offered his property for sale at a bargain. "I'll take it!" said Bob. And he did, with the aid of the cleverest and quickest piece of financial promotion you could imagine from a man long down and out.

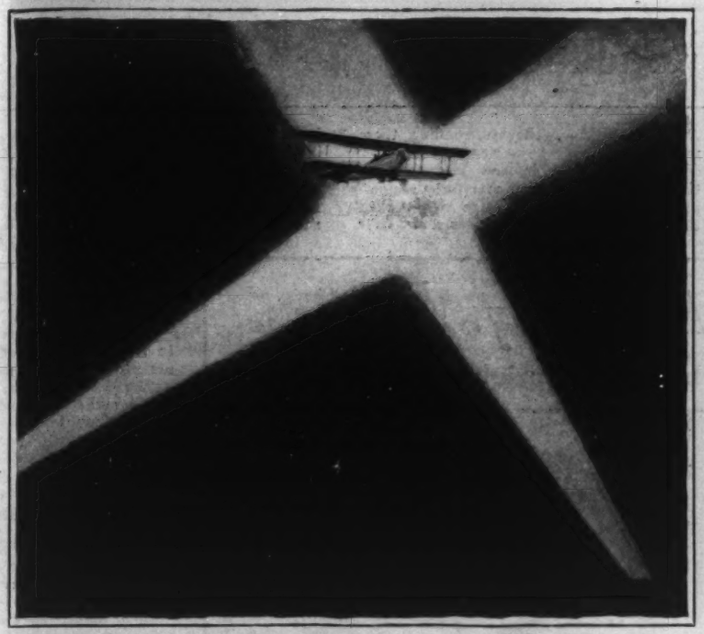
In the three years that have passed, Graylock has made a hundred thousand dollars; but now his plant is working at cost for our country, in three shifts, and Bob is spending $15,000 of his own money to build an addition that he'll not need after the war. It is enough that our country needs it!

Not far from the Atlantic Coast a man around fifty is manager of a subgroup of chain stores, making a brilliant success, and now a partner in the great enterprise. A short item in a trade paper led me to make inquiries. Twenty years ago he owned a high-class grocery — one of the sort where the clerks could pronounce *pâté de foies gras* and lay their hands instantly on the caviar. But he knew too much about fancy

[*Continued on page 32*]

It is the big chance for the old boys!

And how splendidly they have all come back!



An Air Raid Over Paris

by Hildegarde Hawthorne

DEAR C——: One hour and fifteen minutes ago, at ten minutes to ten, I sat down at this little table, in my room, *au quatrième*, uncovered my typewriter and ran in this sheet of paper. I decided that I didn't feel sleepy, and that I would write to you. Maud F., a girl from Utah whom I had met on the ship, coming over to run a *camion* for the *Bien Être du Blessés*, and who is waiting for her orders to go to the front, had come to get me to go to dinner with her, and we chose the *Brasserie Universelle*, on the Avenue de l'Opéra, because we remembered, from the old days of peace, their wonderful hors d'œuvres. We had a delicious dinner, and a good *demi-bouteille* of Bourgogne. And then we decided to walk over to the Pont Royal to see the river, so exquisitely beautiful these nights of darkness and mystery, when Paris seems like some princess of enchantment, wrapped in dream. The river, gray-silver, with the dim arches of its bridges and the fringe of trees all feathery in their new spring green, reflected the faint lights from the Gare d'Orsay. Here and there a green lamp marked a street, but the Tuileries were entirely dark, dark as a country night when only the stars are shining. The air was mild and calm. A few pairs of lovers idled along, arm in arm or hand in hand, whispering and laughing softly, in the old Paris way when spring comes. And we passed an occasional *sergent de ville* in cloak and cocked hat.

This letter, from Miss Hawthorne in Paris to a friend in New York, was written in April, with no thought of publication. Her description was so vivid, so beautiful, that we could not resist giving it to our readers

"There'll be an air raid to-night," I hazarded, as Maud and I breathed in the charm and peace of the night. It was half-past nine. "We'd better get to our hotels in case the *alerte* sounds." She agreed, and we sauntered slowly back to the Rue de Rivoli and separated at the corner of my street. Up I came and had just got to the point at which this letter begins when a sudden sound of hurrying feet outside, and instantly after, the long wild cry of the siren, brought me to my feet. The next instant the electric lights went out, and I reached for my flashlight, and laid it with my passport and money. Then I stepped out on my little balcony, for I had not seen any of the other air raids except in snatches, and I meant to see at least a good bit of this one.

By this time the barrage fire was at it, thundering and snapping. I could see the shrapnel exploding to the east and north, high in the clear sky, making white flashes like exploding rockets. I also saw a strange blur of fire falling across the sky in the same direction. So far I heard no bombs. The searchlights swept the skies in brief, fierce thrusts and swoops, and I heard the musical singing of the French machines, flying up to the attack. Down in the street people went hurrying silently, and turning in here and there at doorways. Along the Rivoli taxis hurried, carrying only tiny lights, green, too, like whatever lamps were left. And still the siren shrieked and the horns sounded their high alarm. The whole heavens were full of stir and motion and strange fires. I never saw anything more thrilling, and it was the more so, of course, as one knew that they held death — a death ready to fall at any moment. I could hear the people above me hurrying about, getting ready to go to the cellar. But I was fascinated out there, alone in the darkness in that little spot, with so vast a commotion in the hugeness above me and around me. The barrage fire was getting heavier and more feverish, and suddenly a tremendous boom sounded among the other crashes — no mistaking that; it was one of the enemy bombs falling, and the next second there was another much closer. Time to go unless I wanted to be too foolhardy! So I turned back into my dark room, grabbed the flashlight, pulled on an extra sweater, snatched up my belongings and made my way down the curving stair to the ground floor. I knew that all over Paris people were winding down-stairs in much the same way, or hurrying from the streets into the public *abris;* that the *metro* and *Nord-Sud* stations were filling, and the trains stopping wherever they might be, and all the buses standing, deserted.

Down-stairs I found a conglomerate crowd of French and Belgians. I am the only American in this hotel. They were discussing the raid picturesquely, laughing a little, saying they were glad they hadn't gone to bed yet, and wondering whether the "*saucissons*" would catch any of the raiders. These are the captive sausage balloons Paris has been admiring for the past few days, beautiful golden grubs of huge size that lie all day chained to the ground in many parts of the city, and at night are sent aloft to hang in the air, and support wire cables in which the flyers will be tangled should they touch them. They fly at varying heights, swinging with the wind, and unseen in the night skies. One man came in from the street, saying he had seen a bomb fall in a certain direction, and flames. "*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed everyone, and let it go at that.

And still the crashing outside could be heard. We stepped, two or three of us, out into the street for a [*Continued on page 50*]

VISITORS passing through the Heinz establishment [there are over fifty thousand every year] are always interested in this scene —the bottling of pickles. The neat, white caps and uniforms of the girls, the daintiness and cleanliness of the tables, the skill and quickness displayed, and the delicious appearance of the foods—all bring forth smiles and nods of approval.

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HEINZ Vinegars

In bottles filled and sealed in the* HEINZ *establishment

All vinegar is sour. Most vinegars are sour and nothing else. Some, however, possess an exquisite delicacy of flavor and aroma that give distinction to every dish on which they are used. Good vinegar, is a matter of good materials, skill in making and proper aging. All Heinz Vinegars are made of the choicest materials and aged in wood for at least one year.

The excellence of Heinz Pickles and Sauces—recognized by everyone—is largely due to the use of Heinz Pure Vinegars. You can now buy these same vinegars in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment, which guarantees their purity and quality.

Three kinds: Malt, White, Cider, in pints, quarts and half-gallons

HEINZ
Imported Olive Oil
In bottles and cans

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

The Old Boys Come Back — *Continued from page 30*

groceries and not enough about ratios of expense in the food business, so one day the sheriff seized his elegant store.

Naturally, this impaled his business ability on the harpoon of doubt, and he grew old as a grocery employee in the store of a former competitor, which doubtless was conducted by somebody properly young, self-sufficient and wise. By the time he was forty the ex-bankrupt had fully analyzed the follies coincident with running a business without having any idea how to run it, and had begun to build up in his mind a philosophy of grocerizing.

Being an old man with an Epictetian mind, he settled down to a reconciled old age, getting his happiness from determining meditatively how a store might be run with the greatest success. For ten years he philosophized and put his deductions into effect for the benefit of his employers.

When the United States entered the war the chain of stores I have cited was hard pressed to get managers. In fact, it had been having trouble of this sort even when young men were more available; the lack of a sufficient number of young-men-who-knew-how was the chief deterrent to the growth of the chain. But now that the young-man market was smashed all to pieces the head manager's brain gave birth to an original and daring thought:

"Could it be possible, by any chance, that a man who was not young might know how?"

He looked around. Connect up the circumstances for yourself.

In prehistoric times, when I was a cub reporter on a Pacific Coast newspaper, I recall writing a semi-sob story about an old fellow of fifty-one who couldn't get a job because of his years, and I remember describing him as "the aged man." My infantile perspective, however, was quite in line with the sober views of many a business house then and now. I have before me a statement of one big company, issued in 1913, defining its employment policy:

"This house does not take on new men who have passed thirty-five. After that age men are usually unresponsive to our ideas and methods, set in their opinions, lacking in initiative, and too conservative to tackle the unknown."

It occurred to me the other day to look in a certain industrial manual — a recognized authority on corporations — to see what this company's responsive, open-minded, inventive and adventuresome young men had done for it. I found that it had skipped all dividends since 1912.

Maybe a jury of twelve peers wouldn't accept this evidence as conclusive, but at this point I feel impelled to narrate the episode of the B Textile Company, which first reached me in fragmentary form through a trade report.

The B Company up to the fateful year 1917 was long on young men, but since then has been on the short side of the market. I forget how many million or billion yards of cloth it must make for our soldiers, but this prodigious task has squeezed it desperately for an executive organization. One of its vice-presidents paused long enough in pawing over the orders on his desk to observe to me poetically:

"We have issued general amnesty to all the old men we have 'canned' in the last ten years, and we've got maybe a dozen of 'em back from heaven knows where. And believe me, they're running these mills!"

A store manager in New York tells me that twice as many men over forty are employed in his establishment as ever worked there before, and three times as many over sixty. Witness the case of Salesman No. 2643, age fifty-seven, who clerks in the pictures.

Since he got the job three months ago he has sold thirty per cent. more goods than the best salesman the department ever had in the same period, and nearly all the picture salesmen have been young men. He had been earning a living as a commercial illustrator, but I suspect his Hooverism began long before the war. Perhaps he was getting stale after thirty-five years of it. At any rate, he is making good now in a congenial job, and he ought to grow in it — why not? He knows pictures, and his personality somehow gets hold of one, as I discovered in talking with him.

Reports are common to the effect that office organizations are freely letting down the bars to men in middle life or older. The age-limit deadline will be a demolished institution if the war goes on a year or two more. We may guess that it will not be wholly restored after peace if the old boys demonstrate that years and experience are assets, other things being equal.

In a bank, the note teller, who had stuck in that job so long that Time itself wots not when he began, has recently been promoted to the position of assistant cashier, in lieu of the president's son who was slated for the position but is now doing preliminary aviation stunts. It may be inferred that the ex-teller knows a hundred kinks of banking that the young man didn't know, but it took a great war to get him out of the cage.

I am reminded, at this point, that I ought at least to make reference to the old girls who are coming back. You now see them often in jobs the soldier boys quit, a case in point being a mother who took over her son's store, put it on a cash basis, and is cleaning up his debts.

Then there is a war plant, dealing in chemical death, that not long ago made peace overtures to one of its erstwhile and superannuated presidents who was retired against his will some years ago for the crime of being sixty-three.

Now sixty-three is certainly an offense, as everyone must admit. But it is all the more interesting to observe a man coming back at this rather ripe stage.

He did come back — partly because all other presidential material was in training for France, but also because he knew *men;* knew how to handle throngs of obstreperous, belligerent, ignorant workmen; knew how to jolly them, if you please; how to glorify their obtuseness, and how to be square with them.

Oddly, most of these workers he was thus called on to manage were young men — who didn't know how to manage themselves.

It took a world war to get this chemical company into a frame of mind to realize the masterful art of this ex-president, who for years had been living in seclusion and perhaps bitterness of spirit. This world war is indeed bringing back a vast aggregate of knowledge and talent to carry on the tremendous industrial struggle.

Up in the Air, Boys!

Drawn on the spot by W. J. Enright

ON HIS WAY TO THE AEROPLANE TO TAKE SOME TOP SIDE PICTURES OF OLD POINT COMFORT
IN COLD WEATHER EVERY DRIVER CARRIES HIS OWN HEATER
THE MAN WHO BROKE A NEGATIVE IN THE SCHOOL OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY
ART SMITH, THE BEST KNOWN AVIATOR IN AMERICA, IN HIS GROUND FLIER — WITH THE EXCEPTION OF LOOPING THE LOOP HE DOES EVERYTHING WITH THIS MACHINE THAT HE DOES WITH A PLANE
THE RADIO EXPERT THROWS A FEW VOLTS INTO THE BACHELOR QUARTERS AT DAYBREAK
304
W. J. ENRIGHT LANGLEY FIELD, VA.
OBSERVER "THIS IS MY FIRST FLIGHT - SO PLEASE DONT TRY ANY FANCY STUFF" PILOT - "I WONT - THIS IS ONLY MY SECOND FLIGHT"
"THAT BALLOONIST OVER TO FORTRESS MONROE HAS THE SAFEST JOB ROUND HERE. FUR IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIS BALLOON THEY GOT A ROPE TO HAUL HIM DOWN WITH"

"Red, White and Blue"

[*Continued from page 20*]

a miracle. It is only the strange fruit of circumstance. I said that God would provide you with a flag, but it was not God, Monsieur; it was Death!"

The young American bent down and scanned closely the woman's handiwork.

"Where did you get the material?" he asked.

She regarded him for a moment impassively. Then, with a calm, conclusive gesture she broke off her thread, placed the flag over her left arm, and taking up the candle, rose to her feet.

"You will fight better if I show you," she said. "Come with me, Monsieur."

She led him into a back room that had once been the kitchen of the house, and brushing aside the rubbish with her foot, disclosed a trap door which she bade him open. He did so, and perceived a flight of steps leading down into semi-darkness.

"I will go first," said the woman.

Loring followed her down the steps. It was like descending into a tomb. There was a chill dampness in the air, and the odor was that of a grave.

The tremulous yellow light of the candle revealed a cellar eight or ten feet square, the walls of which were covered by a glistening sweat. Upon the mud floor of this subterranean chamber lay three corpses: the bodies of an old man, an old woman, and a child.

"Here are my dead," said the woman, in a voice without emotion, and proceeded with the awful introduction: "*Ma mère, mon père, et mon petit enfant.*"

Loring looked at the three still forms; then turned and stared with sudden comprehension at the flag which the woman held in her hand.

"I understand," he said slowly; and indeed the thing was apparent enough. A single glance sufficed to show where the woman had got her cloths.

The blouse of the old man had been a faded blue. There was a square patch cut out of it, just over the heart. The old woman had worn a red skirt. It was in ribbons. The child had been covered with a white cloth. That, too, was hacked and cut. . . .

"Good God!" exclaimed Loring, as full realization of the circumstances struck him.

The woman smiled.

"Did I not say that Death —?" she began. But suddenly her voice failed her. The stump of a candle slipped from her hand to the floor, leaving the room gray with the light of morning. Gray, too, was the woman's face as she stood leaning against the wall, with the smile dying on her lips, and a certain child-like wonder dawning in her eyes.

Summoning the last vestige of her strength she held out to him the flag.

"Take it, Monsieur," she said. "I have made it for your *fête* day." Then her eyes closed. "I think that I am going to sleep, after all. . . . Pray for me, Monsieur. . . . Pray that I do not. . . . dream."

She swayed toward him. He caught her in his arms and lowered her gently to the floor. For a moment he remained thus bending over her; then straightened up, with the flag that she had made for him clenched in his hand.

"God — damn — them!" he said. . . .

He was smiling as he reached the open air. It was good to be alive, good to be young and vigorous; good to realize that the enemy you desired to kill eminently deserved killing! He knew, as he strode across the pock-marked field toward the machine that stood waiting there, that he would meet Heidemann; knew also that he would slay or be slain.

So he was not surprised when, upon lifting the hood of the motor, the cause of the difficulty almost immediately manifested itself. A bit of shrapnel, hurled at him the night before by the German "archies," had struck the main feed wire, cutting the insulation eventually, causing the wire to snap. Five minutes' work repaired the damage.

He then fastened the woman's flag to one of the stays of his machine, saluted it briskly and seized the propeller blade. The task of cranking up was one of heroic proportions, but he managed it somehow. After twenty minutes of unremitting labor the motor came thunderously to life. The plane lunged awkwardly toward him. He sprang up on the lower wing, clambered desperately into the pilot's seat and grasped the steering-lever.

The sound of the motor became a steady, heartening roar. The plane sped rocking across the uneven ground; soared suddenly into the air. The flag at its wing-tip stood out in momentary boldness, revealing to an unobservant world its quaint stars and stripes.

The sun rose above the desolated wood.

THE official communiqué of the French Army devoted three sentences to that duel in the air. The correspondents spun it out to a column. What History will say of it is still a matter of conjecture, because History, despite wireless, dictaphones and the typewriter, has not been able to keep pace with the War. Poor History! What a fearful lot of copy she will have to turn out between now and press-time!

IT was just eight o'clock when Lieutenant Loring crossed the German lines. A few moments later he perceived an enemy machine flying toward him. He recognized it by the peculiar dragon-shaped body as Heidemann's.

At once both aviators began to climb. Half a mile below, the German anti-aircraft gun crew that had been spraying the sky with shrapnel, stood with phlegmatic faces turned heavenward, waiting for their champion to down this presumptuous foe, who carried only a wisp of bunting on his wing-tip to distinguish him!

Heidemann, the Dragon Fly, is over him now. A mighty swoop, a quick stab of the lightning that he knows so well how to employ. . . . Ah, there he goes! But no, Wisp of Bunting drops fluttering, a straight nose-dive that brings him suddenly into plain focus. Dragon-Fly comes plunging after him, with sharp chatter of steel, rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!

Well, he has got him that time! Wisp of Bunting slips off sidewise, like a wounded duck; turns reeling toward his own lines. Dragon-Fly circles above him, seems to pause in mid-career, then darts down for the final accounting.

At the same moment Wisp of Bunting shoots dizzily upward, performs a rapid loop and in the twinkling of an eye, by a sort of aerial legerdemain, has reversed positions with his adversary. Instantly he seizes the advantage; points the nose of his machine swiftly downward; presses the firing-button upon the top of his steering-lever.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!

Dragon-Fly hangs drunkenly in air, then dips forward and plunges crashing to earth in the sight of two armies.

THAT night, in a certain village behind the French lines, there was given a dinner for the American members of the escadrille. It was a real Fourth of July dinner, with appropriate embellishments and yards of patriotic bunting. But in the place of honor, over the picture of Washington on the mess-room wall, hung Lieutenant Loring's droll little flag. . . .

Lieutenant Loring himself was present, and was requested to make a speech, which he indignantly refused to do.

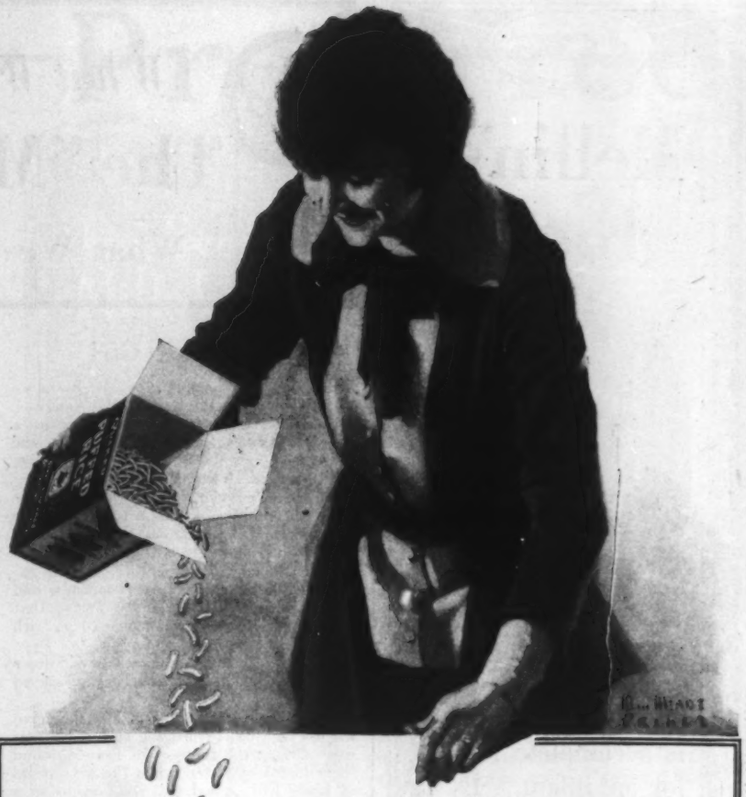
But a famous French General, who had been invited to dine with the mess, rose and said:

"In all the world-to-night there is no worthier symbol of freedom than that flag upon your wall there. In saluting it, I salute not only the colors of America, but of France as well. Nay, more, I salute the very garments of her dead. Messieurs! Let us drink to the red, the white, and the blue. *A la victoire!*"

The mess surged to its feet, with deep responsive voices, and the chorus went thundering out into the night ——

"*A la victoire!*"

There is nothing more inspiring than the story of a down-and-out fellow who makes good. Harold MacGrath has put a new twist to this theme in "Poor Black Sheep" — coming in September



All Need Puffed Grains

To Complete Them

A dish of berries is twice better with thin, crisp, flavory Puffed Grains scattered in it.

In a bowl of milk there is nothing so good as these flimsy, toasted bubbles of grain.

They are like airy nut-meats on a dish of ice cream. No other garnish is half so enticing.

In soups they are ready-toasted morsels with texture as light as a snowflake.

Puffed Grains are the star foods among all breakfast dainties. But nearly every meal has a place for them.

And between meals, every child loves to eat them dry or doused with melted butter.

Puffed Rice **Corn Puffs** **Puffed Wheat**

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c—Except in Far West

Maximum Grain Foods

Puffed Grains are scientific grain foods, prepared by Prof. Anderson's process. Every food cell is exploded, so every atom feeds.

By these explosions the grains are puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

By no other process are grain foods so fitted to digest. Every ounce is an ounce of clear nutrition. And their ease of digestion makes them all-hour foods.

Let children eat them in any way, at any time they will.

The Quaker Oats Company

Chicago

(1948)

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Mellin's Food

Elliott C. Smith, Jr.
Montrose, La.

Mellin's Food, prepared with milk, is a complete food for an infant. By simply varying the proportions in its preparation it can be adapted to children of all ages.

Write today for our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food

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FARMS Dairy, grain, fruit, poultry, Hilltops, lake shores, ocean fronts. Stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Write nearest office for complete Illustrated Catalogue of bargains in many states.
E. A. STROUT FARM AGENCY, Dept. 2721, Boston, New York, Phila., Chicago, Omaha

"Here's Where We Got Our Start"

"Look, Nell—this coupon! Remember the night you urged me to send it in to Scranton? Then how happy we were when I came home with the news of my first promotion? We owe it all, Nell, my place as Manager, our home, our comforts—to this coupon."

Thousands upon thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in their spare time for bigger work.

More than a million men and women in the last 27 years have advanced themselves in position and salary through I. C. S. help. Over 100,000 are studying right now. You can join them and get in line for promotion. The first step to success in the I. C. S. way is to choose your career from this list and mark and mail this coupon here and now.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2964, Scranton, Pa.
Explain fully about your Course in the subject marked X:

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ ADVERTISING	☐ Ship Draft'g
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☐ Mechanical Drafting	☐ Commercial Law	☐ Illustrating
☐ Civil Engineering	☐ BOOKKEEPING	☐ Farming
☐ Stationary Engineering	☐ Stenography	☐ Poultry
☐ Mining Engineering	☐ Civil Service	☐ French
☐ ARCHITECTURE	☐ Ry. Mail Service	☐ SPANISH
☐ Architectural Drafting	☐ AUTOMOBILES	☐ Italian

Name _____

Address _____

What We Have Done Already In The "My America" League

What We Are Doing and Planning to Do

Our Best Girl

IN the March number of McClure's we asked our readers and "My America" League members each to send us a three-cent stamp toward a fund for the education of our plucky little French heroine, eight-year-old Hélène Thibault.

At the same time we told her pathetic story—how a night attack was made by the Huns on the quiet little village where Hélène lived with her mother, father, brothers, sisters, and her old grandmother. In the excitement of the flight, in the darkness and noise and terror, the family forgot that Granny was too old and feeble to go with them.

But little Hélène, who had been Granny's favorite, remembered. So she just stayed behind, too.

Madame de Hemptinne, a brave Belgian woman who has been doing splendid rescue work among the refugees in France, found them both days later, when the gray cloud of Huns had passed by. She wrote to a friend here in America about the old grandmother of eighty and the little girl of eight, who had clung together through the terror, death and hunger of that bombardment, and the "My America" Editor heard the story. Then we called upon the mothers and fathers, the grandmothers and little children of the League.

They responded so promptly and generously that already we have been able to send enough money to France to take care of Hélène for several years, and we have on hand an equally large sum to send over in the next week or two.

Below we print Madame de Hemptinne's letter to the members of the "My America" League, and a translation of Hélène's own little note of thanks, as well.

Unfortunately the old grandmother died from exposure and privation soon after the family had been re-united, so she did not know of the good fortune which has come to her darling through thousands of kind hearts in America. Perhaps, though, she does know, after all.

Your Stamps Did This

"My dear Benefactors:

"I thank you with all my heart for the goodness which you have showed to me. Madame de Hemptinne has told me that all the readers of McClure's Magazine have had pity on my distress, and that they will continue to help me.

"I shall do all that I can to show myself worthy of such great favor, and I hope that one day I shall have the good fortune to see beautiful America, *where the people are so good to little children*. I pray to the good God for you, never to let you be bombarded by the boches, and that they will never be able to take you.

"I send you all a kiss, from a little French girl who calls herself

"Marie-Hélène."

To the League

"My Dear Friends:

"The help you have given little Hélène Thibault gave one such pleasure. I wish you had seen her joy when I told her that I was going to give her nice clean clothes, and — *a pair of shoes*. This is such a luxury now.

"She said, 'Who is going to spend all that money for shoes when bread is so expensive?'

"I answered that it was not one but a great many who had sent the money. She looked at me seriously to try to realize — and after a while, with tears in her blue eyes: 'Will you say to all the good people who have had pity of my bare feet, that I will pray God every day for them not to be bombarded by the Germans?'

"I intend to keep her where she is for all summer — the child is accustomed to be outdoors. I will begin by giving her good food, clothes, shoes, etc., then when October comes I shall put her in a good school. The money is put in the bank and brings interest.

"The father has been wounded, and the mother makes sacks for the trenches — you can imagine that she doesn't earn much. The old grandmother is dead. I am giving good food for all the family, as the children are very weak and thin.

"You cannot know what joy it is for me to know that you are interested in my work, and my heart is full of gratefulness to you all.

"When I see what McClure's Magazine has done I am really astonished.

(Signed) "Marie de Hemptinne."

Our Factory Leagues — On Guard!

THEY are doing a big work for our country, these "My America" Factory Leagues of ours. And day by day — mail by mail, we might say — the list of them lengthens.

Factories employing thousands of workers are on that list, as are also small shops with only a handful of employees. *And each unit is standing like a little company of soldiers, on guard over the Home Line of Defence.*

Sometimes it is one of the officers of the concern who writes to us, worried by hints of dissatisfaction among the men, and by signs, perhaps, of enemy propaganda rearing a menacing head in the factory; or possibly the men are simply apathetic, unroused as yet to the call of patriotism and humanity, and one of the workers themselves has realized this fact and written to the "My America" Editor for help.

And right here we want to emphasize that the "My America" Editor has a constantly revised list of simple, practical suggestions and plans to meet each situation.

Big automobile manufacturers have asked for our help to start the "My America" League work among their employees; one of the largest packing-houses in the country has not only joined the League in a body, but these new members have carried the idea into the town in which their plant is located; construction companies, filling Government orders, have written to us for help in their task of inspiring a fine spirit of patriotism and co-operation among their men.

We are feeling very proud at the League headquarters that this particular chance for service has come to us, for it is undoubtedly one of the most important works to be done to-day, and until now does not seem to have received the attention it deserves.

We are ready and anxious to do our part, but we can not do it alone, and so we ask you, readers of McClure's, (whether you are members of the "My America" League or not) to work with us. It does not matter if you are employer or employee, it is in your power to strengthen the spirit of patriotism in your place of business through co-operation with the League and the assistance it can give you.

If you have not time to write a long letter of description you can at least fill in the attached blank, and receive the information and suggestions the "My America" Editor will send you in reply.

There are no dues in the League except what each individual League chooses to impose. There are no obligations; no conditions attached to joining. The League merely acts as a huge clearing-house, to put you in touch with the work you yourself are especially fitted to undertake.

"My America" membership buttons will be supplied and war work bulletins sent you from time to time. Don't put off filling in the little blank below — *do it to-day*, and find out in what way we can help you make the working spirit of your organization better, stronger and more patriotic than ever before.

To the Editor of the "My America" League,
McClure's Magazine,
25 West 44th Street, New York City.

Please send me at once sample buttons and all information applying to forming a League in my office, shop or factory.

Name .....

Name of concern .....

Business address ..... State .....

Approximate number of employees .....

Employing men, women, or both .....

Remarks .....

.....

Keep the Home Fires Low

Kitchen Patriotism Is Vital in This War

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

THE moral pulse of armies," someone has called morale, or, as defined by the Red Cross: "It is morale that enables men to endure hardships, hunger and pain, to face death again and again, and yet to keep on fighting. . . . It springs from the spirit of the individual soldier and sailor. As long as he continues to be cheerful, and to feel confident of himself and his officers, so long does the morale of the army and the navy continue to be strong. . . . More vital than airplanes, more important than machine-guns, tanks, submarine-chasers, or high explosives is the quality of the spirit of the men in the trenches and on the ocean." And, as we all know, it is the army finally strongest in this abstract force, that can and will win the war.

But, in order to win the war, morale must be maintained at its highest not only on the ocean and in the trenches, but on the land and in the homes back of the ocean and the trenches. We must measure high in morale at home, ourselves, before morale of the right quality can be inspired in the hearts and minds of our soldiers, and become the paramount fighting force abroad.

Ninety per cent. of the morale of a home, one feels justified in saying, springs from the kitchen of that home — and the thought is not a new one. Whether the home is large or small, rich or poor, with or without "help," if the kitchen machinery runs smoothly, the morale of that home will be on a high level. In other words, the more perfectly the food and feeding problem of a home is solved, the greater the wave of strength and ever-renewing courage that home can send to the battle-line of Europe. We are now passing through the most critical and soul-trying summer in the history of the world. Kitchen morale, always lowered in hot weather, is threatened as it has never been threatened before, and we must fight its possible drop as we have never fought anything before.

Home refreshment, attractive meals, peace, and the cheer and stamina only these can provide — always needed in August more than during any other season of the year — are needed this August as they have never been needed before, and it is doubly hard to secure them. No home can longer escape the many unusual difficulties we have now to contend with, the many restrictions we must obey, the many increased and ever-changing demands we must meet — fuel scarcity, food scarcity, a possible ice shortage, increased canning, drying, preserving of all kinds, the appeal to put less into the garbage, as well as the high cost of needed materials, tools and utensils. Just when the health and encouragement that only ideal housekeeping can give to the men and women of our country is most needed, are we most handicapped — and that at every turn.

Fortunately, however, there is a way out, although it may take some persistence to find it, and it must have the co-operation of the entire household in order to insure definitely effective results. Briefly summarized, the steps by which we can successfully foil many of our present summer trials, respond to the food needs of the world, obey and meet the numerous other restrictions and demands, which must be made by the Government, and yet, at the same time, *automatically* maintain kitchen morale at its highest, include:

1. Efficient working conditions, which mean an attractive, easily cleaned kitchen, very simply but adequately equipped, and including some means of cooking by oil, gas, or electricity, as well as some provision for fireless cooking. This may necessitate outlay, but is worth sacrifice in other directions. Every woman in the country is entitled to the best kitchen equipment the work of her particular household demands. This is more vital to-day than yesterday — and most significant in its influence on our world of to-morrow. Where a home cannot afford right kitchen conditions, the state or community should come to the rescue.

2. Simplified living, which covers the elimination of all elaborate cooking, the use of as many foods as possible that require little or no cooking — such as fresh fruits and vegetables, salads, milk, cream, cocoa and chocolate, eggs, cheese dishes, fish, cream vegetable soups, sandwiches, gelatine and frozen desserts, fruit beverages — and the serving of "two-course" dinners, "one-dish" luncheons, "tray-suppers" for the porch, with "cookless" meals or "picnics" for Sundays, holidays, and every other possible occasion.

3. Preservation of food for future use by methods requiring as little fuel, labor, equipment, and kitchen disorder as possible — such as drying, when practical, in preference to canning, the use of the garden for growing winter vegetables suitable for storing, rather than increased crops of summer vegetables for canning. Where canning is desirable, it should be done out-of-doors if possible, or, at least, away from the kitchen; in cases of quantity canning, the use of a pressure cooker, or a large commercial water-bath outfit will save time, fuel, and labor.

4. Wise planning of menus, careful buying, and, as far as possible, the complete use of all food in order to reduce kitchen refuse and its care to a minimum.

Where the laundry problem is also a part of the kitchen work of a house, here again both fuel and labor can be saved, and much peace and happiness result, by folding underclothing and household linen — fresh, sweet, and sun-bleached from the line — and putting it away without ironing. An enameled table for the dining-room or eating porch, always charming when laid with little or no linen, will further spare materials, fuel, heat, and labor. Soft shirts and collars for men, laundered without starch, will again help to save our day, and react favorably for the good of the whole country.

A cool kitchen now — by whatever steps it may best be secured — means not only more comfort and radiating strength at the moment, but more fuel, warmer homes, and greater production in every line of endeavor next winter. *Now* — this August — is the time to save that shovelful of coal, that hour's worth of electric current, that foot of gas, that gallon of oil. "If we are to win this war it will be only because every man, woman, and child charges himself daily and hourly with the test — *Does this or that contribute to win the war?* . . . This people will be cursed for the next ten generations if we don't. . . . Nor is this the gospel of gloom; it is the gospel of the full health, spirits, and strength of our people in maintaining the last ounce of production, the last atom of economy."

Women at home can do many — even all of these things suggested — if the men at home will stand for it all, and they have only to stand for it once or twice to know what power — both for those at home and, through them, for those abroad, lies in their tolerance. Little things, all of them, perhaps, but — as Mr. Hoover has once more so forcibly summed up our situation:

"We are in a life and death struggle to stamp out a system, to right a wrong, to preserve our institutions, our freedom, to preserve the right to peace. The first of the races which resisted the Germans were the Slavs. They have been crushed. The Latin nations are still vigorously in the field, but the long brunt of battle has worn them severely. Our English cousins are the next to carry the full brunt of aggression. To-day they stand between us and Prussianism. Our turn comes next. No matter what happens to them all, we must go through. . . . We may become the last hope of 350,000,000 overrun, liberty-loving men, women, and children. If our associates fail, it may take us twenty years to right the wrongs done. . . . Every increased *atom* we sacrifice to-day, shortens the period of our travail. We must do it, or we are no longer free people."

For details or further information on food conservation address Editorial Department of McClure's. This service is free to our readers

-Preferred

CARNATION MILK is preferred by thousands of housewives because they know it is real milk—just pure cows' milk and nothing else. It is evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized to keep it pure and wholesome. It is convenient, safe and economical. There is no waste in Carnation—it "stays sweet" several days after opening. Try it. Order several cans from your grocer and try it in cooking. Write us for our book of practical recipes. Carnation Milk Products Co., 883 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U. S. A.

HIS LETTERS

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Coming in the

SEPTEMBER McCLURE'S

To have written this little masterpiece is a great achievement.
For an editor to present it to his readers is a privilege and a joy.
To read it will be a rare experience.
This is one of the most exquisitely simple glimpses into the human heart at war time that has found its way into any magazine since the great conflict began.
A young American soldier sails for France, and before the shores of his own country are faded from his sight, he turns to four precious letters that have been sent to him.

His mother's reads:
"I wonder if you boys setting out on this great adventure can ever know what love you are leaving behind?"

His good Aunt Fanny writes:
"You are going to come back covered with medals, as a pincushion is stuck with pins."

His grandmother's letter held this:
". . . . . that life itself is nothing and that what counts is duty and achievement."

The Fourth letter, in an unformed girlish handwriting, was the one he kept next to his heart. His best girl tells him, frankly: "You are perfectly wonderful in your uniform, Frank. It's the most *becoming* thing."

Through these letters shines the finest of American courage

A Star in the Window — *Continued from page 26*

money to complete young Seth's education, had given a twelve-year mortgage on the home place. He had not always met the interest and yearly payments on schedule, but the holder of the mortgage was an old friend and had made no trouble, not even after Mr. Braddock's death. Recently, however, the friend had died; and the deed had been acquired by Peter Unruh.

"And Unruh's evidently got his eye on the place," explained the legal man.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Lydia, remembering the affair of the box trees. She knew something of Peter Unruh's high-handed methods when he had his eye on a thing. She clasped her hands together tightly. "And poor Seth lying over there in a hospital!"

"Yes, that makes it bad," agreed the lawyer. "When he went away, he probably never dreamed the deed would pass into other hands."

"But can't *anything* be done?"

The lawyer took off his eye-glasses and tapped them in the air.

"Well, the payment's due next week, and last year's payment went by — not mentioning the interest. Unruh's within his rights. It's hard — but business is business, you know, Miss Hale."

Legal people have a maddeningly complacent way of mentioning "business" as though it were the paramount consideration of the world! Yet Miss Lydia knew she must respect his dictum.

"How — how much is the amount?" she faltered.

The lawyer adjusted his eye-glasses upon his nose, swung about in his swivel-chair, and consulted some files.

"The payment due May fifteenth next, together with the overdue amount and the accrued interest," he announced, "totals just $2,040.34."

"Two thousand dollars!" repeated Miss Lydia faintly.

"Yes," confirmed the lawyer, as sympathetically as one could expect from a lawyer. "I'm sorry it had to happen while young Braddock's away."

Troubled but brave, Miss Lydia left the office and made her way home. How bitterly unjust it was! She recalled that last picture of Seth, when he had come to tell her good-bye. The talk of high adventure was on his lips; but, in his eyes, was the light of some deep, scarcely comprehended feeling. The boy could never have explained in words why he must go. But he had to go; and he was glad to go — glad to drink the red foam from danger's cup, ready to pour out his own young life all in one libation. And a covetous old man — named Unruh! — who had hoarded all his life for a rich, envious, selfish, secure old age, was able to snatch his one earthly possession from Seth, the beloved home of his fathers from Seth — Seth, lying helpless from a boche shell on the other side of the world!

Miss Lydia had reached her own gate and was passing in between the two sentinel box trees, when suddenly an idea came to her.

The box trees!

She stood there staring at them for a moment, and then, rather weakly, walked on up the graveled path to the house.

When she entered the "best room" she went straight to the old-fashioned "secretary," seated herself, and, with compressed lips and firm hand, wrote a brief note. The note was addressed to Peter Unruh, Esq. It ran:

> I have decided to sell my box trees. I am offering them to you first. Please let me know at your earliest convenience whether you still desire them.
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> LYDIA HALE.

Late that same afternoon an unusual thing happened. Peter Unruh came to call upon Miss Hale. The neighbors who saw him descend from his motor and walk up the graveled path, would have given much to know what happened after he had pulled the old-fashioned knocker and disappeared inside the door. But their curiosity was to remain unsatisfied till the next day.

Peter Unruh was a huge man both as to height and width; his appearance, his manner, his deep guttural voice, all bespoke that this was a "successful" man, an important man, a man to be listened to with respect. No wonder that Miss Lydia became a little fluttered at the unexpected sight of him.

The important man, noting that she was shy, was not displeased that she should feel shy at having him call at her quaint but unpretentious abode. So, when she had politely proffered him the big chintz chair beside the table, he smiled at her in a manner calculated to put her at her ease.

"I received your note," he stated, "saying that you want to sell the box trees, after all."

"Yes," acquiesced Miss Lydia, ordering her trembling figure to sit quite stiff in her chair.

"So," he went on genially, "I thought it might be safer just to drop in in person, and close up the deal before you should change your mind again!"

He smiled beneath his grizzled, close-clipped moustache. Miss Lydia forced herself to smile also.

"Yes, perhaps it's safer," she agreed, that tremulous smile at the corners of her mouth.

"I even brought my check-book with me," he said, fumbling in an inner pocket.

Miss Lydia was not surprised to hear that. But this check was not ready signed, as that other had been. Unruh, rising, asked permission and ponderously moved over to the secretary.

"By the way," he remarked, pen poised. "I nearly forgot — what price do you ask for the trees?"

Miss Lydia looked away from him, out the window, as she replied:

"Twenty-five hundred dollars."

That was more than the required $2,040.32 — it seemed to her she was playing Shylock, but — the German-American who had meant to rob Seth — well, he might as well while he was about it furnish the poor boy a few needed luxuries.

Whether Unruh thought he was being well worked, or let off easy, he made out the check with a plaster-of-Paris immobility of countenance; but, as he handed it to his hostess, he rose and gazed about him with an ironical smile.

"You have some nice old things here, Miss Hale."

"They seem so to me," said Miss Lydia softly.

His appraising eyes took in the great fireplace, the old crane and pot-hooks blackened with the smoke of a century; dropped to the enormous slab of bluestone which was the hearth; lifted to an ancient rusted sword hanging above the mantel.

"Heirloom?" he interrogated, nodding toward it.

"Yes," answered Miss Lydia. "One of my ancestors brought it home from the Revolution."

The visitor's eyes went on roving; lingered a moment on a corner-cupboard arrayed with old blue china; passed on to a mirror that hung nearby, a piece of exquisite workmanship, the design picturing a fierce marine struggle.

"That mirror's interesting," he vouchsafed. "Is it any sea-fight in particular?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Lydia. "The battle between the frigates *Guerrière* and *Constitution* in the War of 1812."

"An heirloom, too?"

Why did he ask so many questions? But Miss Lydia answered him politely.

"Yes. We cherish it because a great-great-great uncle of mine lost his life in that battle."

"Ah!" commented Mr. Unruh. "You seem to be a fighting family."

Miss Lydia lifted her head proudly.

"Yes, we're a fighting family," she said.

Those disconcertingly roving eyes finally came to rest on a grandfather's clock, a tall black Chinese Chippendale. Mr. Unruh moved across to survey it more closely, much as if he were in a shop where antiquities were for sale.

"It still goes, I see. Keep good time?"

"Very good time," responded Miss Lydia faintly.

In the little silence that followed, she could distinctly hear the clock's ticking. Often, when she was alone, that sound had made it seem almost a living companion. How odd that a thing like this, made by human hands, was able to live on after its so many owners lay cold in dust!

She was recalled from her musing by her visitor's voice.

"You don't care to sell it, I suppose?"

Miss Lydia caught her breath.

"Oh, no!"

Peter Unruh smiled at her — more genially ironic than ever.

"Well, if you happen to change your mind," he said, "just let me know!"

After her caller finally departed, Miss Lydia all but had a fainting spell.

But, by next morning, her courage was on hand again, to help her through the ordeal of seeing the trees go.

The removal of the famous Hale box trees was an event which furnished Harwich talk for many a day. A truck came once again bearing that specially constructed steel monster, which, now, was permitted to settle itself down round each tree in turn, with relentless fingers cutting down, down, down into the enveloping parent earth. Harwich loved to speculate on the weight of that transplanted earth. Also on the price of the operation. It must have cost Peter Unruh more than did the trees themselves — not counting the expense of refilling those gaping holes each side of the Hale gate. But Peter Unruh, you know, was not one to consider dollars and cents when he really wanted a thing.

And Miss Lydia's feelings? She didn't allow herself to have feelings. But for many days afterward, she carefully kept her eyes straight ahead when she must pass between those two big, bare, brown patches where the box trees used to stand.

Yet she was capable of doing some smiling herself; whimsically ironical was her smile when she reflected it was Peter Unruh's own money that had saved from his clutching fingers the home of her soldier.

She continued to fill her days with knitting socks and sweaters, cutting bandages, collecting garments for the homeless, and whatever little thing she might do in aid of this great war. . .

Nearly a year had passed by since that fragment of boche shell had given Seth his "holiday," when she received news that he was wounded again. This time it was a bad knee. Seth didn't know how it had happened. The boches had attacked them, "over the top" into the British trenches, and for awhile, as Seth put it, "there was the devil to pay." Seth paid him for one, for, when it was all over, he found himself in a base hospital with a bayonet wound in his shoulder and something wrong with his knee. He couldn't remember anything's having happened to his knee, but he couldn't walk; he had "water" on it. The doctors said that even if he took a long and expensive treatment, his leg would always be stiff. They were talking of mustering him out. He hoped that calamity wouldn't come to pass, but, anyway, he was glad he was going to be sent home for a six-weeks' furlough. And oh, yes — she might be pleased to hear he'd been "decorated." Funny! because whatever he had done, he'd done it in such an irresponsible state he couldn't even remember about it! Well, she could be expecting him home almost any time after she got this letter.

Home! His own home was closed up, desolate. It meant that *she*, Lydia Hale, would have the joy and high honor of receiving him, of nursing and pampering a hero home from war.

A great bustling began then in the old Hale house. Miss Lydia and the inexperienced maid and an extra woman in "by the day" ran about in an ecstasy of "house-cleaning" that should have made the place fit for the convalescence of the Commanding General himself.

Seth came home one April night that was sweet with the instinct of spring. He had gone away a boy, but he came back a man, with a medal on his breast, a limp in his leg, and strange new depths in his eyes. His eyes spoke of sad and grim and wonderful things — an epitome of Life and Death caught together in two brief years — that he could never tell.

They sat in the "best room" talking late, the gentle old woman thanking God who had sent her warrior back to her with that deep, high look in his eyes. It was an evening of such happiness as she had never hoped for since the other Seth went to China. She knew why her boy spoke so briefly of the things she longed to hear. For she, too, was one who found it hard to voice what she felt most deeply. That was why she sat silent when Seth told her of the unforeseen calamity which had threatened his home, and of how, even before he had known of the danger, it had been removed in some mysterious manner he had yet to clear up.

No, she couldn't mention the box trees, then. And it wasn't till the next morning, when daylight could be the discloser, that Seth discovered the two great, dark patches of filled-in earth.

He came excitedly limping in to her, demanding impatiently:

"Why, Miss Lydia! What's happened to the box trees?"

Miss Lydia began to quake inwardly, as if on the brink of being detected in crime.

"What's happened?" he repeated. "Where've they gone?"

My America

Department of the Interior, Alaskan Engineering Commission.

Anchorage, Alaska,
May 13th, 1918.

"My America" Editor,

Sir: — Ran across your page in McClure's for May and will say that the spirit of the "My America" League has struck me forcibly

I certainly would like to receive a shipment of buttons and instructions for the organization of a League in this locality. *I think that it would be one of the best things that has ever struck this community.*

Alaska is in a peculiar position in this war, and we are doing everything we can to help the cause along. If you have a State Chairman for this Territory, let me have his name and address, if not I will be glad to do everything I can to place a League in each town.

Enclosed also some three-cent stamps for little Hélène.

Yours very truly,

(signed) C. G. WILFORD,
A. E. C. Property Department.

"I — sold them," she faltered.

"*Sold* them? Why, I thought they were the apple of your eye!"

"Yes. But I was glad to let them go, Seth — really thankful I had them to sell."

Seth's voice dropped, then.

"Was it — a question of money?"

Miss Lydia hesitated a second, with troubled face and nervous hands.

"Yes, Seth, it was a question of money."

"Oh, I'm sorry! It's a rotten shame!" Seth came and touched her shoulder in a clumsy expression of sympathy. "What was the trouble, Miss Lydia?"

She turned her head away so that he could see only her averted profile. She took a deep breath; the words seemed hard to say.

"I want you to know first of all, Seth, that it was what I *wanted* to do — what I —— "

She broke off. Young Seth stood watching her.

"Was it — for *me*?" he demanded with sudden suspicion.

"I was so glad — " she began again.

"It *was* for me!" he broke in. "It was *you* who saved the place from old Unruh!"

Miss Lydia sat silent.

"And I had to let you do *that*," he muttered bitterly. "Let you, a woman poor and all alone, sacrifice what you treasured most in the world ——"

At that, Miss Lydia interrupted him with an unwontedly imperious gesture, a swift uplift of head. She rose to her feet, all the timidity vanished, on her face a look of pride and gentleness and triumph all shiningly suffused.

"You don't understand, Seth. I said I was *glad* to sell them, and I meant it. Glad for the chance to do so little for you who were doing so much for me. You were my fighting-man, Seth — the Hales' fighting-man in this war when the world needs brave men as it never needed them before. I'd almost have died, Seth, if I couldn't have felt *in* it. And I was in it — because I had *you* in it. What are mere sentimental mementos worth in comparison with that? We've got to think of the future nowadays, dear — not of the past."

She paused; then put her hand tenderly on his arm.

"Do you understand, now, that doing that for you was doing my bit, and the chance the best luck I ever had?"

Seth turned his head away sharply. When he brought his face back to her, it wore an expression which might tell any woman, who ever called forth its like, that she hadn't lived in vain. He touched the decoration on his breast.

"I wear this," he said, "but you're the one who deserves it — a dozen of them. For you're the best soldier of us all."

Miss Lydia, made more humble than vain by his praise, thought, then, that she had come to the transcendent moment of her life. But she was to find out she had reckoned too soon.

Four days after Seth came home, the United States went into the war. The event brought mingled feelings into the house where Miss Lydia tended her wounded hero: joyful pride that their country at last had taken its rightful place; grief that Seth could not enlist under the Stars and Stripes. This was almost too great a sorrow to be borne. But, if the British had dismissed him as being disqualified, how could the Americans take him? Bitterly Seth lamented his fate, and Miss Lydia had to grieve on his account as well as her own.

But, as she had claimed to Peter Unruh, she came of a "fighting family;" she would not give up easily. She had heard of a surgeon who achieved marvelous things. She went into the city to see him. And she came back home to Seth, radiant.

"Oh, Seth! It can be done! It will require time and patience, but I've found a doctor who says he can fix you up so they'll take you!"

"Will it," asked Seth a little hesitantly, "cost very much?"

"Quite a lot — but if it gets you into shape, what's the cost to do with it?"

"A good deal," he answered despondently, "when I haven't got a sou — and the old place still mortgaged!"

Miss Lydia leaned toward him.

"Listen — I have a plan," she began, trying to make her voice vibrantly casual. "If you'll only look at it straight ——"

Her diffidence made him regard her suspiciously.

"I know! — you want to hock something else you treasure!"

"Well," still with that determined buoyancy of tone, "I chanced to remember that Peter Unruh admired the Chippendale clock — said I might name my own price. It's easily worth twelve or fifteen hundred — I inquired in town. And ——"

"Not on your life!" shouted Seth fiercely. "I may be a down-and-outer — but there's a limit to my sponging! Do you think I could stand for that? You're a brick, Miss Lydia, but ——"

And then, as once before, Miss Lydia stopped him with a swift uplift of head, with a gesture gentle and imperious at once.

"Hush — we had this out before. Oh, Seth, Seth! Don't you know — ? Would you stop me from sending my soldier across for America — would you?"

They interchanged a long look, a silent look more martially resoundant than fife and drum.

Then, all aflame with a new fire, Seth spoke.

"I'll be prouder to be *your* soldier than to have all the war crosses and decorations in the world!"

THE day Seth Braddock left to join his comrades in camp, Miss Lydia went into the city with him. After she had seen him off, before she caught her train back to Harwich, she had time to make a purchase — a little flag, red-bordered, with a blue star on its ground of white.

She hung it in the front window of the "best room." With it hanging there, how could she ever lament such comparative trifles as trees sure to die, a clock sure to fall to pieces? Just a little star in the window — but always, the first thing in the morning, she might see it gleaming where, unseen, it had been shining through the night; just a little star in the window, but alight with living fire — a symbol of right after wrong, of love after hate, of life after death! A symbol of final peace on earth, triumphant and eternal . . . like that Blessed Star of old. . . .

It was the rich compensation for her barren life, the justification of her existence, that, in such an hour, she, Lydia Hale, could hang forth a little blue star for the service of humanity.

And, the day Seth Braddock went away, the very hour, as it happened, that Miss Lydia hung out her service flag, Peter Unruh was showing some visitors over his magnificent estate.

It was with an air of considerable pride that he brought them up to two box trees.

"Those trees are nearly two hundred years old — the finest in the country."

One of the visitors regarded the trees with an expression of astonished interest.

"Why, they must be the Hale box trees!"

"They are," affirmed Unruh complacently.

"But I understood they couldn't be bought for any price."

Unruh smiled.

"When we go inside," he promised, "I'll show you a clock — a fine old Chippendale grandfather. It ticked away in the Hales' best room for more than a century."

"But I thought ——"

"Oh," interrupted Peter Unruh, still smiling, "these Yankees are sentimental — but a blank check'll bring them around. They may be uppish at first, but that check'll prey on their mind. Just give 'em time — the check'll bring 'em around."

The Doormat and the Bulldog

[*Continued from page 16*]

did not seem to be impressed otherwise by Grout's declamation.

"I know what's the matter with you!" he asserted. "You've had a row with your wife and come to work with a grouch. Don't be an ass. Keep your home troubles out of the office. I'll overlook your insolence this time. Here!" He tossed Hendrie's letter back to Martin. "Go out there and line that fellow up."

Grout stumbled out of the private office, disillusioned with respect to his metamorphosis. He molted under Bigelow's hot scorn and his heroic mood sloughed off. He had forgotten his grievance against his wife until his employer spoke of her. The re-

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minder of Ellen brought back to Martin's mind how she had slandered her husband. When he slunk from Bigelow's room he felt crushed in spirit. All at once Grout was faint with nostalgic hunger.

He had not taken the precaution to close the door when he went into the sanctum. Consequently, all the explosive dialogue between the senior partner and himself had been overheard in the general office. As the downcast little credit man emerged after his memorable interview with Bigelow, a subdued cackle of mirth derided him.

He was glad of an excuse to get away from the hateful office. Just to sit in his obscure corner involved the endurance of an atmosphere of insult. He learned that a suburban train was due to leave for Clear Lake in six minutes. Martin jammed on his yellow straw hat and bolted ignominously. A guffaw billowed after him as he burst out the front door.

He could not spare time enough to snatch a sandwich. He bought his ticket and hurried to the express. He searched all the cars for a train boy. There was none aboard. Grout flung himself into a seat in the smoker to bear the ordeal of an hour's racking of his empty stomach before he could alleviate its pangs. He was denied even the consolation of tobacco. In his hasty flight from home he had neglected to change his pipe and pouch from his smoking-jacket to the pocket of his office coat.

Long-continued, excruciating suffering sometimes makes its own anodyne. Martin's hunger was deadened when the train arrived at Clear Lake. An implacable credit man pounced off the first coach. He glared at the Independent Creamery a block down the tracks, and rushed toward it savagely. Hendrie was to bear the brunt of all the wrongs which had been done to Grout that morning.

When Martin burst into the cubby-hole office of the creamery, he found at the desk a worried-looking, sinewy young man dressed in overalls and jumper. Hendrie was scratching his head over some tabulations strewn before him. He twisted about in his chair as the door opened; then leaped to his feet.

"Why, Mr. Grout!" he welcomed his visitor with pleased surprise, "I'm mighty glad to see you."

"You needn't be." Martin's harsh tone cut off cordiality. "Mr. Bigelow has turned your case over to me. I came to tell you that every note we hold must be paid as it falls due We won't grant any extensions."

Hendrie blanched. The skin tightened over his cheek bones and made him haggard.

"You don't understand the circumstances," he protested. "I'm sure if ——"

"I don't care anything for the if's!" Grout broke in. "You agreed to pay that money, and it's up to you to do it. I didn't come out here to listen to your troubles."

Desperation pinched the corners of the young man's eyelids. His jaws tightened and his whole body tensed. Hendrie waited several seconds before he retorted, as if deliberately calculating the chance he was about to take.

"You're going to listen, though," he blurted grimly. "Every dollar I have, even my home, is tied up in this creamery. If I'm to be frozen out, Bigelow & Judkins won't have the excuse that they didn't know the facts beforehand."

"Frozen out!" Grout snorted. "All we're after is our money. If you haven't the ready cash to pay our notes, you ought to be able to borrow it easily enough from your local bank to tide you over."

"I said you didn't understand the circumstances," Hendrie reasserted determinedly. "The Clear Lake Bank is under the thumb of the men who also control the First National at Walden, the county-seat. They own a big creamery there and used to handle most of the milk from this neighborhood, too, before I started up. That crowd is sore at me because I've cut into their business pretty deep. The wolves shut off my bank credit. They hope I'll bust so they can grab this little plant at a foreclosure sale. Nobody around here has had the nerve to buck their gang until now. If they can freeze me out, they'll have the field to themselves again; consequently they're after my hide."

"Well, is that our funeral?" Grout demanded brutally.

"It would be the funeral of any hopes your firm has of keeping a customer in this part of the country," answered Hendrie.

"I guess we can struggle along without orders from one county," the credit man sneered. He turned his back, and opened the office door.

"Where're you going?" shrilled Hendrie.

"To lunch!" snarled Martin like a gaunt, carnivorous animal.

"There isn't a decent restaurant in town. But my wife can't be beat as a cook; come home with me to dinner. And give me a chance to talk over my affairs with you," Hendrie pleaded. "I need advice from somebody like yourself who understands all about the creamery business. I appeal to you as man to man. You can't catch a train back to Chicago until two-thirty-eight anyway. Won't you give me the benefit of your time till then?"

Grout hesitated. He was ferociously hungry, but he craved a good meal after his long fast. He recollected the strictures of Bigelow & Judkins' salesmen on the provender served in most small-town eating places. He visioned contrastingly delectable viands prepared by a matchless cook. Then, too, the appeal to him as a fellow creature pierced the armor of sternness in which Martin made it his practise to keep his heart encased when he passed on questions of business for his employers. He felt he would be wiser if he refused Hendrie's invitation. Yet his judgment was overruled by his appetite.

"You're welcome to talk to me, now I'm here," he vouchsafed. "And if my advice 'll help you any, I'll be glad of it." His harshness had been softened by Hendrie's complimentary assumption that he "understood all about the creamery business" and was competent to counsel. "I'm much obliged to you for asking me to dinner, but won't I make your wife a lot of extra trouble, coming without being expected?" Martin remembered to be polite.

"Not a bit," the prospective host assured. He seized his desk telephone and spoke a number. "Hello, Marian! I'm bringing a gentleman home to dinner—Mr. Grout, of Bigelow & Judkins."

The way he mentioned his guest's name made Martin feel as if he were a member of the firm. Hendrie, who had been listening at the receiver, turned suddenly to Grout.

"DO you like bacon and eggs, and potato cakes?" he asked dubiously.

"Nothing better!" Martin welcomed his belated breakfast with enthusiasm.

"He says that will be all right, Marian," his host reverted to the telephone. "Yes, we're coming right away."

Martin liked the tenderness of the young man's tone to his wife, and smiled approval.

Fifteen minutes later when Grout sat at the right hand of his pretty hostess and surveyed the dinner table, he forgot how ill-used he had been that morning. Besides an abundance of the promised bacon and eggs and delicately browned potato cakes, on the board were lettuce salad, boiled young onions in cream, tender doughnuts, gingerbread still warm from the baking oven, "Dutch" cheese, and fresh cherry pie. Making his satisfaction with the meal complete, Martin had new buttermilk to drink.

As a credit man Grout might have criticized the extravagance of such viands on the table of a household the head of which was doomed to fail in business before the end of another week. But Hendrie dispelled the compunction Martin felt when he believed he was condoning profligacy by devouring with ravenous zest everything set before him. The bacon, boasted the host, was a memento of a pig he had raised and butchered himself. Some of the hens in his chicken yard had laid the eggs since sunrise. The vegetables were from his garden, and he had picked the cherries last night from the tree that shaded the front gate. The creamery furnished the buttermilk and the principal ingredient of the cottage cheese.

Martin ate to repletion. As he fed, the internal pressure of contentment forced out of his system the virus of malignity that had poisoned him all morning. At the end of the meal he basked, satiated. The change in him was not only physical; his mind was mellowed, too, as a reflex effect of the food. He radiated real cordiality instead of merely glinting politeness from the hard varnish of good manners, as he had expected to do when he accepted the invitation to dinner. In this genial mood he leaned back from his emptied pie-plate and began anew to talk with Hendrie about the jeopardized creamery business. He addressed his first question as much to his hostess as to her husband, for he recognized that this was a family crisis.

"Now tell me why you aren't able to take care of your notes?"

Hendrie took a sheaf of memoranda from his pocket to reenforce his answer.

"You remember, Mr. Grout, before I signed my contract with Bigelow & Judkins that day in your office, I showed you the

records I had kept for twelve years of the amount of milk brought to market in this district. I based all my plans on these figures, which I know are correct. The pastures dried up early in June. The heat and the scarcity of grass have cut down by two thirds the quantity of milk the farmers ordinarily would have brought to the creamery. There hasn't been such a dry season in thirty years, and not a sign of rain yet.

"I made contracts to supply my distributors in Chicago. The minimum quantities I agreed to furnish were based, of course, on my contracts with the farmers; and left a safe margin, I thought. But as things turned out I'm not getting half the milk I counted on as sure. So, instead of making a profit that I could use to take up my notes, I've had to pay heavy penalties each weekly settlement with my customers for over a month.

"I have been hoping every day the drought would break. But look at that sky!" Hendrie pointed out a window at the coppery dome that seemed to reflect and double the heat with which the parched earth was smitten by the sun. "It's never going to rain again, it looks like. I'm about busted, instead of prosperous. But I wish you'd look over these contracts and figures, Mr. Grout, and tell me whether if you'd been in my place last winter you wouldn't 've done as I did. If ever a business looked like a sure winner, this seemed so when I started in. I'd 've made close to seven thousand dollars clear if we'd had an average summer. As it is," Hendrie concluded bitterly, "my wife and I won't even have our home left."

Martin looked over the tabulations passed to him; then he pronounced the oracular judgment of a man who "understood all about the creamery business."

"Your figures may be absolutely correct, and doubtless were made carefully." He glanced sidewise at the young woman who was watching his face fearfully. "But you took a dangerous risk in tackling a big job with so little cash. You ought to have had at least five thousand dollars more. You spread your money out too thin. It's the commonest mistake men of limited capital make when they go in business for themselves."

"I'D have come out all right if it hadn't 've been for this cussed weather!" Hendrie exercised a husband's prerogative of forceful speech before his wife, in order to vent his resentment at Nature.

"This — ahem — weather," Grout dogmatically insisted, "is one of the factors you should have taken into consideration." Martin appeared to be reassuming now his credit man's guise of severity. "You protected yourself with fire insurance; though a fire is much less apt to occur than a drought."

"I guess I did take too many chances," Hendrie mumbled. "But I didn't realize it."

Then Martin sprang the surprise he had been ruminating since the edge of his hunger was dulled.

"How much more time do you need on your notes?" he inquired. "We might help you out if you don't put us off too long."

Mrs. Hendrie sprang from her chair and clutched Grout's shoulders. Her eyes seemed to grip his very soul and pull it out so she could see it.

"Do you really mean that?" she begged with hope that was almost fierce.

"Why, yes, of course!" affirmed the startled credit man. "I'll explain the circumstances to Mr. Bigelow and recommend that Mr. Hendrie be given a reasonable extension of time to pay up what he owes us. We know he's honest, and that's the main essential in credit."

The young woman released Martin and ran round the corner of the table to her husband. She flung her arms about his neck and hugged him rapturously.

"I knew God wouldn't let you fail after I prayed so hard!" she sobbed her reverent happiness.

Grout was not used to the sensations of an instrument of Providence. The realization that he had been prayed for caused gooseflesh to creep up and down his spine. He attempted to make plain to his hostess that he had not come on wings to her husband's relief, but via the very mundane railroad.

"Why, you shouldn't take on so about it!" he protested nervously. "It's just ordinary business."

"No. God sent you," the devout woman persisted in her faith.

Martin knew it would be useless to argue the point further. She was sure in her stand, and he was only uncomfortably dubious regarding his own status. He forced a laugh and stood up. He was eager to escape from the odor of sanctity.

"Let's go back to the creamery now," he proposed to his host. "I'd like to look over the plant."

Very deferentially Grout bade Mrs. Hendrie good-bye and thanked her for her hospitality. The two men set out for the big, barn-like building near the railroad tracks. Martin still had more than an hour and a half to wait before he could take a train to Chicago. Under Hendrie's tutorship he became acquainted with many processes of handling milk and its products, of which previously he had only a theoretical knowledge. At the end of his inspection he felt that now he really did "understand all about the creamery business." He had acquired, too, a cordial liking and respect for his enthusiastic guide.

Grout and his cicerone returned to the little office after their tour of the building. The telephone was ringing insistently. Hendrie answered. He turned from the instrument after listening a moment.

"Chicago wants to talk with you," he informed the surprised credit man, and proffered the receiver.

"Hello!" called Martin.

Central assured herself of his identity; then he heard his employer's voice.

"That you, Grout?"

"Yes, Mr. Bigelow."

"What've you done?" the senior partner peremptorily demanded.

"Why — " Unconsciously Martin was apologetic. "Why," he stammered again, "I haven't done anything. Mr. Hendrie has explained his situation to me. I told him I guessed we could extend his notes a little."

"We won't do any such thing!" Bigelow blurted. "You tell Hendrie he's got to pay up as he agreed when we sold him the goods. I expected from the way you acted this morning that you'd make some damned fool break; so I called up to stop you. Now do you understand? No extension goes."

"But Mr. Bigelow, I promised we'd —— "

"Who gave you authority to promise anything? You tell Hendrie just what I told you. Good-bye!"

Dazed, Martin aimed the receiver at its hook. He turned toward the white-faced auditor beside the desk.

"He — he won't give you time," he stuttered.

"Can't you persuade him for me?" Hendrie begged pitiably. Then he read in the little man's shabbiness and humiliation the answer to his appeal. "Oh, it wouldn't be any use! I see there's nothing you can do."

Recollection flashed to Grout; only an hour ago he had been called an instrument of Providence. He remembered Mrs. Hendrie's rapt expression when she exclaimed that he had come to Clear Lake in answer to her prayers. Her faith was implicit.

Suddenly Grout recalled his declaration of independence that morning in the senior partner's office. He vehemently had given notice that he would not stand insulting treatment any longer. Bigelow just had humiliated him grossly over the telephone. Martin remembered again all his temporarily forgotten grievances. He had been shamed beyond endurance. Self-respect demanded of him immediate suitable action in reprisal. He would resign forthwith as credit man. An unformed wish had been back of his thoughts all the while he was inspecting the creamery. Impulsively he correlated it now with his decision to quit the firm of Bigelow & Judkins.

He looked at Hendrie crushed by disappointment, and opened his mouth to speak. But his throat clutched the words and dragged them back from his lips. Martin almost had forgotten Ellen! Before committing himself to his newly made plan, he must talk it over with her. Then barbed memories stabbed him like banderillas.

Grout had asserted his manhood by leaving home without breakfast. More stern measures were necessary to make her understand that henceforth he intended to be master in his own house. This was the time to show both her and Bigelow unmistakable proof that he could not be insulted with impunity. His eyes snapped as Martin imagined her surprise when he coolly should tell Ellen to-night that he had left his job and was going into business for himself. Now he flung hesitation aside and spoke to Hendrie.

"Do you want to sell a half interest in this creamery at cost? If you're agreeable, I'll be dodgasted if I won't go in with you."

"What?" the young man cried incredulously. He looked at Grout's rusty, bagged clothes and yellow old hat.

"Oh, I've got the money!" Martin fiercely vindicated his status. He slapped down a savings-bank [*Continued on page 52*]

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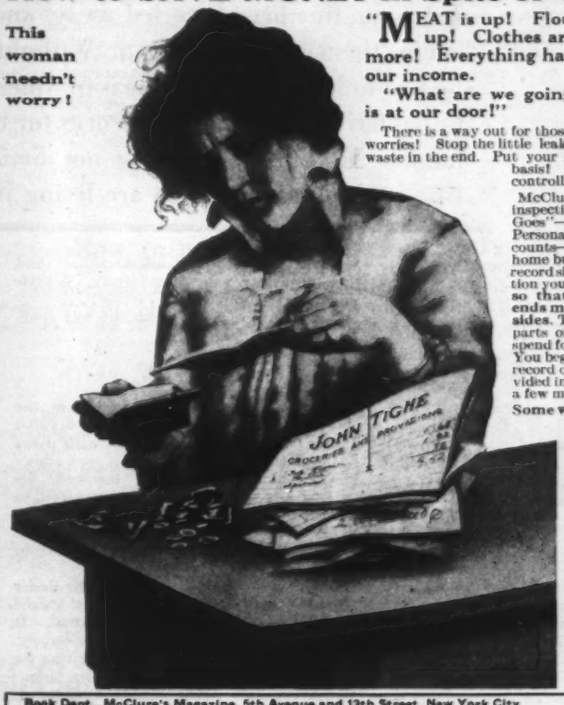

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Through the Haze — *Continued from page 23*

fishin'. An' then we could come home an' make somethin' in the Dutch oven, an' a can o' apricots, an' coffee, o' course. Or maybe flapjacks, an' bacon. An' after that we could set before the fire an' smoke our pipes. . . . O' course it won't be much to offer after all you been used to, but ——"

"Won't be much!" cried Don. "I'd love a day like that more than anything on earth! I tell you! You get moved in here quick and I'll come out and spend a few days with you before I go back to college. What do you say? Will you?"

Uncle Victor blinked.

"You mean it?" he queried, anxiously.

"Mean it!" cried Don. "I should say I do!"

Uncle Victor gulped.

"That's great," he said. And again, "That's sure great!"

THAT night, Don, in his dinner suit under a motor slip-on, went to say good-bye to the girl of the dark eyes.

He descended the slope of the long hill slowly, filled with the beauty of the night. . . Moonlight in the open spaces, and the wine of fall. . . . And on such a night men — men like René, like himself, like the brother of the girl, were killing and being killed! . . . Impossible! Yet was it so. . . .

Walking, he wondered. . . .

Before he realized it he was there. And now there came something else to puzzle him. For suddenly his heart was beating beyond its wont. His hands were cold, yet strangely moist. . . . And the girl that he had come to see he found himself afraid to meet! As afraid, almost, as he was eager!

She herself it was that opened the door in answer to his knock. A swift little intake of breath quivered her parted lips.

"Good evening," he said, a little unsteadily.

She did not answer.

"I — I came to say — good-bye," he went on, hesitantly. "That is, not good-bye, exactly, but ——"

Her voice was low; so low that he barely heard — a thought that spoke itself.

"I wondered — if you would!"

Through the open door he could see her father and her mother within the room. The mother was sewing, in the lamplight; the father, through heavy spectacles, reading a newspaper, in German script.

The girl was speaking.

"Will you come in?" she asked. She turned to her father and mother. "It is Mr. Vane," she said.

Her mother looked up, a smile upon her lips. The father turned heavily, looking stolidly through thick lenses. . . .

Don answered their greetings, gravely.

"Unless," the girl was saying, "you would rather stay outdoors?"

He nodded.

"It's beautiful — out," he said.

She looked toward her parents for assent. Her mother nodded. Her father had gone back to his reading. . . .

She came out, and seated herself upon the top step, beneath the vines. Don sat beside her. Fate's hand it was that closed the door behind them. . . .

For a long time neither spoke. They sat looking to where, on distant hills, were beginning to blaze the fires that Autumn lights against the cold of Winter.

Don felt the pause becoming awkward. He turned.

"I ——" he began. "I ——"

"Yes?" she said.

"I ——" he began, again. Then stopped, suddenly. For the life of him he couldn't remember what he had been going to say. He wondered, vaguely, if he had really known. . . . Again, he felt silly, helpless. . . . Why was it that every time he was alone with her his voice became dumb and his brain empty? It wasn't that way with other girls. With other girls he always felt perfectly at ease! He could josh along with any of them. And yet with Her —— He wondered if he looked as big a booby as he felt! The possibility filled him with a transcendent horror.

He leaped desperately.

"It's — it's a nice night," he said.

"Wonderful!" she agreed.

"Looks like rain," he ventured.

"Does it?" she asked.

"Don't you think so?" he queried.

"I hadn't thought."

"We need rain. That is, some say we do," he persisted. He was getting deeper and deeper into the mire of fatuousness. The tragedy was that he knew it. A new lead suggested itself.

"Have you heard from your brother?" he asked.

She nodded.

"It is as we feared. . . . They have taken him for the army."

"Not really! Against his will?"

"The letter didn't say. Mother and I have hardly slept since. . . ."

"Your father —— ?"

"I don't think fathers look at those things as mothers do."

She had risen. There came from within the sound of shades being drawn; the moving of chairs.

"I must go," he said. He held out his hand.

"You'll be back again, next summer?"

He nodded.

"Perhaps before ——"

She placed her hand in his.

He looked down into her eyes. She met his gaze at first quite simply. . . . And then, all at once, she turned away. A little shiver went through him. . . .

But before he could speak she was gone. The door had closed.

HE is a young Frenchman who had enlisted in the army as a private at the very beginning of the war. The Germans took him prisoner and they marched him away for a nineteen months' term of bodily torment and spiritual agony in the heart of the Hun country. Just after his capture he saw his wife — whom he had married three weeks before he had joined the French forces. She was standing silently watching the prisoners led away, and there among them was her own man. Without a word he had to leave her. Now he is in America and he has written his real experiences for the September McClure's. This is not fiction, but life, as thousands of men are living it to-day

Chapter XV

THE Ameses took up their life in the city without incident. Ames devoted himself assiduously to business, with flyers in the stock market. While his own affairs were becoming daily more involved, his outlook addedly uncertain, he managed to undertake several successful flyers in the stock market where opulent War Babies yielded to him of their stores of immature wealth.

But now he seemed to be laboring under an additional strain; a strain that taxed his vital energy even more than usual. It was not so much that he wanted the money. It was not so much that he was striving for any particular goal. He loved the game. He loved, and lived on, the excitement. Like so many of us Americans he was an extremist by nature, and having once entered into a contest of any kind, he could not rest while others played.

His midday cocktail became a needed stimulant, as did the one highball that he took with luncheon. Five o'clock found him nervous, irritable, depressed. But a few rounds of drinks, at the club, quickly rendered him cheerful. Though dinner, with its added libations, left him heavy, sometimes almost morose. If they were going out, or had guests, he regained his accustomed geniality. But when they had come home, or the guests had gone, he relapsed. Often he went to his own rooms without even saying good-night.

Several times Constance remonstrated with him.

"You're so *cross*, Dick!" she protested. "Not a bit like the man I married!"

"Am I?" he queried, indifferently. "I'm tired — nervous. I can't be a Romeo and a Rockefeller at the same time. . . . Wait until this rush is over. Then you'll see."

"But when," she demanded, "will it be over?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"How do I know?" he demanded. "I'm no clairvoyant. . . . I only wish I were. Then I could call the turn on a lot of these added starters that everybody's getting rich on but me."

CONSTANCE resumed her own life precisely as usual; which meant precisely where she had abandoned it in the spring.

Her mornings went to maid, manicure and modiste. She went out for luncheon, usually to one of the hotels, with friends. Afternoons found her at a matinée, or a bridge. Two hours for dressing. Dinner, always with, or as, a guest. And then a theatre. Following that, a cabaret, with, usually, dancing. And bed between one and three. . . . Sunday nights there was usually bridge, or sometimes poker. The Anstruthers loved poker.

There were enough of her friends in town to make the resumption of this routine possible. And the rest soon returned, including Craig.

There had been within her added misgivings since that night when, for the second time, he had kissed her. The first time she had been inclined to put down as more or less of an accident — as one of the foolish things that men do when they have been drinking too much. . . . He had never mentioned it — never alluded to it, by word or deed or even look, in any way. His treatment of her had been precisely as before; which meant a polite and charming indifference. She had come to think that he must have forgotten it.

But the second time he had not been drinking. It had been done deliberately. It had been done calmly, and with smiling sureness that was maddening. And yet not even this time was she angry, though how hard she tried to be no one would ever know. What feeling of real resentment was in her lay not in what he did but in the confidently potent way in which he did it. He had seemed too beautifully certain that she would act just as she had acted.

He had kissed her on the lips. And again, not once, but twice.

Furiously, she had made up her mind never to see him. Furiously, that is, two hours afterward.

But again she had not told Ames. Craig should see! She'd be able to take care of herself next time!

She even made up her mind that now there should be a next time, so that she could justify herself in his eyes by showing him that, and how well, she could take care of herself.

Meanwhile Don, after a brief visit with them, went back to spend a few days with Uncle Victor before returning to college.

The old man was almost pathetically glad to see him. His eyes reminded Don of those of a setter pup that he had once had.

They spent long days in the hills. Uncle Victor would insist on carrying the pack, much to Don's annoyance. And at noon they would make a camp at which Uncle Victor would compile crisp bacon, and flapjacks, and coffee, and Don would eat until his young sides ached while Uncle Victor, himself too happy to eat, would labor much like a besotted stoker shoveling coal beneath a beloved boiler.

Of evenings Don would lie full-length on a blanket, before the open fire, while Uncle Victor rambled on from the strange fund of his unordered life. . . . Indian fights, and buffalo hunts; gambling, mining, dance-hall brawls; the laying of the last rails of the Union Pacific, with Brigham Young present in his panoply of silk hat, frock coat, side-bar buggy and whiskers.

Of the war they talked much. Uncle Victor was of the opinion that it would last a long time.

"Germany is plenty strong," he said. "But so are France and England. Only Germany's ready an' they ain't. But if they ain't licked right off the bat, they kin git ready. . . . Like the North an' the South in their fight, in which I participated in a childish an' futile way. The South was ready an' the North wasn't. So the South had the best of it at the jump. But the North held 'em, while it got ready. An' then, havin' the sooperiority in resources, it settled down to lick the South — which it finally did."

Don went again to see the girl beyond the hill.

It was late afternoon. They walked through the flaming glories of a world of fire.

It was dusk when they came again to the little house beneath the home trees; a friendly dusk that hid them well from the blinking eyes of the little house.

And then words that all the long afternoon had been trembling upon his lips tumbled forth, forced by the deep, quick pulsing of his heart. How they got by the lump in his throat, he did not know.

Her lips were quivering as he pressed them with his own. Her eyes were shut. . . .

Chapter XVI

IT was the winter of 1914, and of 1915. . . . America had been told that she was neutral. America had been told that she had no cause for excitement. It was Europe's war, and Europe's only. For America was but to stand and look on, if she chose; if not, to sit and look away. . . .

So she read the war news in the spirit in which she might have read of earthquakes in Guatemala, of plagues in India, of floods in China. . . . Sympathy she might give, if she wished, provided she gave to all alike. Money for relief. That was all. It was not her game.

One soon tires of watching when one must not participate and when one may have no partisan interest in the participants. After ten hours of Vesuvius one would wish to turn away to one's own endeavors. To Noah even the Flood was stupid after he himself was safe. . . .

To the few in America who understood, it was different. They wore themselves out; they flung their naked souls before their fellows. Even as those who went to Belgium's aid. . . . But already their countrymen had been lulled. As soon they were to be anæsthetized. . . .

The things of Europe were none of their business. Very well. They would turn to things that were.

They did. And the papers became full of baseball; of Villa's malign activities in Mexico; of the indictment of the directors of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Harvard beat Yale 36 to 0. The Army beat the Navy 20 to 0. There was the American occupation of Vera Cruz. There was the escape of Harry Thaw.

Occasionally a headline from Europe blared forth. The Germans had captured Brussels. They had bombarded Rheims. The German chancellor had said that the treaty with Belgium was a scrap of paper. Belgians had been slaughtered in cold blood at Lorrach. There was the torpedoing of the *Cressy*, the *Aboukir* and the *Hogue*, with the loss of fifteen hundred men. . . . It left cold the same America that had, with crying heart and

10 Housekeeping Helps

THE BRUSHES ARE 3 TIMES AS LARGE AS IN THIS PICTURE

At A Trifling Cost

Here are 10 of the "handiest" brushes you ever saw.

Whether you are preparing the vegetables for dinner, or washing the dishes, or blacking the stove, or brushing off the stairs and between the banisters; whether you are cleaning the registers or radiators or bedsprings, or the waste pipe of your refrigerator, or washing the baby's bottles, or your fruit and jelly jars; whether you are putting the bathroom in order, or dusting the books, or getting into those many difficult corners and crevices that every house contains, you will always find in this set of 10 brushes just the one you want for the purpose.

Woven in Wire—Cheap and Durable

Every brush in the set is made by the twisted wire principle. No glue or cement of any kind is used in fastening the bristles; instead they are held in place by a tight twisting of non-rustable wire, and they are guaranteed never to come out.

Thus all the brushes may be cleaned in boiling water without hurting them at all, and after washing they dry quickly and still retain their proper stiffness. This makes the brushes absolutely sanitary and of lasting value.

The handles, too, are guaranteed not to come off, and the wire in the brush is guaranteed not to rust.

What the 10 Brushes Will Do

The brushes themselves are *three times as large* as shown in the picture. By following the numbers in the picture as you read, you will get an excellent idea of the extreme usefulness of each brush.

1. The Dustpan Brush—of imported black horsehair. This brush is slightly curved at the end so that it will easily reach the out-of-the-way corners. It is useful in getting between the banisters, or under the book-case or radiator or behind furniture. The brush is very bushy and gathers up the dust quickly.

2. The Plate-Washer—made of white Tampico. Washing the dishes is always a disagreeable task, but this stiff brush, curved at the bottom of its firm handle, makes it possible to wash dishes, pots, and kettles in a quick, convenient way, and without scalding the hands, no matter how hot the water.

3. Bottle Brush—made of white horsehair. It is tufted at the end, so that the bottom of the bottle is thoroughly covered. Just a few turns and any bottle or jar is sweet and clean.

4. Refrigerator Waste Pipe Brush—made of imported black horsehair. You know how important it is for the health of your family to keep the refrigerator clean. This brush, with its long, pliable wire handle, removes every accumulation from the waste pipe in a jiffy.

5. Bath Tub or Basin Brush—of white Tampico. This is a big, bushy brush designed to clean the bath tub or wash basin, and with it you can scrub the sides of the tub thoroughly in a moment's time.

6. Toilet Bowl Brush—of stiff Palmyra fiber. With its curved shape this brush will reach the trap and connecting tubes, and the disagreeable work can be done easily without using acids or any substance which may injure the porcelain.

7. Radiator Brush. This brush is called a radiator brush, but is equally useful for registers, bedsprings or any crevices which it is hard to reach.

8. Sink Brush—of Tampico fiber. The sink can be kept immaculate with this little brush, and it wears much longer than the ordinary kind.

9. Vegetable Brush—of very stiff white fiber. It is useful for cleaning all kinds of vegetables, fruits and fowl, and is a fine utility brush to have about the kitchen.

10. Stove Brush—of imported black horsehair. With this brush every part of the stove can be easily reached, and the oven can be cleaned without removing the grate.

How to get the 10 Brushes at Trifling Cost

All you need to do is to put your name down as a subscriber for one year to Modern Priscilla, McCall's, People's Home Journal and Metropolitan—and a complete set of the 10 brushes will be sent to you at once, transportation prepaid.

Small Monthly Payments

The terms for both magazines and brushes are arranged to suit your convenience—**$1.00** first payment and then **$1.00** a month for six months—that is all. The total, as you can figure for yourself, is only a trifle more than the magazines alone would cost if you bought them month by month.

You must act quickly to participate in this offer, for although we have enough brushes to fill immediate orders, yet the market for bristles is advancing sharply, and we cannot guarantee to hold the offer open for late comers.

Cut the coupon now! Remember the easy terms—only **$1.00** first payment and **$1.00** a month for six months—that pays for everything.

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bated breath, listened to the news of the sinking of the *Titanic*.

So soon and so deeply had the curse of Adaptability fixed itself. So quickly people forgot the far-off horrors to go about their daily pleasures.

Chapter XVII

DON came home from college for the Christmas holidays. Immediately after Christmas dinner, however, he left again to visit Uncle Victor.

"But good heavens!" cried Constance, "you don't mean you're going out to that awful place on Christmas Day!"

"I thought I would," Don answered. "You see, the old boy's probably lonesome. You should have asked him in here for dinner."

"I did think of it," she said. "But you know how — how hopeless he is, especially at a party. And, moreover, when it's to be a theatre afterward, and a dance after that. . . And you're going to miss everything to go out and sit all alone with Uncle Victor in that terrible place!"

Don smiled.

"There's nothing to do out there," she persisted.

"On the contrary," he said, "there's a lot to do."

She sniffed "What?" she demanded.

"Well," he said, considera-tively, "first I expect we'll stoke up the fire and put a pot of coffee on. Then Uncle will offer me a good five-cent cigar, which I shall refuse, but most politely. . . . I wouldn't have anything happen to that cigar for worlds! We're very old friends, you know. . . . Then he'll light a pipe and I a cigarette. And we'll camp down on some blankets and he'll tell me about the time he and Silver City Murray chased the buffalo into Great Salt Lake, and how the two gamblers from Tucson killed Red Carson in the blizzard, and the story of the red flannel underwear the Indians stole from Cheyenne Simpson and in seeking to recover which he bushwhacked a hundred and eight of 'em in seven years.

"Moreover, he'll talk about the war; which people here seem to consider as of not even trivial importance — unless they happen to be making money out of it. . . ."

"The war?" cried Constance.

He nodded.

"You're going to give up a perfectly good party to go out there, and talk about all those silly things, and the war?"

He nodded. "Uncle Victor knows a lot about war," he said. "Not this war, especially; but war in general. . . ."

Constance shook her head.

"I never heard of anything so silly in all my life!" she exclaimed.

"You think the war — silly?"

"Oh, no. It's terrible, of course. Perfectly awful. But to talk about it! That doesn't do any good."

"It might," he ventured. "If enough people talked; and if they talked enough."

He turned to her. "Don't you ever think about it?" he asked.

"I did, at first," she answered. "All those Americans stranded over there. Why, some of them even had to come back in the steerage!"

"Horrible, wasn't it?" he queried, with a grim little smile.

"And with no way to get any money — that is, any money to speak of! . . . Oh, yes. I thought about it at first. But I found that it depressed me so I had to give up reading the papers."

"I imagine that it's probably depressed the Belgians a bit, too," he said. "And the French. . . . Not to mention the English army, wiped out to a man. It must have been most annoying.

"Good God!" he cried, suddenly, "don't you realize at all what it means? Millions of men, killing and being killed. Rivers running red with blood. Suffering and agony and all the horrors of a thousand hells shut in two narrow ditches of mud and rats and rotting flesh?"

She started, frightenedly.

"Don!" she cried. "You mustn't speak to me like that!"

He was quiet again.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But you're my sister. Of course I know that you're no worse than everybody else around here. . . . Only there are some things I want to tell you, soon. And I can't, unless you understand. . . ."

"Some things you want to tell me?" she repeated, puzzled.

He nodded.

"What?" she asked, quickly. "What is it you want to tell me?"

He looked down into eager eyes in which lay now only quick, feminine curiosity.

"Do tell me!" she insisted.

"All right," he said. "A little jolting now and then, will benefit the best of men. . . . I'm engaged to be married."

For a moment she did not understand.

"What?" she queried.

"Yes," he said. "Engaged to be married."

She gasped. "Not really!"

He nodded.

"But I — I don't understand! Who is she? It's not Enid Haynes."

WHAT kind of a war button do you wear on the lapel of your coat? If you don't wear any, now is the time for you to begin. These buttons stand for big things. As Dr. Frank Crane says in the September number of McClure's, "We must be buttoned up to something these days." Read "Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?" next month.

"Quite right," he returned. "It is not Enid Haynes."

"Then who — is it anyone I know?"

"Not yet."

"Then who is she?"

"Her name is Mary Hartmann."

She shook her head.

"Mary Hartmann? I don't know her. . . She lives in the city here?"

"No."

"But where does she live?"

"About a mile and a half behind Miramar."

She blinked. "But I don't know their place!"

"It's a little white house," he explained. "Something like Uncle Victor's."

"But who are they?" she asked helplessly. "Her people?"

"Her father is, I believe, a truck farmer, or market gardener. Her mother is her father's wife."

"They are poor!" It was almost a wail.

"Quite."

She clutched the lapels of his coat.

"Don!" she cried. "You're joking!"

He shook his head.

"You're just trying to tease me! . . . Tell me that you are!"

He took her hands gently in his.

"Sister mine," he said, slowly, "I was never more serious in my life; never," he corrected, "one tenth *as* serious. . . . I love her, and I know I love her. . . . She has said that she will marry me. And I'm going to try so to live that she will never be sorry. . . .

"As for her not having any money, what has that got to do with it? Mother didn't have any money when she married father; for that matter, neither did he. As a matter of fact, he owed three thousand dollars. As for family, because in days gone by some gentleman happened to be a bit bigger robber, a bit shrewder business man, a bit more spectacular in ability, than other men, how does, and why should that affect us? I'm going to marry her, not her ancestors. . .

"And that," he finished, "is my other reason for going to the country on this Christmas night."

He kissed her on the end of the nose.

"I won't be back until next summer vacation," he said. "So don't wait up for me."

Constance broke the terrible tidings to Ames at the very first opportunity. It was at two-thirty. He had his coat and waistcoat off and was already undoing his tie when she stopped in the doorway of his bedroom.

Ames refused to be agitated.

"It's just some puppy love affair," he said, irritably. "The best thing you can do is to let him alone. He'll get over it all right."

"But — " she persisted.

"If you please," he said, shortly. "It's late. I want to get to bed."

She went to her room.

Chapter XVIII

SOMBRE men write great tomes about psychology as though it were an exact science; which it is not, never can, and never will be.

Aside from its intrinsic unmeticulousness human psychology possesses the added difficulty that it is as variable as the colors of the Grand Cañon. It is a mathematical problem in which the numbers are constantly changing even as one works. Two and two are no sooner added than some psychic hand erases and alters; they become three and seven, or a hundred and eighty-four and ninety-three. And he who, adding happily, goes on to the end of the column, looks up to find his answer perhaps a thousand too little, perhaps a million too much. It is like counting the drops in the tide; or picking sunbeams in a basket. No sooner are you started, than the tide turns; the wind shifts; the sun goes down. . . .

Yet of the basic rules there are some that are certain. There is the proverb of Satan finding work for idle hands. It is true. There is the inevitable penalty exacted for a life of excitement and uselessness. And to this alcohol adds its ponderable charge.

Anstruther was paying cash. Excitement, uselessness and alcohol, all three, were his. Excitement and alcohol are like any other drugs; the more you have, the more you want . . . His hand shook; he had spasms of coughing; he never felt really well.

Mrs. Anstruther was paying in notes. Though with her the added charge for alcohol was not present. But she was paying enough for the rest; she was growing gross of body, petty of mind.

Hathaway was paying both in cash and note. He called it overwork. But that was a euphemism. Work was his pleasure and his dissipation. In it he was indulging himself like any debauchee. Though he would have resented the charge that he was useless, the proof lay in the fact that his work was useless. He could have died at any moment without being missed in the slightest.

Mrs. Hathaway was paying. Her settlement would be a hollow and a lonely old age with the children that she would not have, to haunt her.

Enid Haynes at present had only a charge account. It was so much fun to buy, and not to have to pay out anything!

Craig was paying. But he had still added wealth in the shape of dividends paid by a youth of healthful life in the open places. Yet now at last was he dipping in to his principal.

Ames was paying. He had succumbed to alcohol and to excitement. He began to devote more and more of his waking hours, and his wakeful nights, to the open gambling of the stock market.

And Constance was beginning to pay. . . .

She was dancing with Craig at one of the most fashionable of the midnight places. She did not care particularly for Craig. So far he had but piqued her — which, of course, was precisely what he had intended to do. . . . But he did dance divinely.

He held her very tightly as they turned and whirled to the blaring music of a jazz orchestra. Of course in such dances one must hold one's partner tightly. At the same time, she wondered. . . .

She looked up. He was gazing down into her face with that same queer smile. . . . Eight months it had been since she had seen that smile. . . .

"Do you really know how beautiful you are?" he said.

He did not wait for her to answer.

"Of course you do," he continued, almost without pause. "Every beautiful woman does."

A whole turn of the dancing floor intervened. And then:

"Some day," he said, quietly, "I'm going to really kiss you."

She tried to stop. She attempted to withdraw from his arms. . . . He held her firmly, forcing her to dance.

But that was all. Above all else, Constance hated scenes.

[To be continued]

A Level Head and a High Heart

[*Continued from page 28*]

will have nothing to do with weaklings, loafers, half-men: nothing to do with profiteers, pacifists, seditionists. If you want us, you must be sound in body and character, doing your best to serve and defend your country."

Daughters of a Physical and Moral Revolution! Think of it! Half a million bright-eyed, loyal-hearted American girls proclaiming that there is a definite relation between love and patriotism, between love and physical fitness; and that without patriotism and without physical fitness there is no love!

I would like to speak of two powerful weapons that we Americans might use, but do not, in our war against Germany—spiritual weapons. In the long, hard struggle before us we cannot afford to waste one single advantage. Why, then, do we neglect two advantages that are legitimately ours through the righteousness of our cause — the power of hatred for what is evil, the power of love for what is good, as expressed in prayer?

Let us first consider the power of hatred for what is evil. Are we to use this power? Or not? I realize that hatred is like poisoned gas, a vile weapon, formidable to the enemy, dangerous to the user; yet the Allies have been forced to use hate.

"Lord, forgive them *not*, for they know what they are doing!" cried the French poet in the French hymn of hate.

It seems to me that there are practical as well as spiritual reasons for hating Germany with a cold and relentless determination. More resistless than cannon is the concentrated hatred of the whole world. No people can stand against it, however great their material successes. If we can make Germany feel herself an outlaw, a leper, an accursed bandit among the nations (which she is) we shall break her heart. Furthermore, our hatred for Germany is sincere, since we can prove her guilt; whereas her hate for us is insincere, since she *knows* our motives are unselfish, she *knows* we are seeking only the good of humanity.

If, then, we can break down Germany's morale and bring her to a submissive spirit by this power of hatred and by the fear of consequences growing out of hatred (future commercial consequences, for example) following the war and lasting for generations, it is evident that we shall be foolish not to use this power.

"*I pledge myself never knowingly to buy any article made in Germany,*" is a pledge that is being sent out by one of our patriotic societies for millions of American signatures. And already millions of English, French and Italian patriots have signed this pledge.

Does anyone imagine that when this war is over, tortured earth-dwellers will easily forget Germany's crimes? And receive her back into the family of nations? And allow things to go on as before?

No!

We *must* hate the Huns, just as we must bombard their cities with long-distance cannon and follow all their hellish methods of war-efficiency. There is no other way. But we must keep the reason for our hatred fresh in mind,— Prussia!

Because Prussia wanted this war for years and prepared for it — *we hate Prussia!*

Because Prussia could have prevented this war, even at the last moment, and did not — *we hate Prussia!*

Because Prussia was pitiless and ravished Belgium and sank the *Lusitania* — *we hate Prussia!*

Because Prussia aims to despoil the world of Liberty and Honor — *we hate Prussia!*

Remembering the millions of young men who have died and will die in this war of Prussian greed and ruthlessness — *we hate Prussia!*

Remembering the millions of women and children who have been and will be tortured, starved and shamed in this war of Prussian greed and ruthlessness — *we hate Prussia!*

Let our teachers teach love of humanity, but hatred of Prussia. Let our preachers preach love of humanity, but hatred of Prussia. There must be no softness about this, no plea that it is contrary to the precepts of Christ. Does anyone doubt that Christ would hate Prussia if He came to Berlin today? Does anyone doubt that Christ would speak out His hatred of the mad Prussian monarch who is bathing the world in blood?

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

Those are Christ's words.

A second and far more potent spiritual power that we Americans have at our disposal and should use more effectively is the resistless power of prayer. I know that prayers are said in our churches on Sunday, but that is not what I mean. Why do we not pray with zeal and conviction every day of the week: proudly, publicly, for our flag, for our soldiers, for victory? Is it possible that we do not believe that God can give us victory? Or guard our flag? Or help our soldiers? Do we think that material power alone is important and that spiritual power is not important? No, we believe the contrary, but we are ashamed; it is not fashionable for people to pray together except on special occasions in a formal way.

I suggest that American women, the mothers, sisters, sweethearts of our boys in France, set another fashion,— the fashion of asking God's blessing upon their loved ones publicly and frequently. Let our Red Cross workers, our Liberty Loan orators, our society leaders, our school teachers, club managers, heads of factories, business houses, department stores, see to it that their activities begin every day with a prayer for American soldiers and sailors. Why not? Why should we let the blaspheming Kaiser do all the praying to his red, ruthless gods? Is our God only a spiritual figurehead? Is He not a loving and all-powerful Father who will smite our enemies if we call to Him?

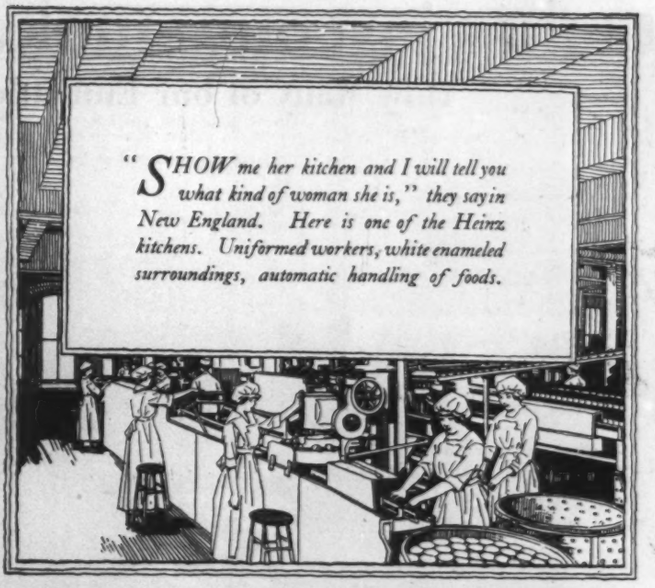
Let every American dinner party begin with a prayer for the flag. If it is worth dying for, why isn't it worth praying for? Let every American family, every American school start the day with a prayer for American soldiers. Why not? These are times of supreme world-peril, and, if our faith in the love-power of God amounts to anything, we *must* show our faith and draw upon that love-power ceaselessly.

A Layman's Prayer for American Soldiers:

Our Father which art in Heaven bless and inspire our armies in the field, our ships upon the sea. Watch over the sons of America fighting for liberty. Strengthen and hearten them in the hour of pain and peril. Grant them victory, we beseech thee, and lead them safely home. Make us who love them do our part loyally. Keep us united in our will to bring upon earth a reign of right and freedom. AMEN.

Coming in September

This great September number will include stories and articles by Mary Roberts Rinehart, Grace H. Flandrau, Dr. Frank Crane, Harold MacGrath, Lieut. Schlumberger, George Barr McCutcheon, Porter Emerson Browne, Oliver Herford, W. B. Trites, Sophie Kerr, Cleveland Moffett, Waldemar Kaempffert, James H. Collins. And there will be illustrations by Arthur William Brown, Fanny Munsell, Louis Fancher, Tony Sarg, Clarence F. Underwood, W. H. D. Koerner, James Montgomery Flagg, and others



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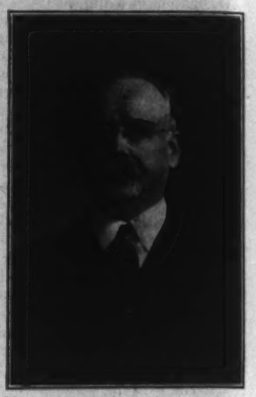
"Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" derives its receipts from funds conducted by over five hundred co-operating newspapers and periodicals in the United States and its territories. The largest and steadiest contributor to the Fund has been the Providence Journal, whose editor, John R. Rathom, managing editor, E. H. Kirby, and their associates have made this newspaper famous for patriotism and unselfish devotion to the cause for which the United States and her Allies are fighting.

As an inspiration to other communities, we have asked Mr. Kirby to tell the American public how the Providence Journal in less than nine months, raised $50,000 for "smokes" for our boys in France. His interesting story appears in the opposite column.—Editor's note.

"How a Smoke Fund Links a Community to its Boys Abroad"

By E. H. KIRBY

Managing Editor, The Providence Journal.



THE attitude of the people of Rhode Island toward the "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" reflects a variety of sentiments. The substantial fact is that readers of the Providence Journal have already given fifty thousand dollars, the boys are getting the tobacco in steady flow, and the money is going to keep on coming, and the tobacco going, so long as the need continues, if that means for the duration of the war. The Tobacco Fund has entered into the life of our people.

The impressive fact about it is that the appeal goes deep into the hearts and minds of our people. The fund has been fortunate in the large generosity of many of its contributors. But frequently, there is something else, that the money itself does not show,—a mother's love for an absent boy, or a father's pride. As the casualty list has been lengthening, the gift may be a token of bereavement. Contributions of the character of the "widow's mite" are often brought to our attention.

The fund is constantly furnishing a new "human interest" story. As a theme of conversation it is brought up on all sorts of occasions, public and private, and not a day passes but from some new circle or group a "collection" arrives at the office. The Journal counts itself fortunate in having initiated in Rhode Island the benevolent scheme. A new bond of fellowship has been created between this newspaper and its constituency and between Rhode Island folks and American boys abroad.

That none of the money contributed is expended for salaries or services of any kind, and that every dollar contributed goes for the purchase of tobacco and for this purpose only, has been emphasized, together with salient features of the plan, that each dollar sends four kits to American soldiers in France, that no charge is made for transportation and that the tobacco is distributed by the American Red Cross.

The greater part of the $50,000 thus far raised has been in small contributions. The Journal has built its fund on a dollar basis rather than on the quarter basis.

Subscription blanks have been placed in mills and factories throughout the state and thousands of dollars have been contributed by the workers thus afforded an opportunity to conveniently participate in the giving.

Sealed collection boxes have been circulated among theatre audiences but not at too frequent intervals. It has been the policy of the Journal to make no method monotonous.

Auction sales of war souvenirs have brought substantial amounts. The first postcard received in Rhode Island from an American soldier in France acknowledging receipt of one of the fund's kits brought $300 at auction.

Sergeant Empey Goes "Over the Top"

Sergt. Arthur Guy Empey, soldier-author, acted as auctioneer at one of these events and raised close to $3,000, an autographed copy of his book "Over the Top" bringing $1,000, while an American flag which Empey declared no person could buy at his hands was bid in by the soldier himself for another $1,000.

Fraternal organizations are making collections and donations at every meeting.

"Smokeless Day" Brings Big Contributions

A "Smokeless Day" plan put into effect for a single day netted fully $2,500 and contributions continued to pour in for several days. The plan was optional. The man who did not smoke gave what his tobacco would have cost had he smoked, while the man who preferred not to forego smoking gave double the amount he expended for cigars or tobacco.

Extracts from messages on postcards sent to contributors by soldiers who receive the tobacco kits are used in the daily stories.

Nine months after the Journal inaugurated its fund, contributions are coming in faster and at more frequent intervals than when it was started.

Benefit concerts and dances at not too frequent intervals have added large sums, while various clubs, societies and fraternal organizations have been eager to devote a certain percentage of annual social affairs to the fund.

Collections were taken at baseball and football games as well as boxing exhibitions, and the "sport fans" of the state have responded generously.

Gifts have come not only from Rhode Island but from as far away as California and Mexico, while three contributions have come from France, one for $100 being from a Rhode Islander, a civilian, who has had a chance to see the good work the fund is doing "over there."

Cigarettes are almost as important as food or bayonets in the war, in the opinion of Gouverneur Morris, the noted writer, who has just returned from a six months' stay in France and Italy, tells the Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Indeed, a soldier, during times of great stress of fighting for forty-eight hours or more, can do much better without food than he can without tobacco." Mr. Morris said, "The old smokers must have it, and those who have never smoked before find they need it. The soldier smokes at every chance he gets, and there is nothing we can send him that is more appreciated. The English are well supplied with tobacco, but the Americans and French not so well.

Have you sent your package of cheer to the trenches?

MAIL THIS COUPON

A postcard of thanks comes back to you from the soldier who receives your carton of cheer.

"OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND"
25 West 44th Street, New York

GENTLEMEN:—I want to do my part to help the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. Since tobacco does it—I'm for tobacco.

(*Check below how you desire to contribute.*)

I send you herewith ..... **my contribution toward the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.**

I enclose $1.00. I will adopt a soldier and send you $1.00 a month to supply him with "smokes" for the duration of the war.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Gets News of Brother Through Tobacco Postcard

The New York Morning Telegraph, one of the newspapers actively co-operating with "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund," received the following interesting letter from a subscriber, which shows that the fund in addition to the good work it is doing in France, is also helping to maintain the morale of the folks at home.

Sir—No doubt you will readily understand why I was made so happy in reading Saturday morning's issue of The Morning Telegraph concerning the Tobacco Fund, where Private Clinton Leroy Mattingly of the 163d Infantry was so glad to receive a carton of tobacco from a girl from his home town.

That young man is my brother, and it was the means of my knowing he is alive and well. I have not heard from him for about five weeks, and you can be assured I certainly was glad to read his letter to you. I tried to send him some tobacco, but find that I must have a letter from his commanding officer in order to do so.

Now, just through the kindness of the Boys in France Tobacco Fund to him. I am inclosing $1 for tobacco for our boys "over there," and hope that my brother may be able to get some more "good old American tobacco," as he calls it.

Believe me, he is the soldier I would like to adopt and know that he receives tobacco each month, as he is trying to do his part for me and mine over there.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) Mrs. J. T. McQuade,
210 East 123d St., New York City.

The Flag of His Country — *Continued from page 11*

"Workers of the world, awaken!
Rise in all your splendid might;
Take the wealth that you are making
It belongs to you by right."

Mr. Rosen, his ear still imprisoned by Mr. Carson, turned a distressed face toward the company.

"Vell!" he remarked, elevating the palms of his hands in a despairing gesture. "Vat can ve do? Aindt it terrible!"

IT took "Papago" four days to work his way across the mesa and through the mountains to the head of the valley in which Oxide lies, and during that time his mind dwelt constantly upon the past and his anticipations grew accordingly. Once more before he died he would hear the bands playing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The Star Spangled Banner"; would hear fervid orators inflaming huge audiences to deeds of present self-sacrifice and future heroism.

Each night before he rolled himself in his blanket he would take out the little flag and lift it to his lips in the moonlight and each night he dreamed of the days when he had carried at the head of his regiment another flag tattered by shrapnel and torn by grape shot. Now, as he paused to breathe his pony at the top of the rise above the town, he was in a state almost of exaltation.

After each parching day the Arizona sunset was like a refreshing bath. As his eyes swept over the ranges of purple hills, across the red plain spotted with mesquite, along the big "dry-wash" bordered by oak and cottonwood, to where the road hesitated on the edge of the bluff he drew a deep breath and exhaled it in a sigh of appreciation. Even old Chiquito stood motionless with two dusty ears thrown sharply forward. Over the valley hung an opalescent mantle imperceptibly spreading from the white cloud that poured from the tall chimney of the Suwanee smelter.

To the west behind smoldering saw-toothed summits, toward which the dazzling circle of a fiery sun was fast sinking, molten streamers blazed into the zenith spraying the valley with golden haze shot with purple lines, and shrouding the bronze-green slopes below in mysterious shadows. To the east the mountains rose stark against the sky in a riot of colors which momentarily changed to deeper tones. Here and there, as he watched, the black holes that marked the mouths of cañons slowly dissolved into orange yellow; and then as the sun dropped out of sight, the jagged teeth of the mountains lost their radiant penumbra, the shadow beneath the western ridge leaped across the valley, and the pink light faded to rose, turned quickly to purple, to blue and then to gray, finally losing definition against the vast up-reaching menace of the night. From the power-house came the long shriek of the whistle that summoned the night shift. Down below a bell began to toll. A star suddenly appeared. And then from the top of the hill above the smelter two giant feelers of light leaped into the air like the antennæ of some celestial insect, swinging this way and that as if searching for its mate.

"Fireworks!" thought "Papago." "Must be goin' to have a rally! Git along, Chiquito!"

It grew dark as he wound down the curves of the road, and as he entered Oxide the electric lamps on the main street flashed out like footlights upon a scene confusing in its activity to one used so long to solitude. Everywhere houses were decorated with bunting and flags hung plentifully above doorways and across the roadway. One in particular attracted his eye — a huge banner hanging at full-length in the show window of the "New York Store." He brought his hand up to the rim of his Stetson in spite of the fact that the colors were not "in line." It was fine to see the old flag everywhere again! But what thrilled "Papago" even more was the fact that the curbs were lined with bystanders watching what seemed to be a procession marching down the road towards the creek. Evidently he was just in time for the rally. He must hurry. It was for this that he had made his dusty four-day journey. There was a hitching-post in front of the court-house and he tied Chiquito, spread his blanket in front of him, and poured some oats upon it. His own supper could wait until afterward. So intent was he in joining the procession that he did not notice the curious throng that gathered about him and he hastened out into the street and fell into line just as the last stragglers were passing by. The bands and the flags were on ahead probably, but he wondered a little why everybody was not on the way to the rally, too. The men alongside paid no attention to him. But his heart leaped in answer to the tramp of their marching feet. All his weariness had gone away. He felt like a schoolboy on the way to a Saturday-afternoon ball game. Yet he wished that someone would start up one of the old songs.

The road dipped and the electric lights came at wider intervals. Ahead the procession was crossing a bridge. There were no stores here — only a few fruit and tobacco stands and barrooms with foreign-looking signs. Some of the marchers turned in at these and he could see them leaning against the bars — uncouth, undersized men. A drunken youth came stumbling out of a doorway and lurched along beside him and "Papago" grabbed his arm and led him on. When the drink got out of him he'd no doubt make a good soldier. It was splendid the way everybody who came to America absorbed American ideas! Presently the pace slackened and the crowd began to enter the door of a long, shabby building standing on piles above the creek. A man with a black mustache, wearing a yellow and black checked suit and a gray derby hat, with a heavy gold watch-chain draped across his chest, was standing by the entrance and slapping each man upon the back as he went by.

"Go along in, boys! We need you all at the meeting. Make room in there, amigos!"

He gave "Papago" an oily grin and laid his hand familiarly on his shoulder. "Papago" smiled in return.

"You bet, pardner!" he answered. "We-all sure want to come!"

HE could see over the man's shoulder and through the open doorway that the hall was already jammed. The last arrivals were having difficulty in forcing their way in, but he squeezed through the crowd and worked his way along the wall until he was half-way to the platform at the other end. All the miners, who were packed closely together upon the benches, were smoking, and all kept their hats on. At first, from where he stood, "Papago" could see little on account of those in front of him, the clouds of smoke that filled the air, and the dimness of the light supplied only by two widely separated, electric bulbs suspended by cords in mid air. He commented to himself disparagingly upon the lack of facilities for a partiotic rally in so modern a camp as Oxide. They ought to have a well-lighted town hall. But undoubtedly they would make up in enthusiasm what they lacked in lighting and ventilation. This last, even to "Papago," seemed very bad. The building had been used for lodge meetings and the high windows, twelve feet above the floor and overlooking the stream, were nailed fast down. There was a hubbub in unfamiliar tongues, of which "Papago" could recognize only the hybrid Spanish of the border and the guttural accents of "Mittel-Europa." His roving eye searched the walls in vain for the festooned flags which he had expected to see. There was nothing upon the platform except a half-dozen empty kitchen chairs.

Suddenly a miner in the back of the room called out.

"Say, you bunch of grave-diggers, hit up a tune!"

"Right," thought "Papago." The meeting needed some good patriotic air to set it going.

A figure arose near the platform and motioned for silence; then in a deep voice led the crowd in singing "The Star Spangled Banner." "Papago" removed his Stetson, but the rest remained as they were, seated and covered. Queer! Yet they sang with a will and their noise shook the hall. "Papago" tried to sing too, but he had almost forgotten the words, and the refrain they were singing seemed strange to him.

"Oh, say, can you hear, coming near and more near,
The call now resounding 'Come all ye who labor'?"

Perhaps the old words weren't up to date! With a roar they shouted out the chorus:

"And the banner of labor will surely soon wave,
O'er the land that is free from the master and slave!"

"Papago" did not recall ever having heard it sung just that way, but the sentiment appealed to him as correct. Sure! No slavery in America, no, sir!

"That's good!" he remarked heartily to the stolid looking fellow next him in a greenish slouch hat.

"Ja!" nodded the man. "Dot is goot, all right. But gif me der 'Red Flag'."

"What's that?" asked "Papago." "The '*Red* Flag'? I guess you mean 'Three cheers for the red, white and blue!' That's a grand song."

The other shrugged his shoulders and turned away. Some men were mounting the stage and taking their seats self-consciously in the kitchen chairs.

"Give us a solo, Mike!" shouted someone.

"Ja! Ja! — Si! Si! Mike! Mike!" echoed the rest.

The same man arose again and began to sing in a hoarse bellow. "Papago" was quite unable to follow the words, but he liked the tune — it had quite a swing to it. The vocalist evidently was trying to jolly up the crowd.

"If workers take a notion.
They can stop all speeding trains;
Every ship upon the ocean,
They can tie with mighty chains.
Everywhere in the creation,
Every mine and every mill,
Fleets and armies of the nation
Will at their command stand still."

"Hurroo!" came from across the hall; catcalls and whistles rent the air.

"Now, boys!" yelled the singer, "come in on the chorus!"

"Workers of the world, awaken!
Rise in all your splendid might,
Take the wealth that you are making—
It belongs to you by right.
No one will for bread be crying,
We'll have freedom, love and health,
When the grand RED FLAG is flying
In the Worker's Commonwealth."

"Papago" could understand enough to begin to be puzzled. The man beside him turned.

"Dot's it!" he said, referring to the song. "Der Red Flag."

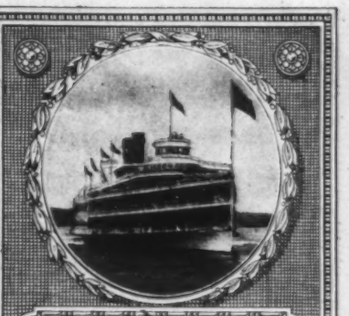
One of the men on the platform now got up and came forward awkwardly. "Papago" could barely see him through the smoke.

"Now, boys!" he said, making himself heard with difficulty. "Come to order! Keep quiet! — Callate, amigos! We've got a lot of important business to attend to here to-night. Things are gettin' real hot. Fellow worker Sam Green has come all the way from Chicago to address this meetin', and he sure can talk. You-all want to hear him — that's why you're here! But first I'll call on the Entertainment Committee for a little song that at this particular time is mighty in point. Fellow worker Burk — will you oblige with 'Should I Ever Be a Soldier'?"

THE catcalls and whistles were redoubled, interspersed with a few handclaps, and a thin youth with a long nose climbed upon the platform and sang in a nasal falsetto, waving his arms with what he clearly regarded as appropriate gestures:

"We're spending billions every year
For guns and ammunition,
'Our army' and 'Our navy' dear,
To keep in good condition;
While millions live in miser-ee
And millions died before us,
Don't sing 'My country, 'tis of thee',
But sing this little chorus:
Should the gun I ever shoulder,
It's to crush the tyrant's might,
Should I ever be a soldier,
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight,
If you don't know the reason why
Just strike for better wages,
And then, my friends — if you don't die —
You'll sing this song for ages."

It was then first that "Papago" began to realize where he was, that he observed the characteristics of the crowd around him, and the reaction from his previous state of



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patriotic exaltation was staggering. He had been a member of the Miners' Union once and he believed in Union labor, but he had never attended a meeting like this before nor realized that they were held. What was this "Red Flag" they talked about? The sweat gathered on his forehead, his legs began to tremble. There was something radically wrong about all this. He looked at the sodden faces of the men on the benches and saw only sullen ignorance. During the desultory applause that followed the song he slowly worked his way nearer the platform in order to hear better what was going on. As yet he felt only a keen sense of disappointment. He had missed the rally! He might just as well have gone to the hotel and got a hot supper. But now that he was here his instinct told him to stay. He was learning something that might be of use — of use to his country. The chairman had arisen once more and was introducing the man in the checked suit and the heavy watch-chain, who had mounted the platform from the opposite side.

"Now, boys!" said the chairman, "here's the gentleman that's come all the way from Chicago to speak to us — sent by the Big Boss. You-all are goin' to have a real treat. It gives me a heap of pleasure to introduce Fellow Worker Samuel Green — a friend of the workin' man and a father of the Revolution."

THERE was a feeble volley of cheers, interspersed with whistles.

Mr. Green came forward holding out his hands in a deprecating gesture and with his face covered with a smile radiating fraternal benevolence.

"Fellow wage-workers an' sufferers!" he began, "the time has come for you to arise an' throw off the yoke of the slave-driver an' take that which belongs to you! Never was such a chance offered to the downtrodden laborer to come into his own. There can be no peace — no treaty — no compromise — between employer and employed. We have no sympathy with the trades unions who mislead their members into the belief that the workers have interests in common with their employers. NO! The trades unions, my brothers, are the misguided instruments of capital. They are traitors to the cause of their fellow wage-earners who must take possession of the earth an' seize the machinery of production. Fellow workers, these mines an' railroads belong to you! Without our aid industry would come to a standstill. We must strike an' keep on striking — until at last these plants are ours!

"Fellow workers, the time has come for a nation-wide uprising. This moment when the mad forces of capital are hurling themselves at one another's throat, when the armed forces of the law are busy with murder on the other side of the ocean, presents an unparalleled opportunity to seize that which is rightfully ours! Our plans are laid, the flaming torch of revolution is bein' carried throughout the land. The hour has struck — our enemies are asleep!

"I have here a telegram from our great and peerless leader, tellin' the glad tidings. I will read it to you."

He pulled a yellow sheet ostentatiously from his coat pocket.

"Listen! 'Strikes progressing among the lumberjacks, harvesters, mechanics and miners. *Employees on United States marine transports report progress*'."

The audience, most of whom seemed to understand but little of Mr. Green's remarks, gave a perfunctory indication of their approval. The agitator waved the blank to and fro a few times and then returned it to his pocket. He was disappointed at the response that he was receiving. The crowd wasn't "wooding-up" enough. He guessed he'd been talking over their heads. They were a lot of illiterates. The Boss had warned him not to be too literary. What they wanted was some real "hot-stuff."

"Yes, boys!" he shouted, shaking his fist in the air. "The time has come to take a stand — now — to-night — before you are dragged off to-morrow morning by a jailer in khaki — away from your starvin' wives an' babies — to fight an' die in a foreign land to help to murder your brother wage-earners. Conscription is bloody tyranny. It is unconstitooshnul! The best lawyers 'll tell you so — if you ask 'em. And the government is goin' to take your wages from you to pay for powder an' rifles to kill our fellow workers — our comrades — our fellow countrymen! Yes, boys! Our fellow countrymen. For we — the great industrial army — know no nation but the nation of international workers — no country but the world!"

The crowd applauded. They understood about the fighting. They didn't want to fight. But for the rest, Mr. Green's oratorical construction was too complicated for their comprehension. "Boneheads!" he muttered. "This is a punk crowd to talk to! They can't understand anything!"

"No!" he shrieked, stalking up and down. "Are you going to let United States soldiers lead you away to death? No! A thousand times no! Better die right now for something worth while! What's the United States to you an' me? To hell with any government that murders its citizens! To hell with the Liberty Loan and the draft! To hell with every flag" — he reached swiftly down behind him — and triumphantly raised towards the ceiling a scarlet rag on a bamboo cane — "to hell with every flag but the Red Flag of the Revolution!"

The audience yelled wildly as Mr. Green struck an attitude remotely suggestive of the Statue of Liberty. "I thought that would fetch 'em!" he remarked sotto voce to the chairman.

Then there was a shattering report, the flag dangling from the splintered cane dropped to the platform, and the agitator jumped sideways like a frightened cat and crouched against the knees of the presiding officer, as through the gray smoke wreathes the towering figure of a white-haired old man strode forward, leaped upon the platform and covered the group in the kitchen chairs with a long black pistol.

"Papago" had heard all that was necessary. This was treason. Holding his left hand aloft for silence he looked down with contempt upon Mr. Sam Green and the chalky faces of the shrinking group of traitors, two of whom had instinctively thrown up their hands.

"I don't mean no harm to nobody," said "Papago" in a gentle drawl to the occupants of the benches. "You-all are just a corralful of ignorant greasers and foreigners that this here slick guy has roped an' thrown. You don't know no better. I ain't goin' to harm you — s'long as you behave. But this white-livered —— of a —— has got to take back what he just said or I turn him over to the sheriff."

He stepped back a pace or two. The crowd did not move. From the blue lips of Mr. Green came a sickly whisper.

"I kep' within the law. I didn't say nuthin' against the decisions."

"Papago" disregarded him.

"You-all kin now stand up," he remarked gently. "An' raise your hands," he added to the men on the platform.

As with a single motion they arose and shot their arms into the air. "Papago" kept them covered with his right while with his left he loosened his shirt and removed from its case the flag containing the daguerreotype of Juanita Llewellyn.

"Now you sneakin', smilin', traitorous son of a — !" he said to Mr. Green. "Git down on your knees and kiss your country's flag!"

THE agitator, half hiding behind the others, lowered himself until he had one knee on the floor.

"Not that a-way! Crawl out in front where your feller workin' brothers kin see you!"

Cowering with terror Mr. Green hitched himself along upon his checked trousers into plain view of the assembly. "Papago" held the little flag in front of his mouth.

"You may kiss it!" he said, as if reluctant that it should suffer such contamination.

Mr. Green obediently bowed his head and buried his face in the red, white and blue folds.

"All right!" continued "Papago." "Now you-all repeat after me, 'Three cheers for the United States of America!'"

There was a moment's hesitancy and the big leader grew purple around his dirty collar. "Papago" shifted the gun in his palm in that direction.

"Quick now! — Lively!" he drawled. "Three cheers for the United States of America!"

High above the rest Sam Green still on his knee fairly shrieked the words.

"Now you-all say, 'God bless the Stars and Stripes'!"

They said it — choking and stumbling.

"Papago" nodded his approval. Then he faced the frightened crowd.

"You-all jest stay where you are until I tell you different," he directed. "You fellers on the end of the benches move away from the wall, so's the parade kin git by. The first one o' you what lifts an arm will get a lead coughdrop in his lung. Now you —" turning to the group on the platform when a sufficient passage along the side of the hall had been cleared — "form in single colyum, keep your hands up and march on ahead of me out of that thar door!"

Like a gang of prisoners marching in lockstep the six leaders, headed by Fellow Worker Samuel Green, filed decorously off the platform and down the side aisle. "Papago" followed close behind them, his pistol thrust against the spine of the one who brought up the rear, while he bent his beetling brows upon the men on the benches.

"If you don't make no trouble, I won't make no trouble for you. Only stay where you be!" he remarked as the procession passed out the door.

IT so happened that Mr. Carson of the "No Trust," with a few of the more self-respecting citizens of Oxide, including Thompson, Matthews and Roswell — were loitering discreetly near the hall in the hope of ascertaining something of what was going on inside its high, dimly lighted windows. Since the meeting in the lawyer's office four days before things in the town had gone from bad to worse. It had somehow seemed to be known to the "Wobblies" that the forces favoring law and order were in the minority and that the flag in Abie Rosen's window was no index of his patriotism. The officers of the "Suwanee Ex." laid in a stock of provisions behind the stockade which bordered the property and prepared to defend the mine from violence. A Mexican named Pancho Lopez who had been run out of Ajo as a murder suspect, accompanied by a gang of fellow-ruffians, went from house to house threatening the wives of peaceable workmen that if their husbands did not go on strike they would not come out of the shafts alive,—and as an earnest of these good intentions they kicked in the skull of a Hungarian, a union member. Meanwhile the apathetic sheriff loafed in the "No Trust," letting matters take their own course. Thompson and Matthews were at their wits' end. It seemed certain that unless the citizens themselves took the situation in hand not only would the mines be flooded and ruined, the outflow of copper for governmental military uses be stopped, but the district itself would become the scene of bloodshed and homicide, since it was patent that native-born union men would not permit themselves to be dictated to by a swarm of anarchistic foreigners. But the timid tradesmen while protesting their own patriotism and their horror at the disloyal sentiments openly expressed upon the streets of the town, declined to lend a hand toward attempting to curb disorder even by publishing a notice that any person guilty of treasonable utterances would be arrested either with or without a warrant or the assistance of the sheriff. It was up to the government, the business men said, to protect itself. If the mines were closed down and the government, in consequence, couldn't get the copper it needed, it was the government's own fault — in spite of the fact that the nearest army post was two hundred and forty miles away on the other side of a waterless desert. Thompson and Matthews were discouraged but had not abandoned hope, and they had gone down to the creek in order to be ready to give the alarm if trouble actually started, believing that in that event the supine inhabitants would defend themselves and their property. They could hear the songs through the closed windows and the impassioned tones of Fellow Worker Green, and they scented danger. Then had come the smothered report of a gun inside the hall.

"Damn them! They've murdered somebody already!" muttered Thompson, and he and the others pressed forward in the shadow of the sheds opposite. But the shot was not repeated. Instead, to their bewilderment, the door was kicked open and a file of men, their eye-balls protruding and their cheeks gray with fear, emerged with their arms in the air. Close behind them — crabwise — shuffled a tall old man, with a hawk's nose and white beard, a look of grim determination on his face. As the last of his sheep passed out into the street this strange shepherd, still covering his flock with a revolver, pushed to the door with his booted leg and, locking it with his unoccupied hand, thrust the key into his trousers' pocket.

"Git on there you!" he ordered, prodding his gun into the ribs of the bell-weather and at the same time screwing his heel into the arch of Mr. Green's foot. "Step lively!"

And these six gentlemen who had heretofore terrorized Oxide, obediently crossed the bridge and turned quickly up Main Street while swift messengers sped before them spreading on every hand the news that a militant prophet — a Jeremiah — had appeared, and that he had, single-handed, arrested for murder four hundred "Wobblies" and was bringing in his first batch of prisoners. Before "Papago" had got half way up the rise to the court-house, every man woman and child in Oxide had learned in more or less garbled form what was going on, and most of the male inhabitants — some of them armed with shotguns and rifles — had gone to meet the procession and had fallen in on each side of it. They were brave as lions, now! One would have thought they had planned the whole thing themselves. Even the sheriff put in a tardy appearance and in order to be in a position to declare himself either way, marched beside "Papago" in an authoritative manner. "Big Bess" Clayton, "Gold Dollar" Carrie and the Misses Cassazas and Lovejoy rushed out of the "Ladies' Parlor" of the "No Trust" and, bestowing various titles of nobility upon Mr. Green's distinguished personality, escorted him up the road.

In front of the "New York Store" where Abie Rosen anxiously awaited its coming (for his plate glass was uninsured) "Papago" halted the procession.

Turning to the sheriff he drew a twenty-dollar bill from his pocket.

"Say, mister," he said, "will you oblige me by purchasin' that flag? I'm goin' to have a kind of a little ceremony down acrost the creek."

The business men of Oxide cheered enthusiastically, leaving no doubt as to their own sentiments. It was squarely up to the sheriff. To the credit of his better instinct and also of his "horse sense" let it be said that he did not hesitate.

"Give us that flag, Abie!" he directed; and Mr. Rosen hurriedly took it down, forgetting in his excitement the unimportant detail of making change.

"We'll carry it for you, Mr. Ferguson!" cooed "Gold Dollar" Carrie. "Give it here, Abie!"

The sheriff, vaguely perceiving that a loss of prestige might still somehow be involved in the proceedings, stepped into the middle of the street and cleared his throat resonantly.

"FELLOW citizens of Purica County!" he announced. "I hev reason to believe that a crime has been committed an' that certain parties now here an' certain others not here are guilty thereof. I, therefore, as sheriff o' the county an' the representative o' law an' order in these here parts, call upon you in the name of the government o' the United States of America an' the State o' Arizona to assist me in the performance o' my duties, an' I hereby appoint you as my deputies for said purpose — So help me God!"

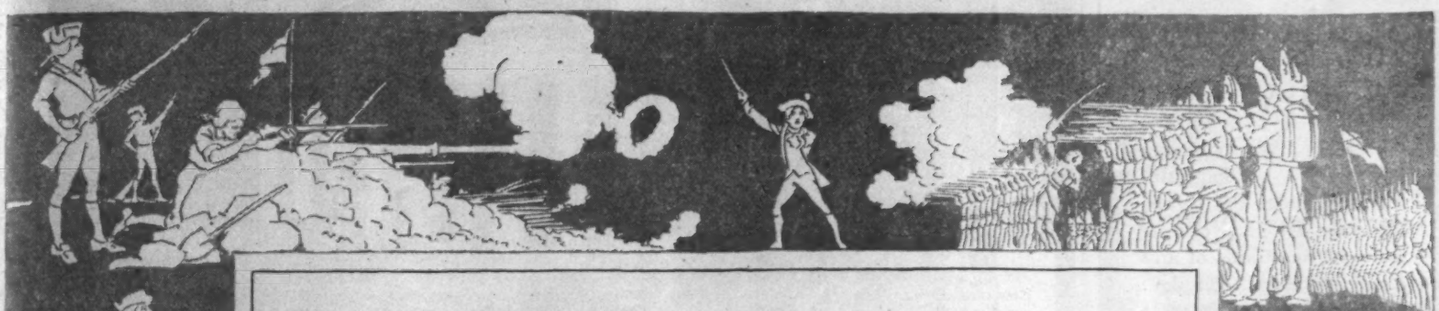
"Papago" disregarded him entirely.

"Right about face!" he ordered. His six prisoners pirouetted and, preceded by the four ladies who had draped the folds of the flag about their otherwise bare bosoms, started back toward the creek. There were now a couple of thousand people in the crowd — for by this time all Oxide was up, dressed and in the street — yet not a hostile face, a red flag or red button was to be seen. The revolutionaries, still with their arms elevated toward the stars, marched solemnly along followed by the jeering throng until they reached the headquarters, where "Papago" gave the order to stop. Over the lodge entrance projected a flagpole, its halliards fastened to a brace of brackets by the door post. The crowd pressed forward about the prisoners, evidently misunderstanding the use to which "Papago" intended the pole to be put, but he forced them back.

"Don't harm 'em, boys!" he admonished. "They won't bite. They ain't that kind. They're the coyote variety. Now you, Mister Brother to the Big Boss, — you little sawed-off Fellow Workin' monkey — undo them halliards an' run up Old Glory for us!"

[*Continued on page 52*]

"Finding the Right Army Trade," by James H. Collins, will be a strong and timely feature of the September McClure's



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Wall Street is often referred to as the barometer of public opinion and sentiment

Bond Bargains in War

by Paul Tomlinson

The McClure Financial Booklet

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The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

PERHAPS you number among your acquaintances a man who shivered with apprehension when the great German drive began last March; a man who shook his head dolefully, predicted the possible fall of the Channel Ports, followed by an invasion of England. The Germans had massed unheard-of quantities of men and guns, he said, and how could they be stopped? France was doomed, England was tottering to its fall, and the future of America, to say the least, was black.

Now, part of the German plan was to create in all of us the very state of mind acquired by this man. They wished to shake our confidence, to produce a feeling of hopelessness and despair. They had advertised their great blow for months, and they had predicted victory and success. They advertised not only for the effect at home, but abroad. But their drive did not accomplish its desired result, nor did their enemies throw up their hands and surrender. Their gigantic advertising campaign shook the confidence of a few, but not for long. Those who believe in the final triumph of justice and civilization may have had anxious moments, but their faith in the final outcome never faltered.

Wall Street is often referred to as the barometer of public opinion and sentiment. If security prices declined as a result of the German effort it would have reflected a lack of confidence, or at the least a feeling of nervousness. But what happened? The first day or two prices yielded slightly, and then when it was seen that the Allied lines were not breaking, but falling back in orderly fashion, prices began to show resistance, and in some cases advanced.

If any one group of investments were to be affected unfavorably, it would most certainly seem that it would be foreign-government securities. Of a selection of twelve British, French, and Canadian bonds issued in this country, however, only two showed a loss two days after the drive started, while six of them actually advanced. Four weeks later ten of the twelve had shown still further advances, one was selling at the same price, and one had declined, but only a quarter of one per cent. Could there be any more definite answer to the German prophecies of victory? No one can deny that although the Germans may have been balked of victory in their great effort, they had the better of the fighting. But the people stood behind our gallant armies, and no more cheering message of confidence could have been sent them than that embodied in the behavior of the foreign-government bonds during those days.

The Germans may yet break through to the channel. Suppose they do? The war will not be ended. Even if they should overrun France, and drive the British army into the sea, they would not secure victory. The United States has enough money, men, and materials to defeat Germany single-handed, but only on one condition: that is, that every one of us, man, woman, and child must show willing and instant obedience to the demands of war. Germany has depended upon discipline for success. Every citizen of that country is devotedly loyal to the Kaiser and the German government. What one of us would not ridicule a suggestion that England, France or America had any thought of abandoning the struggle before a decision is reached? We know there is not the slightest possibility of such an eventuality. Yet we hear prophecies on all sides that Germany is about through, that her morale is weakening, and her people are ready for revolt. How ridiculous! Can we expect Germany — the best disciplined nation on earth — to do something there is no chance of our doing ourselves? Let us face the facts squarely. The war is going to be finished in one of two ways; either the Allies are going to win or Germany is going to win. There can and will be no compromise.

We are sure the Allies will win. No American, no Frenchman, no Italian or Briton doubts it. The speed with which we shall win, however, is dependent upon our compliance with the necessary formula—willing and instant obedience to the demands of war. We are not disciplined yet. While our soldiers are fighting and dying, some overpaid men in our factories are loafing at their work or demanding more pay; some of us are still purchasing luxuries and non-essentials. We are beginning to realize something of what is required of us, however, though our past delay will have to be paid for, and in the most precious of all commodities — lives. Every week, every day, every minute that we hesitate adds to the toll.

When we entered the war Germany remarked sneeringly that in spite of our resources we could never be a factor of importance, because, being a democracy, our people would never submit themselves to the discipline necessary to wage modern warfare. We are planning to make her eat those words. We are confident of doing it, and while Germany may destroy more cathedrals and towns, she cannot destroy our confidence. The behavior of the foreign-government securities during the first month of the great offensive proved it.

When foreign-government loans were first offered to our investors we were nervous about them. As a people we have been backward in purchasing foreign securities, and the result is we have scarcely given them the attention they deserve. For nearly two years after these securities were offered in our markets their

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial-Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
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price trend was downward. The municipal loans of three French cities, for example, have sold here at figures to yield almost twelve per cent. At the present writing they are approximately fourteen points, or one hundred and forty dollars a thousand-dollar bond above their low price, though these cities have internal loans which are selling abroad on a basis to yield less than 6%.

Now if it is true that Americans have regarded foreign-government securities with more or less suspicion, it is also true that we have been suspicious of American securities. But times are changing. Think of it — less than three hundred thousand bond owners in the United States when the war started, and in the Third Liberty Loan alone there were seventeen million purchasers.

People who bought Liberty Bonds are now beginning to look about for other investments, and it would seem that they should not have far to look. Some of the foreign securities to which I have referred are secured by collateral which at all times must be equivalent to one hundred and twenty per cent. of the value of the securities outstanding.

When peace comes do you think it will be possible to purchase the bonds issued by the governments and municipalities of our own and foreign governments at their present low prices? It is most unlikely. People who have some money to invest may not find it amiss to look into the possibilities of this class of securities. It may also be interesting for those who are thinking of selling their Liberty Bonds to know that experts have figured that on a peace basis these selfsame bonds will very probably sell at prices five to ten points above par. The present seems a more favorable time to buy, than to sell, government securities.

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The Citizens Savings and Trust Company of Cleveland, O., send free booklet "D," which gives details of the bank's service to those living hundreds of miles from Cleveland.

Investors interested in Municipal Bonds may secure a copy of "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities," from Wm. R. Compton Co., 408 Olive Street, St. Louis, and 14 Wall Street, N. Y.

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"We're Right on the Ground," by E. J. Lander & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

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Financial & Insurance Department
McClure's Magazine
19 W. 44th Street New York

The Loneliness — *Continued from page 13*

and if now you thought of the nurse you used to know, and thought you were talking to her, the whole thing might be *purely* imaginary — my real self mightn't be talking to you at all, but only a me you'd made up out of your memory, and you'd be talking not only for yourself but for myself, too. You'd be making up both of us out of your memory and your imagination. It's confusing, you see, and terribly dangerous."

"Why dangerous?"

"Because," she said, "all you've got is your 'mind,' so to speak. Now suppose you don't learn to distinguish between the true — I'm true, now — and what you imagine. You can imagine anything, you know, just as you could before. Well, if you let your old imaginings and your new ones get hold of you, you'd be in danger of the Loneliness."

"What is the 'Loneliness'?"

"Oh, that is terrible!" She seemed both pitying and horrified. "The Loneliness is what happens to those who want their own way instead of the truth. They build up their own universe in their imaginings and live in it — and there's never anybody else there. Never. It's eternal — because it grows and grows on them and nothing true can ever get through the nothingness they live in. They can *never* get out of their dreams, and they have nothing else. No blindness of earthly eyes, no insanity of those we used to call the 'living,' *no* horror at all can compare with this one."

"I do not understand you," said the Kaiser. "You do not please me. The proper authorities should be here."

At this, an expression of alarm appeared upon the nurse's face — or seemed to appear there. "You must be careful," she urged. "There are no 'authorities' because there is no law that *can* be disobeyed. You must forget all that was artificial and imagined, in what you thought was the world you lived in;— you/ *really* were in the same state 'there,' that we are in 'here.' A great, great many things only appeared to you: you tried to make them true by imagining and willing them to be true. If *any* of your old imaginings still cling to you, and you don't dispel them, you'll confuse them with the truth that the clear-minded people will try to get to you, and you'll wander into the half-Loneliness. That is a pitiful state, though, of course, it isn't so bad as the complete Loneliness. People can still be helped in the half-Loneliness; sometimes they're even cured. But if you go into the Loneliness there is no hope for you — nothing but horror. You must be so careful! Too strong a will is terribly dangerous. One must just try to learn the law."

"My will is certainly a holy will, since it is from *Gott* and I have been *Gott's* voice and *Gott's* sword on earth. I have never done anything wrong, and *could* not do wrong, for my will was *Gott's* will," said the Kaiser. "Therefore my will is the law. I say it in all personal humility."

Then the nurse seemed to utter a cry of lamentation. "Oh, be careful!"

"I am the German Kaiser," he said, and suddenly perceived that he stood upon his feet, dressed in a white uniform with a silver helmet, and a sword at his side. He touched himself upon the breast in an imperial gesture.

"This is as it should be," he said. "You have been trying to deceive me. Now I demand to see those in authority. You must not try to be officious."

She became less distinct, but seemed to be weeping. "Ah!" she cried, faintly. "Your friends ought to come! Ther may be some of them who are in the Loneliness, but surely *all* your friends and family can't — oh, there must be a *few* who could help you!"

"Silence!" said the Kaiser. "I demand my ancestors and the authorities. I am prepared to present myself before the Highest. I summon ——"

"Don't 'summon'!" the nurse begged him, still more faintly. "False pictures — nothings — all made up out of yourself ——"

"No more of you!" he said. "I call upon my German *Gott*, upon the princes, the conquerors, my ancestors; I summon ——"

All at once he stood surrounded by those he summoned; there came a crowd about him of crowned and armed Hohenzollerns, all the originals of the statues in the Siegesallee, and there came great bearded warriors, every one stately and warlike. A magnificent chorus of imperial trumpets blew *Heil Dir im Sieger Kranz*, and the emperors and electors and counts formed in two long lines, leaving a spacious lane for the Kaiser to walk between them. At the other end there was a vast dais where were ranged tiers of Gothic thrones with only the central one occupied. Upon it sat a glorious, massive figure, and its illumined face wore an expression of lofty benevolence and determination, mingled just now with august approbation.

The Kaiser advanced with a firm step toward this central throne and the majestic crowd closed in behind him, as he went.

The nurse had vanished from the Kaiser's power of sight. But she saw him, though she knew that he could never see her, or know anything real again. She saw all the kings and emperors and electors and counts and *Gott* — all the shadows of nothing — that the Kaiser was thenceforth to live with, and all made out of the shadow of himself.

And in an agony of pity, "Ah, if only some friend of his had come to help him!" she thought. "He might have believed someone he used to know."

But the Kaiser had gone into the Loneliness.

This chance nurse, killed in one of his airplane hospital raids, was the last reality he ever encountered. She sorrowed for him, and showed him to a friend, another murdered nurse. But the friend had not long been "dead," and turned away, for she wished not to disturb the serenity she was just beginning to acquire.

An Air Raid Over Paris

[*Continued from page 31*]

moment, but it still sounded dangerous, though a half-hour had passed. We came back and sat in the inky darkness. Then it seemed to me that it was distinctly more calm, and I decided to go up again; back to my room and my balcony. Beautiful! The barrage was dying away, and you could hear the singing of the airplanes like a deep-thrumming violoncello string. I caught sight of one French, thank heaven, showing a small green light and moving fast.

Then the fingers of the searchlights began feeling across the skies. They came from every side, meeting and crossing, soft, milky-white in hue, appearing and disappearing, leaving not an inch uncovered as they moved.

The city lay still. I could feel the thrill of those wild birds above me, sweeping the skies in search of the boches, guarding us all. It was wonderful. I was happy, and there is something indescribably worth while in being alive when death may drop on you at any instant. One is so much alive!

Then, far away, I heard the gay sound of the *berloque*, the bugles blown by firemen as they whirl through the city in their red fire-cars, signaling that the enemy has been driven off, and that Paris is safe once more. Presently I caught sight of one car on a bridge crossing the river, and soon another came whirling down the Rue de Rivoli, and its gay notes danced in my heart. I threw them a kiss, and hoped that the morning papers would tell of at least one or two dead Germans and their smashed planes.

And now the streets filled with people, going home from the *refuges* they had taken, or stepping out from the doorways to chat. Everyone was laughing and voluble, and flashlights made white patches on the pavements and blobs on the walls of the houses. Lights shone again dimly behind curtains in the windows. Rows of people stretched across my narrow little street, walking arm in arm, and some of them singing. Once more the *metro* murmured, and motors rushed. Again the *berloque* could be heard, rushing up the Avenue de l'Opéra. On the little balconies opposite men and women appeared, and pulled out chairs and lighted cigarettes — for there are still a few cigarettes to be found in Paris! It was like a feast day.

The raid was over.

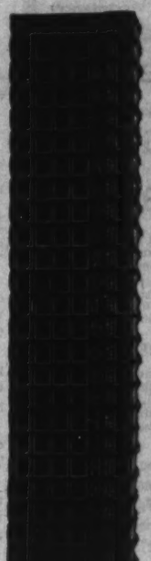
"Hey Tom!"

DO you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully so that Aunt Polly couldn't find out?

Aunt Polly had sewed up his shirt that morning—

But Tom had carefully re-sewed it, so he thought he was safe. But alack and alas, he used black thread instead of white.

Once more you will laugh with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—but you will want to cry as you laugh. For behind the joy of youth is the reality of life—the philosophy you did not see when you were a boy.



MARK TWAIN

25 VOLUMES

Novels Boys' Stories Humor Essays Travel History

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Licking the Huns! — *Continued from page 18*

At length by super-human efforts, the soldiers managed to clear a passageway and down this narrow lane they brought the Crown Prince to another automobile, which had been waiting for just such an emergency.

That gauntlet which he had to run must have been comparable only to walking over flaming plowshares in the bottomest pits of Hades, to this once proud and arrogant heir to Germany's throne. At every step he was jeered, hooted, spat upon, struck at and cursed by his own people! "*Bauerprinz!*" (Clown Prince) shouted a stentorian voice — and the cry was taken up and echoed with delight by the mob. The automobile was reached and with clubbed rifles the soldiers cleared a space so that their captive might enter. The door slammed and slowly the motor started away while the baffled horde pressed on after it, bombarding it with missiles and screaming invective.

Thus passed the man whose chief delight was to deck himself in gaudy, *opera bouffe* military trappings and read avidly the life of Napoleon. The hapless fool who had declared, "If my father does not make war — *I* will!"

Il faut semer, pour récolter!

On November 1, 1918, the great Allied conference met in Berlin and began the tremendous work of reconstructing the world along the lines of permanent peace and universal humanitarianism. All traditions of the United States laws were broken, when at the earnest solicitation of the other distinguished conferees, President Wilson agreed to attend the conference. The President made the trip across the ocean on one of our largest dreadnaughts, escorted by a fleet of battleships and destroyers. Accompanying him as representatives of the United States were Colonel E. M. House, the President's confidential advisor; General Tasker Bliss, who was a member of the Allied war conference in France; Secretary of State Lansing; James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany; and a large military and civil escort. Everywhere the President was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm and acclamation, as the whole world had now come to realize that in this great man, perhaps the biggest single figure produced by the war, lay the strongest hope of a lasting peace and democracy for the war-torn universe.

The most distinguished representatives of the other principal nations in the conference were as follows; His Majesty, King George V, David Lloyd George, Lord Lansdowne, General Sir Douglas Haig, Foreign Secretary Balfour and Herbert Asquith, England; President Poincaré, Premier Clemenceau, ex-Premier Painleve, General Foch, and Foreign Minister Pichon, France; King Victor Emmanuel, Premier Orlando, Baron Sonnino and Francisco Nitti, Italy; Count Seiki Terauchi, Baron Shimpei Goto, Japan; Nikolai Lenine and Leon Trotsky, Russia; King Ferdinand, Premier Marghiloman and Constantin Arion, Rumania; King Alexander, Premier Venizelos and Foreign Minister Politis, Greece; King Albert and Baron Broqueville, Belgium; Emperor Charles, Count Karolyi, Doctor von Seydler and Baron von Radjecz, Austria; Talaat Bey and Lessimy Bey, Turkey; King Ferdinand, and Premier Radoslavoff, Bulgaria; President Paes, Portugal; King Nicholas I, Montenegro; President Braz, Brazil. Besides many other lesser military and civil authorities on the various problems before the conference.

The discussions began and were based almost entirely upon the four principles of peace laid down by President Wilson in his address to Congress on February 11, 1918. These were; First, that each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular case and upon such adjustments as are the most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent. Second, that peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty, as if they were mere pawns in a game, even the great game now forever discredited. Third, that every territorial settlement must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the population concerned and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims among rival states. Fourth, that all well defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism, that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe and consequently, the world.

During all the discussions the most extraordinary deference and respect was shown to President Wilson by all the members of the conference, from mere aides to kings. His utterances were listened to with the gravest attention and his was invariably the last word in deciding any particularly complicated issue. Liebknecht and his associates, above all others, seemed to feel that Germany's only hope of mercy lay in this direction and accepted his edicts in humble silence.

It is unnecessary to note in detail the deliberations of the conference which lasted fifty-five days, many sessions being held far into the night. The newspapers have covered that phase of the great conclave and readers are now familiar with the minutest incidents. The principal results were as follows:

1. The recognition of Germany as a republic.
2. The Republic of Germany to cede all conquered territory.
3. The Republic of Germany to pay the Allies an indemnity to be fixed at a later conference in Paris.
4. National armaments to be reduced to the lowest point of domestic safety.
5. The nations associated to guarantee the independence and territory of great and small states alike.
6. No secret diplomacy.
7. The restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France.
8. The restoration of Belgium with all nations pledging their aid to this end.
9. The banishment of the Kaiser and his family.

Other important issues were held over until the Paris conference where they were later disposed of to the satisfaction of the world.

The great conference at Berlin came to an end and peace was officially declared throughout the world on Christmas Day, December 25, 1918, in a proclamation written by President Wilson and signed by all the members of the conclave. A copy of this proclamation is now in the Congressional Library at Washington.

Upon the last day of the conference occurred two tremendously dramatic historical incidents — incidents that will stand out for all eternity as being without parallel in the annals of the world!

It was in the late afternoon of Christmas Eve and nearly all the important matters before the conference had been adjudicated. A cold, heavy snow was falling, driven by a whining northwest wind and the day was dark and miserable. The weary conferees, not one of whom did not show evidences of the terrific strain of day-and-night discussion, sat around the immense oaken table piled high with maps and papers which ran almost the entire length of the Reichstag floor. Behind them grouped their associates, advisors, assistants and attendants, talking together in low tones while waiting to be called to some particular discussion or errand. There remained but two important matters to be adjusted before adjournment. These were, the final disposition of the Kaiser and the arrangement of payment for the huge debt the Allies owed the United States.

In the next room, heavily guarded, sat an old, white-haired man. His head was sunk in his hands and he might have been cast of stone from the immobility of his position. He was dressed in the black uniform of the Death's Head Hussars and upon his breast sparkled and glittered a score of medals and orders, many of them set with priceless stones. At his feet lay an immense sword in a golden scabbard, the hilt incrusted with diamonds and rubies. A French officer came suddenly to the door and the guards sprang smartly to attention.

"Wilhelm Hohenzollern," said the officer, "the conference commands your presence!"

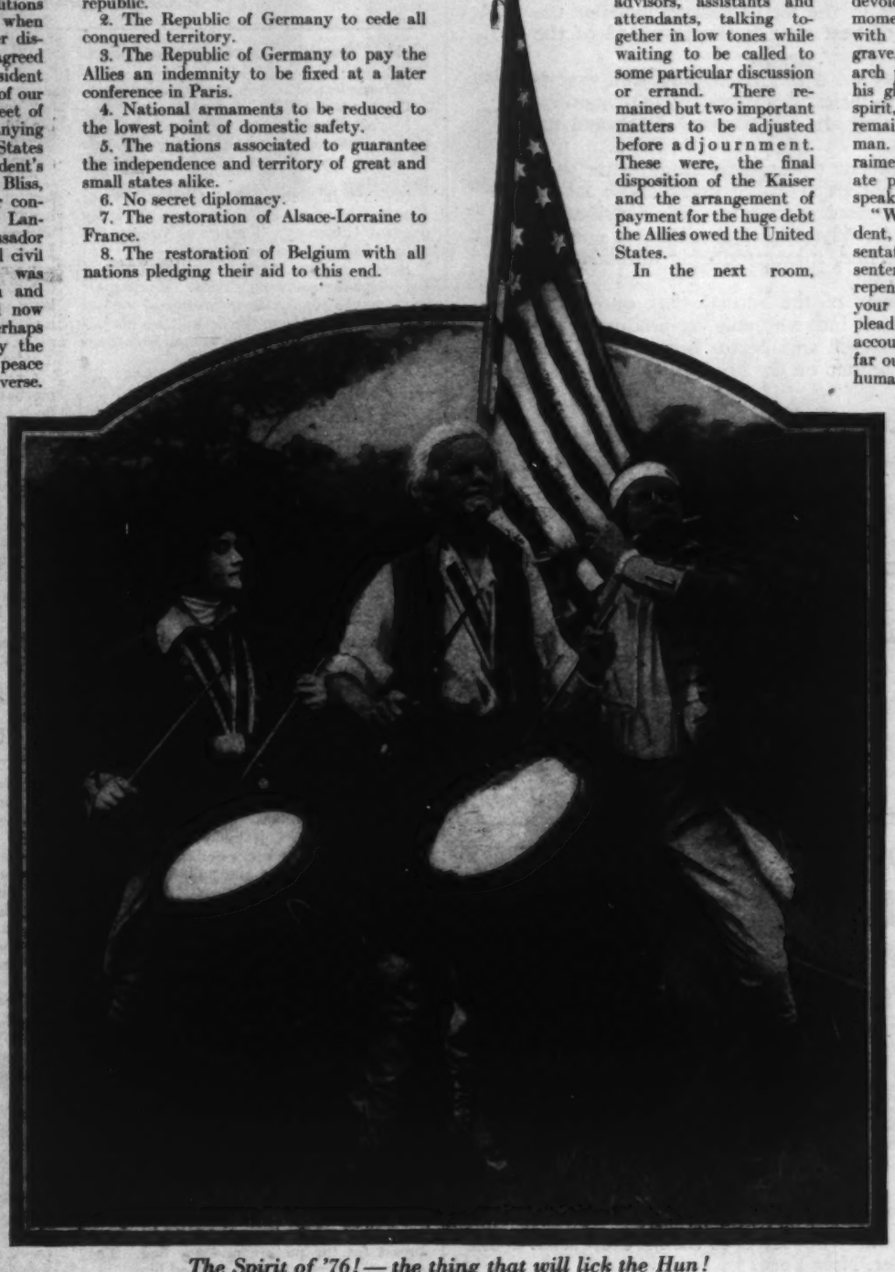
With a slight start, the fallen despot rose heavily to his feet and without a word followed the officer into the great conference hall, to await the final judgment of the world!

By mutual consent, President Wilson had been chosen to pronounce sentence upon the Kaiser and there was not a sound as the latter entered the immense hall and stood before his judges. The President arose and faced him and for the instant before he spoke, the contrast between the two men was vividly startling. The Kaiser, clad in his gorgeous trappings which shone and twinkled in the fading light, stood as the greatest autocrat the world has ever known, with bent shoulders and bowed head before the world's greatest champion of democracy and justice, who in turn was garbed in a plain sack suit, devoid of tinsel, medals or gold lace. For a moment the President gazed upon the Kaiser with something akin to compassion in his grave, set features. Indeed, the fallen monarch presented a pitiful sight. Stripped of his glory and power, broken in body and spirit, repudiated by his own people, he remained nothing but a bent and palsied old man. The very grandeur of his brilliant raiment served but to accentuate his desperate plight. Then the President began to speak and the spell was broken!

"Wilhelm Hohenzollern," said the President, "you come before us, the chosen representatives of the world you have ravaged, for sentence. We do not know if you come repentant or defiant, but we will not add to your patent misery by demanding that you plead for mercy. The immensity of the account you have to settle with your God far outweighs any such accounting we mere humans might ask. It is not our wish to prolong this distressful scene, but it is my office to inform you that every country in the world, including your own, every bit of earth where there is one inhabitant, however bleak and desolate the place may be, has denied you asylum! The German people will not have you in their reborn Fatherland and the universe from pole to pole and ocean to ocean, resents and protests against our exiling you to any part of its domain.

"I have managed, however, through my intercession, to make arrangements whereby you and your family may go to Teneriffe, in the Canary Islands, the only spot in the world which now offers you habitation. Therefore, it is our sentence that you spend the remainder of your days there to reflect upon the unholy ambition, the murderous madness, the ruthless disregard for the rights and hopes of your fellow humans, that drenched the world with blood, violently removed millions of its inhabitants and brought about your downfall. Since the days of Nero, the Cæsars, Alexander and Napoleon, Wilhelm Hohenzollern, tyrants have ultimately been made to feel that the right to change and play with the destiny of the world belongs only to its Creator!"

There was an involuntary ripple of applause as the President finished speaking and all gazed expectantly at the exiled Kaiser. He drew himself up for a moment and seemed about to speak. Then with a helpless gesture he swung around and stumbled out of the room between his guards. At the threshold, he swayed and would have fallen had not a stalwart Frenchman seized his arm. With an effort and a touch of his old arrogance, Wilhelm



The Spirit of '76! — the thing that will lick the Hun!

straightened up and threw off the protecting hand and the door closed upon them.

Such was the pitiful end of Wilhelm Hohenzollern, Emperor of the Germans, tyrant, murderer, but most of all — madman!

The last matter to be settled by the conference was the payment of the huge debt of the Allies to America and there was a pregnant silence as the President arose to speak. The representatives of France, England and Italy sat forward in their chairs grave and tense, thinking of the terrible taxes that must be placed upon their peoples, already bled white, to repay the obligation to their ally. Their only hope was that the terms would be such as to give their people a breathing spell, before taking up this new burden. They awaited with breathless anxiety the President's words and then came the most striking and dramatic denouement, perhaps since the first declaration of war.

"Your majesties," began the President, "and the honorable and distinguished gentlemen of the conference, who with myself have labored unceasingly for weeks to make this world habitable for all time to our fellow creatures, however humble or great, we have come now to the end of our great work. There remains the question of the debt of some billions of dollars which the United States of America freely and gladly loaned to its allies to wipe out the monster autocracy and make the world safe for democracy. We were perhaps tardy in entering this terrible conflict, but it was not because, as I think we have exhibited to the world, that we lacked the spirit, not because we sympathized with our common enemy, but rather because we thought mature consideration, offers to mediate on common ground, might give pause to this monster who would have sacrificed the universe to his ambition. Pro-Germans and pacifists in America have made the horrible and maliciously untrue statement that we came into this war to make money. My answer to them is this — *the debts you owe us have been wiped out with your blood!*" Here the President stopped amidst utter silence and bending forward, picked up a blank piece of paper from the table. Then he faced the conference smilingly. "At the beginning of this war" he resumed, "Germany declared her neutrality treaty with Belgium a scrap of paper and as such destroyed and disregarded it. Since that has since become one of the most oft repeated phrases in connection with the war, I think it a happy thought to employ it now. Your majesties and gentlemen, we will consider this scrap of paper I hold in my hand as representing your obligations to America." The President then deliberately tore the paper into shreds and flung them scattering on the floor.

"On behalf of the American people, I cancel your debts to our country!"

The Doormat and the Bulldog

[*Continued from page 39*]

book. "There's eighty-two hundred dollars. What say — is it a go?"

Hendrie leaped to grip the extended hand. "You bet your life!" he choked out.

Martin did not wait to settle details. He plunged into the swivel chair, caught up the telephone receiver, and called his employer in Chicago.

"Hello, Bigelow! Mr. Grout talking. I've just bought a half interest in the Independent Creamery. I resign as your credit man. And you can go plump to —— "

Barely in time Martin recollected one of the telephone company's rules. He rang off profanely to supply the deficiency of speech. He swung about from the desk; then his jaw dropped. He stared at the woman who stood just inside the door.

"Ellen!" he wheezed. "Where'd you come from?"

Her plump breast was heaving with excitement. Her blue eyes bulged.

"Why," she stammered in apparent confusion: she seemed to apologize with each word, "I — I telephoned to the office about you; and the girl said you'd gone to see the Clear Lake creamery man on business. I — I'd been intending to hunt for a cottage here at Clear Lake the first time I had a chance; and I thought I'd come out while you were here and make you look around with me. But I heard what you said to Mr. Bigelow over the 'phone just now, and I realized I'd spoiled everything. Oh, I'm so sorry and ashamed, Martin!"

"You've spoiled everything!" he repeated bewilderingly.

Mrs. Grout ran to him and threw her arms about his neck.

"I know I did!" she sobbed. "It's a perfect shame after you had planned such a beautiful surprise for me. Oh, oh, I've been wicked, wicked, Martin, to call you names! I was so angry with you this morning because you wouldn't go with me to look at a place in the country. And all the while you've been keeping your dear secret and meaning to buy a share of this creamery and move out to this sweet little town. Can you forgive me? You're the best husband that ever lived."

Grout had been patting her soft back mechanically. He was dazed. Then in a flash he understood how she had fooled herself. He gasped, and swallowed hard. The actuality, and her clinging arms, choked him.

"There, there, Ellen!" he soothed, and gathered her closer to his heart. "Don't cry. Never mind about the surprise. I was going to tell you to-night, anyway."

Over his wife's back he winked meaningly to his new partner.

Hendrie blinked as if he were coming out of a trance. Then he grinned slowly, and nodded. He knew the code.

The Flag of His Country

[*Continued from page 46*]

Mr. Green lost little time in carrying out this unprecedented order in spite of the ague which seemed to have taken possession of his limbs. In fact, it took but a couple of minutes before the Stars and Stripes floated over the doorway of the hall. Then "Papago" took off his hat.

"Now, boys, three cheers for the United States!" he cried, and the citizens of Oxide responded with volume and intensity.

"I guess you-all kin go now!" said "Papago" softly to the six unfortunates.

"You fellers better beat it out of town, or I can't answer for consequences!" advised the sheriff in loud tones.

"Papago" returned his pistol to its holster. He was beginning to feel quite tired — and very hungry. But he did not care to remain in Oxide. "The Star Theatre," "The New York Store," the "No Trust" held no attractions for him. A rally in a town like this wouldn't be worth going to. What had occurred had been so different from what he had looked forward to! His spirit was weary, his heart sad. As he slouched along at the head of the returning crowd he felt in his breast for the picture and the flag. They were still there, and it comforted him.

In front of the court-house he stopped.

"Ain't he just too sweet for anything!" whispered Rosie Cassazas audibly to "Big Bess," as "Papago" folded up the burro's blanket. She grabbed a couple of hot frankfurters off a neighboring stand and forced them into his not unwilling hand.

"Thanks, lady," said "Papago," putting the frankfurters in his saddle bag.

"By the way," he added, removing the key from his pocket and handing it to the representative of the law, "I reckon you might as well let those fellers out now." The sheriff received the key with embarrassment.

"Say, stranger," he said soulfully. "I sure speak in behalf of my feller citizens when I say you are all white an' no mistake. Won't you step acrost the street, just fer a moment, to the bar?"

"Papago" tightened the cinch and threw his leg over the burro.

"No," he said, without looking round, "I don't reckon I will. Get up, Chiquito!"

In sheepish silence the Oxidians watched him as, with shoulders hunched forward, he jogged slowly down the street, across the creek, and up the hill on the other side into the mysterious moonlight whence he had come.

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* * * *

"What if it is only a few blocks? Here, taxi!"

* * * *

"I know I'd feel a lot better if I ate less, but I simply must have a big order of—"

* * * *

Over there in the Picardy mud, pock-marked with significant craters and "plum-caked" with unspeakable things that once were men, our soldiers can't hear all that some of us are saying. Good that they can't, isn't it? It wouldn't make it any easier to stand firm against those blood-crazed, grey hordes who come on wave after wave because they believe their Kaiser is "God's anointed shepherd of the German people."

* * * *

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